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TALES OF THE CASTLE:

O R,

S T O R I E S

O F

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

VOL. I.

Boula K de Genlis (S.F.)

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

O R,

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O F

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

BEING

LES VEILLES DU CHATEAU,

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

By MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS,

AUTHOR OF THE THEATRE OF EDUCATION;
ADELA AND THEODORE, &c.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

By THOMAS HOLCROFT,

Comme raccende il gusto il mutar' esca,
Così mi par, che la mia Istoria, quanto
Or quà, or là più variata sia,
Meno a chi l'udirà noiosa fia.

ARIOSTO.

As at the board, with plenteous viands grac'd,
Cate after Cate excites the sickening taste,
So, while my Muse pursues her varied strains,
Tale following Tale the ravish'd ear detains.

HOOLE.

The FOURTH EDITION.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N :

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A TRANSLATOR is, by his office, obliged to pay more attention than any reader can be supposed to bestow on the purport, execution, and merits of his Author: not only the work as a whole, but each individual thought, as it receives its new dress, is compelled to pass, separately, in review; and undergo a long and severe examination. Every honest Translator is, at least, inclined to think favourably of his original; but happy is he, indeed, who is never dissatisfied. Such extreme of happiness is a thing common-sense never hopes: as well might this secondary Author expect the humble task he himself undertakes should give perfect satisfaction.

The Translator of the present work is, however, among the most eminently fortunate; for he has bestowed his

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labours upon a book in which the powers of genius are ever ardent to inculcate the purest morality. Yes, to the eternal honour of Madame DE GENLIS be it spoken, her enchanting lessons incessantly tend to inspire universal philanthropy; to draw the most amiable, and therefore the most just, pictures of virtue: to soften the asperities of the passions; to teach gentleness, benevolence, fortitude; justice towards ourselves, charity towards others; and to induce that superior, that rational conduct, which, alone, can generate happiness. This praise is a tribute which, surely, neither phlegm nor envy can, in justice, refuse to pay. The happy influence which a book like this must have on uninstructed or subordinate minds cannot be denied; and, therefore, claims the universal suffrage of the wise and virtuous in favour of its author.

He

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He who speaks of himself, must either resolve to say little, or be in great danger of becoming either vain or impertinent. Of the present version, therefore, let it only be observed, it was never intended to be any thing like literal; that the phrases are sometimes contracted, and sometimes lengthened; that the liberty of adding a thought is sometimes taken; that the picture of Madame Busca's infirmities, in the story of Pamela (Vol. III.), is softened; that the incident of Doralice, sucking the eyes of Eglantine (Vol. I.), is omitted (because it is supposed they would both have offended, even violently, the delicacy of an English reader); that, in consequence of the last-mentioned omission, it was necessary to add circumstances and touches to give a sufficient degree of interest to the story; and that other little freedoms have been taken; such as, not permitting the sage The-
lismar

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lismar to tell his pupil, Alphonso, a falsehood, even though with a virtuous intention ; and of leaving out certain notes which it was deemed were either too scientific for their situation, or too uninteresting ; as well as of substituting some very few others, from the Cyclopædia, where it could evidently be done to advantage.

Having had a work before him which so frequently incited esteem and admiration for its Author, the Translator has been zealous to give it success in a foreign language. He may have erred in judgment, he may have failed in execution ; his intentions only can he answer for, and these, he repeats, have been sincere and fervent ; because he imagined, he might, not only add agreeably to the amusement of those who love reading, but, likewise, afford the most solid, and, often, the most sublime instruction.

TALES OF THE CASTLE:

O R,

S T O R I E S

O F

INSTRUCTION AND DELIGHT.

THE duties of a soldier obliged the Marquis de Clémire to quit his family and join the army. He received, at the painful moment of farewell, the mournful adieus of his wife, his wife's mother, and his three children. Cæsar, his little son, bitterly complained, because he was not big enough to follow his father to the wars. He had jumped upon his lap; the Marquis hugged him to his bosom, kissed, and sat him down. His two daughters clung with their little arms about his knees, and cried; and his lady hung round his neck, and hid her face in his bosom, unwilling to receive the parting kiss.

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B

“Do,

“ Do, dear papa, take me with you,” said Cæsar, raising himself on tip-toe, to whisper in his ear. The Marquis caught him up, again embraced, and gently laid him on the bosom of his mamma; but Cæsar, with his little hand, held fast by the collar of his coat. At last the Marquis once more kissed his children and his wife, tore himself from their arms, and ran precipitately from their sight. Madame de Clémire, overcome with grief, retired to her chamber with the Baronness her mother; and, as it was eight o’clock in the evening, the children were put to bed.

The house was all one scene of hurry, tumult, and consternation, for Madame de Clémire was to depart, in the morning, to her estate in the remotest part of Burgundy. Some of the servants were to go into the country, others to stay at Paris, and those who went were as much discontented as those who remained.

“ What madness, indeed, to go and bury oneself in an old desolate castle, to travel in the depth of winter, and leave Paris, where my Lady might at least find diversions! And how is it to be supposed that three children, the eldest of whom is only nine years and a half old, can support the fatigue of such a journey? A voyage of seventy leagues, here, in the month of January! A pretty thing! A fine scheme!

“ And so one’s obliged to turn hermit, and hide
“ oneself at the world’s end, because one’s hus-
“ band is gone to the wars !”

Such were the reflections of Mademoiselle Victoire, one of Madame de Clémire’s women, who, while packing up her band-boxes, addressed this discourse to M. Doret, the Maître d’Hôtel, who on his part was reciprocally afflicted, to be obliged to stay, and part with Mademoiselle Victoire.

The two little daughters of Madame de Clémire, Caroline and Pulcheria, heard similar complaints from another person. Mademoiselle Julienne, who put them to bed, could not hide her vexation: she had never lived in any place but Paris, and she had an invincible aversion to, and dread of, the country.

Caroline and Pulcheria listened attentively to the oratory of Mademoiselle Julienne, especially Pulcheria, who was naturally very curious: but, as she was but seven years old, this defect was the more excusable, besides that she already gave proofs of many good qualities; and though she was more heedless and wild than her sister, who was eighteen months older, yet her frankness of temper, and sensibility of heart, made her beloved.

Cæsar had the most sense of the three; it is true he was almost ten years old, and at that age we begin to lose sight of our first childhood. He had acquired some command over himself, and,

as no one has at all times the same spirit of application, he, in general knew how to vanquish any little fits of disgust or idleness. Naturally fond of study, he had a strong desire to learn: he possessed sensibility, gentleness, sincerity, and courage; delighted to please his parents; was affectionate towards his sisters; and grateful to his instructors; particularly to the Abbé Frémont, his tutor: though the Abbé was severe, and sometimes cross; especially since the journey to Burgundy had been talked of, for he greatly regretted Paris, the news-papers, and his chess-party; chess having been his principal amusement for ten years past.

There was not a person in the house who did not go sorrowfully to bed. The night flew, day appeared; at half past seven the children were called up and dressed, breakfast was hurried over, and at eight o'clock the Baronness, Madame de Clémire, the Abbé Frémont, and the three children, seated in an English Berlin, departed for Burgundy.

At noon they stopped to dine, and Madame de Clémire, who had not closed her eyes the night before, lay down to rest: the others refreshed themselves in a chamber adjoining. While the servants were busy in laying the cloth, dressing the cutlets, and broiling the pigeons, the rest of the family were ranged round the fire. The
Abbé

Abbé blew up the embers, and kept a discontented silence: and the children placed themselves on each side of their grandmamma, chattering and putting their several questions; for the deep grief of Madame de Clémire had suspended all curiosity while they were in the carriage.

What are we going into Burgundy for? said Pulcheria. My dear, answered the Baronness, when an officer joins the army he is obliged to be at a great expence; and if his wife is prudent she will prevent, by her œconomy, any embarrassment into which such extraordinary expences might naturally throw his affairs.

Oh! that's it! said Pulcheria. But, they say, the castle is such a dull ugly place—I am afraid mamma will be so sad and—

If you have no fear but that, answered the Baronness, you have no cause to be uneasy, my dear; for your mamma will find so much satisfaction, in fulfilling the duties of her station, that there is no place in the world could afford her more pleasure than the castle of Champcery.

I can easily believe that, said Cæsar; for, sometimes, when I am at my studies, I should much rather play; but then, when I remember I am doing my duty, and how happy every body will be if I learn my lesson well, I take fresh courage and go on.

And besides, said the Baronness, when you have run and jumped and played till you are tired, do you find any very agreeable thoughts in your mind afterwards?

Oh no, dear grandmamma, replied Cæsar, I find nothing but that I am fatigued.

And when you have studied your lesson well, how then?

Then! oh then I am so happy! so carested, and praised, and beloved! M. Frémont can tell you, grandmamma, how fond every body is of me.

Never forget that, my good child, said the Baronness! Never forget that the pleasures we run after leave a cold lassitude, and often a sensation of disgust upon the mind, while your good actions are always remembered with transport.

Dinner was by this time on the table, and, when over, Madame de Clémire rejoined her mother and her children, and in a quarter of an hour they quitted their inn, to continue their journey.

After some days of slow travelling they arrived at Champcerry. The castle was old and ruinous, and surrounded with marshes, to which the severity of the season, the snow, and the icicles gave an aspect still more wild and desolate. The old lumbering furniture soon caught the attention of the children. See, said Caroline, if all the chairs
are

are not of black leather ! Lord what great chimnies ! And what little windows !——My dears, said the Baronness, when I was in my youth, they used to live eight months out of the twelve in such places as this ; here they found true pleasure ; here they tasted more heart-felt mirth than, at present, is to be met with in the brilliant habitations that surround Paris, where, seeking delight, they lose health, wealth, and happiness.

Notwithstanding these sage reflections, Caroline and Pulcheria wished they were at Paris ; and the Abbé, naturally chilly, shivered, and loudly murmured, at the excessive coldness of all the rooms ; the doors and windows of which, it must be owned, did not shut very close, so that he presently got cold, which aggravated his distress and ill-humour.

But nothing of all this equalled the vexation of Mademoiselles Victoire and Julienne. Victoire was the first to complain. She durst not own the true reason of her vexation, though she could not forbear to grumble. Therefore, to make a beginning, she declared the first morning after their arrival she had not had a wink of sleep all night, for fear of thieves !——Oh dear, said Pulcheria, of thieves !——Why lord, Miss, answered Victoire, who can suppose themselves safe here in a solitary castle, in the middle of woods and waters, and nobody hardly in it—If my lady had indeed brought

all her servants, why that, perhaps, would have been something.

And add to that, interrupted Julianne, this country is as full of wolves as of robbers!—Wolves!—Yes, Miss; mad almost with hunger!—Oh dear you terrify me!—Have you heard any thing then, Julianne?—Why Miss, you see all the lakes, and ponds and places are frozen over—Yes! Well!—Well!—And so the wolves cross them every night in such flocks!—Oh dear! Oh dear!—What, so near us?—Only think, now, if one should chance to leave one of the ground-floor windows open, only think!—Yes, but you know nobody leaves windows open in such cold weather.—Oh but one may forget—Dear, what a dismal shocking country this Burgundy is!

This discourse could not fail to make a strong impression on Caroline and Pulcheria. Frightened and uneasy, they heartily regretted Paris. When they came to their mamma, she easily perceived something more than ordinary was the matter with them; and Caroline, when seriously questioned, confessed all, and re-told what had passed in their late conversation with Julianne and Victoire. Madame de Clémire had not much trouble in convincing them how extravagant their fears of thieves and wolves were; but, added she, do not you know, I have forbidden you to converse with chambermaids and such people!—No more

we did not use to do, mamma; but since our Governess has had the fever, and Mademoiselle Julienne has dressed and undressed us, we— And must you, because she has dressed and undressed you, join in her idle talk?—Oh, she often does not speak to us, but to Mademoiselle Victoire.—But if you do not mix in their silly tattle, or if you were to listen with indifference, and without noticing them, they would be silent before you: but, on the contrary, if you once become familiar with such kind of people, you will soon spoil both your understandings and your hearts.—Nay, but mamma, have not you often told us that all men are brothers?—Certainly: and we ought to love, serve, and succour them as much as possible. Nobility of birth is only an imaginary advantage, but education established a real inequality among men. A rational, enlightened, well-informed person, cannot be intimate with one who is rude, ignorant, imprudent, and full of prejudices; nor would hold any conversation with a chambermaid, unless she came to ask a favour. We ought, indeed, to listen with attention and respect to every one who wants our assistance; and confides in us for help.—Yes, mamma, but suppose one's maid was *very very* good, should not one look upon her as a friend; tho' she was ignorant, and wanted education?—First tell me, Caroline, what do you mean by looking upon a person as:

B. 5.

your

your friend?—Why—to love 'em with all one's heart.—Oh, you know Madame de Merival loves her little daughter with all her heart, and yet she is only two years old, therefore cannot be her friend.—What, then, one ought to have something more than love for one's friend—Assuredly; you ought to confide in a friend. Can you ask, or is a maid capable of giving you advice, or affording intelligent and agreeable discourse, even on common subjects? How then can you reasonably confide your secrets to her? if she is obliging and good, you ought to love her; but it is impossible you can esteem her as your friend. Such friendship, for a person of my age would be ridiculous, but for a child it would be dangerous; of which you may be convinced, since two or three conversations, with Julienne and Victoire, have been sufficient to inspire you with the most chimerical fears, and make you murmur at the will of your mamma, instead of applauding those worthy motives that occasioned her to bring you hither; therefore you must carefully avoid, in future, any intimacy or familiarity with servants, in general, and all people who have not been well educated, though at the same time you must treat them with the greatest indulgence. It would be absurd to despise them, because they were deprived of an advantage which it was not in their power to procure. Pity them when you see them
inconsiderate

inconsiderate or silly ; and say to yourself, Had I not been blessed with tender and rational parents, I should have been equally weak, perhaps more so.

Well but, mamma, I have heard say that my aunt, who is so good and so reasonable, looks upon her woman Rosetta as her friend.

So she does ; but the reason of that is, because Rosetta is not such a sort of a maid as is usually found : she has been perfectly well educated ; that is to say, for a person in her condition. Her parents could not give her a very extensive education, but they gave her the best of principles and the best of examples. When Rosetta was seventeen years of age she went to live with my sister, begged of her to lend her books, and assiduously instructed herself ; and, having a good understanding, and noble sentiments, soon obtained her lady's esteem, which she merited by her piety, attachment, and industry. Morel, Cæsar's valet, has similar propensities : M. Frémont tells me he knows history and geography well ; that he always has a book in his pocket ; and is, besides, very pious. You see with what respect I treat him, and you know I have not forbidden Cæsar to converse with him ; but then these instances are so uncommon they ought only to be looked upon as exceptions.

After this dialogue, the two young sisters no more took part in the prattling of Julienne and Victoire; they soon began to find that the country might be agreeable even in the depth of winter, and inured themselves to the cold as well as Cæsar, who took great pleasure in courting about the gardens, making snow balls, and sliding. Animated by his example, they ventured upon the ice, not without fear at first, but custom soon made them as bold, almost, as their brother. They ran intrepidly, and drew one another about in their small arm chairs, which slid easily and fast with little trouble; and though they had frequent falls they were too near the ground to be much hurt; such accidents only redoubled their mirth, they tumbled lightly, and rose but to laugh. Their mamma herself would sometimes mix in their innocent sports. She had recovered, not her gaiety, but, her gentleness and equanimity of temper: she no longer appeared to afflict herself, and weep in mournful silence; and if, at some moments, she found herself overcome, she would retire to her closet, and presently return with a tranquil and serene countenance.

One day, when she had thus abruptly left the company, Caroline ran to search for her; she could not find her in her bed-chamber, but thought she heard her in her little dressing-room, the door of which was half open. Accordingly she entered

ed softly, and beheld her mother kneeling, and in tears—"Grant me, Almighty God, said she, "grant me a greater portion of fortitude—grant "me resignation more perfect."—Caroline, inspired by her mother's piety, fell on her knees likewise, and raising her hands to heaven, exclaimed in a broken voice—"Hear, oh Lord, "the prayers of my dear mamma!"—Madame de Clémire heard the child, turned her head, and extended her arms to Caroline, who ran and fell upon her neck. They sat themselves down on a couch, and after a short silence, Madame de Clémire spoke thus :

It is necessary, my dear, I should explain to you the reason of what you have seen. You, perhaps, may have observed, Caroline, I have not for some days past been so entirely devoured by grief, and that extreme sorrow with which I was overwhelmed, as when we first arrived at this place. The cause, however, still subsists. I am separated from your father, and have the same reason to be dejected, were I not relieved by the consolations which religion affords, and which alone can alleviate my pains. When I offer up my prayers to the Almighty, I feel my heart relieved, and my hopes animated. God speaks, as it were, to my soul, raises and fortifies it, and on him is all my dependence placed. Then do, mamma, said Caroline, as she kissed her, do let me come with you every

every time you pray for my papa ; I am sure I shall pray too with all my heart.—You shall, my dear, said Madame de Clémire, and I hope you will never forget that, without a sincere and fervent piety, it is impossible to be happy.

Champcery now soon became every day more and more agreeable to its inhabitants ; the children wondered why they were sorry to leave Paris ; the Abbé himself became reconciled to his country-lodgings, his room was well lighted, the apartments were kept warm, skins were hung round the windows and doors ; the curate, who was equally sociable and virtuous, and moreover played passably at chess, was a proper companion for him, and his good humour insensibly returned.

To give variety to their amusements, the Baroness and Madame de Clémire after-supper, that is to say, from half after eight to half after nine o'clock, promised to relate *Tales for their recreation and instruction*. This promise gave the children great pleasure, and they were so eager to have it fulfilled, that their mamma consented to satisfy their impatience that very evening. When every body was seated, the children had got round their mamma, and the attention of all was fixed, she began the following history nearly in these words :

DELPHINE :

D E L P H I N E :

OR, THE

F O R T U N A T E C U R E .

DELPHINE was an only daughter, and an heiress; her birth was noble, her person handsome, and her heart and understanding were good. Her mother, Melissa, who was a widow, loved her exceedingly, but wanted fortitude and strength of mind to give her daughter a proper education. At nine years old Delphine had many masters, but she learnt little, and discovered little inclination to learn, except to dance. She submitted to her other lessons with extreme indolence, and often abridged them one half, on pretence she was fatigued, or had the head-ach. Her mamma was continually repeating, "I will not have her contradicted, her constitution is delicate, and too much application will injure her health; besides," added she, proudly, "I believe she may easily procure a proper match, without any great superiority of talents, and it seems to me useless to torment her about such things."

I am afraid, mamma, said Cæsar, shrugging his shoulders, and interrupting Madame de Clémire, this lady had not too much understanding. What, must

must one be ignorant because one is rich?—By no means, answered his mamma, and the man who even can submit to marry a woman, merely for her riches, never can give her his confidence and esteem, unless she is worthy of being beloved. The fruits of a good education are knowledge, talents, and an equality and gentleness of disposition; and such qualities render us delightful to others, and procure us an inexhaustible fund of amusement and happiness to ourselves: while persons ill brought up are burthensome to others, and a continual prey to all those tiresome inward disgusts which are the inevitable effects of ignorance, laziness, and a wrong formed heart and mind.

Delphine, flattered, carressed, and humoured as she was, soon became one of the most unfortunate children in Paris. Her natural tendency to goodness each day declined, and her character was more and more depraved. Capricious, vain, and stubborn, she would not endure the least contradiction. Far from being willing to obey, she would command. Sometimes scolding, and sometimes conversing with the servants, now disdainful and anon familiar, she mistook arrogance for grandeur, and meanness for affability. So fond of flattery that she was unhappy when not praised, full of whimsies, and without any one fixed inclination, devoted to her dolls and play things, and
coveting

coveting every thing she saw, she was equally deficient in justice and moderation.

What a picture!—said Pulcheria—'Tis the picture of a spoiled child, said her mamma, and resembles many a woman of twenty.—A woman of twenty!—Yes, my dear: those who have been ill educated, preserve even in old age the defects of childhood. You will one day meet in the world many of these grown children, who are alternately the scoff and scourge of society.

As for Delphine, she was to be pited; she was the prey both of fretfulness and passion, defects that seldom unite. Angry on the slightest occasion, and peevish without cause, she would afterwards torment herself, for having been feeble and unjust: she wept and lamented, but wanted the power to correct her faults.

To add to her misfortunes, she had not a good state of health. She eat too much, and not of proper and wholesome food, but of cheesecakes, tarts and confectionary; the consequence was, she was continually afflicted with the heart-burn and head-ach. Her mamma, too, laced her exceedingly tight, and she, herself, was very much pleased to be thought fine shaped and slender; which ridiculous vanity made her bear, without murmuring, to be screwed up till she could scarcely breathe. But, though she patiently suffered this species of torment, she was tender to an excess;

excess; she seldom walked abroad, and never in winter; the wind, the rain, the frost, the sun, the dust, all were insupportable; and, to paint all her foibles at a stroke, she was afraid of riding in a coach, and shrieked at the sight of a spider or a mouse.

Instead of growing stronger as she grew up, her health was every day on the decline; the physician, whom Melissa had consulted, told her there was no danger in her case, and that it was only necessary to procure her as much amusement and dissipation as possible. Delphine accordingly soon had a multitude of toys, play-things, and presents; every wish was anticipated, every diversion sought; but, whether at play-house, opera, concert, or wheresoever else, she carried with her a lassitude and discontent which no diversion could dissipate.

As all her fantasies were indulged, she had regularly ten or twelve a day, each more strange than the other. Thus, for instance, one night when she was at Versailles, she would send to Paris for Leonard to dress her doll's hair; and when they remonstrated with her on the unreasonableness of the whim, she broke her doll, stamped, wept with rage, and had a nervous fit that was very dangerous.

Increasing thus from bad to worse, she became so truly disagreeable, so odious by her passions, ill-temper,

temper, and caprices, that no one could love, hardly could pity her; every thing irritated, or rendered her desperate; and she found that her violent humours were a greater punishment to herself than to those they were intended to torment. At last the unhappy Delphine, insupportable to every person as well as to herself, fell into a kind of consumption, from which every thing was to be feared.

Melissa sent in despair for a famous German doctor, whose name was Steinhaußen. He examined his patient with great attention, and visited her for some time: he then informed her mother he would be responsible for her life, but it must be on condition she was left totally to his care. Melissa readily agreed, and told him, she would put her daughter into his hands.—Yes, madam, said the doctor, but it must be entirely, or I dare not accept the charge: I must take her to my country-house.—How! my child!—Yes, madam: her lungs are attacked, and the first remedy I shall prescribe is to pass eight months in a cow-house†.—Well, but I can have that—No, madam, I will not undertake the case unless she is brought to my own house, and put under the care of my wife.—But, sir, you will allow her governess and

† This is a well-known remedy, and has often been successfully used in similar cases.

woman to go with her.—By no means, madam; nay more, if you confide her to me, you must resolve not to see her for that space of time yourself: I must be absolute master of the child, and suffer no contradiction.

Melissa said this was more than she could support; she accused the doctor of cruelty and caprice; while he, unshaken in his determination, left her, without noticing her reproaches.

Reflection soon brought Melissa to herself; and, knowing that all the other doctors had given up the case, while this one would become responsible for the cure, sent hastily to desire his return. He came, and she consented, not without abundance of tears, to commit her entirely to his jurisdiction.

No one can describe the rage and grief of Delphine, when she was told she must go with Madame Steinhausen, who was come on purpose to take her to her country-house. They durst not tell her she was to quit Paris for eight months, much less durst they mention the cow-house she was to inhabit; but, notwithstanding their art, she gave herself up to the most violent despair, and they were obliged to place her forcibly in the carriage with Madame Steinhausen, who took her in her arms, set her on her knees, and ordered the coachman to drive away, which he instantly obeyed.

Poor Delphine! said Pulcheria—To leave her dear mamma for eight months! I am sure she is to be pitied.

Her grief was natural, answered Madame de Clémire; it is the excess of it only which was condemnable. Reason and religion ought always to preserve us from despair. What, moreover, heightened Delphine's guilt was her behaviour; and particularly her disdain for Madame Steinhaußen, whom she treated with so much contempt that she did not deign even to speak to her.

It was six o'clock in the evening when they arrived in the valley of Montmorenci, five leagues from Paris, and entered the house of doctor Steinhaußen. Imagine, my children, what was the indignation of the haughty and imperious Delphine, when they conducted her into the *apartment* destined for her.—Where are you dragging me, cried she?—Into a cow-house! What do you mean? What will you do with me? Oh, what a smell! Let us get out of this frightful place.—This smell, young lady, replied Madame Steinhaußen, in a gentle, complacent tone, is very healthy, and especially for you.—Healthy, indeed! Let us get out, I say, of this hideous place. Shew me the chamber where I am to lie.—You are there already Miss.—How! there already!—That is your bed, and this is mine, for I will fare the same as you do.—Me! I lay here! I sleep in a cow-house?

In

In a bed like this!—It is a good mattrafs.—Do you mock me? No, indeed, Miss, I tell you the very truth. This odour, which, unfortunately, you dislike, is exceedingly salutary to persons in your state; it will restore you to health; and it was for this reason that my husband has placed you here, where you must remain the greatest part of the time you stay with me.

Madame Steinhaussen had no occasion to continue her discourse, Delphine was not in a condition to listen. The unhappy child, suffocated with rage, had fallen speechless on the bed; Madame Steinhaussen knew what ailed her, by the swelling of her neck and bosom, and the redness of her face; she unlaced her, took off her neck ribband, and Delphine again began to breathe; but it was only to scream and cry, in a manner that would have frightened a person of less determined coolness than Madame Steinhaussen, who took care to remain totally silent. Seeing, however, at the end of a quarter of an hour, she still continued her shrieks and cries, she said to her,—I have undertaken, Miss, to nurse a sick, and not a mad girl, so I will wish you a good night: when you are entirely quiet, and cured of this outrageous behaviour, I will return.—What am I to be left to perish?—No; one of my maids shall come to you—Your maid!—Yes, a patient, gentle, very good girl!—Catau!—Catau!

Catau

Catau heard the voice of her mistress, and ran, and Madame Steinhaussen went away. And now behold Delphine left alone with Catau, a strong, robust, chubby, German girl, who could not speak a word of French.

As soon as Delphine saw what they intended, she ran towards the door to get out; which Catau, to prevent her, locked, and put the key in her pocket. Delphine screamed like a little fury, and would have the key, she said: Catau did not understand, therefore could not answer her; but she smiled at her mutinous freaks, and having contemplated the violence of her countenance contrasted with the small feeble frame she beheld, laughable and ridiculous to her, she sat herself very quietly down to her knitting.

The tranquillity of Catau inflamed the choler of Delphine; her face reddened, her eyes sparkled, and she went up to her and scolded in a most violent manner: Catau, astonished, looked at her, shrugged up her shoulders, and continued her work. The air of contempt, visible in Catau, drove the haughty Delphine beside herself, till she was so enraged she could no longer find words to express her feeling. She was standing, and Catau was sitting with her head bending over her work, without observing her: at last, Delphine, having absolutely lost all discretion and command of herself, stepped one foot back, raised her arm
and

and applied the palm of her hand, with all the little force she was mistress of, full upon the plump broad cheek of Catau. This was a language she could not misunderstand, and was somewhat vexed as well as roused, by an attack so unexpected. She instantly determined, however, how to proceed; so, taking off her garter, she seized the feeble Delphine, and tied her hands fast behind her back. It was in vain to shriek and struggle, she had no power to disengage herself; and, at last, wearied with exertions beyond her strength, and convinced she must submit, she sat down, though with an agonizing heart, and ceased crying, expecting with impatience the return of Madame Steinhaussen, hoping she would drive away the silent and flegmatic Catau.

Madame de Clémire had told thus much of her tale, when the Baronness informed them it was half past nine o'clock, and the children went to bed, sorry not to have heard the end of the story; it was the subject of their discourse all the next day, and at night, after supper, their mamma again thus continued her recital.

We left Delphine, with her hands tied, alone with Catau, expecting Madame Steinhaussen, who came, at last, and brought with her one of the most amiable children in the world. This was her daughter Henrietta, who was twelve years old. Delphine ran as soon as she saw Madame Steinhaussen,

haussen, turned about, shewed her hands, and complained highly of the insolence, as she called it, of Catau; but she forgot to mention the slap in the face. Madame Steinhaussen looked round at Catau, and asked the reason of it; and Catau, to the astonishment of Delphine, replied in German, and justified herself in two words. Madame Steinhaussen then addressed herself to Delphine, and thus reproved her for her behaviour.

You see, young lady, to what you have exposed yourself, by pride and violence; you have made an unworthy use of the superiority which your rank gave you over this girl, and have obliged her to forget the distinction which the accident of birth had placed between you. If you would have your inferiors never fail in the respect they owe you, be careful always to treat them with gentleness and humanity.

Madame Steinhaussen then untied Delphine's hands, who heard with surprize a language so new to her. Though more humbled than instructed by this lesson, she yet felt its justice; but, spoiled by flattery and education, she was not at present capable of comprehending truth and reason, in their full force. Madame Steinhaussen presented her daughter to Delphine, who received her coldly enough, and presently afterwards supper was served. At ten o'clock Catau undressed the sorrowful Delphine, and helped her into her mattress

bed, where, being heartily fatigued, she found it possible to sleep very soundly though on a hard couch and in a cow-house.

The next morning the doctor came to see Delphine, when she awakened, and ordered her to walk an hour and a half before breakfast. This she thought exceedingly severe, and at first refused, but she was soon obliged to obey. They led her into a vast orchard, and, though it was the finest weather in the world, it being in the month of April, she complained of tender feet, the wind and the cold, and wept all the way, but still was forced to walk ; she was brought back to her cow-house exceedingly hungry, and for the first time within a year, at least, eat with a good appetite.

After breakfast she opened her casket which contained her jewels, supposing that, by displaying her riches before Madame Steinhaußen and Henrietta, she should soon obtain a greater degree of respect. Full of this idea, she, with a significant pride, took from her drawer a beautiful pearl necklace, and tied it about her neck, put on her emerald ear-rings, and stuck a precious stone and a diamond butterfly in her hair. She then marched in state, and sat herself down opposite Henrietta, who was at work by the side of her mamma. Her approach occasioned Henrietta to take her eyes off her work : she just looked for a
moment

moment coldly at her finery, and continued her occupation.

Delphine, astonished at the little effect her exhibition had produced, and still desirous of attracting the notice of Henrietta, took a magnificent box of rock chrystal, the hinges of which were set with brilliants, and offered her sweetmeats. Henrietta accepted a few sugar-plumbs, but without bestowing any praises on the fine box. Delphine then asked her how she liked her box? Why, for my part, said Henrietta, I think it too heavy; a straw-box is much more convenient to carry—A straw box!—Yes; like mine, for example; look at this; don't you think it pretty?—But do you know the price of mine? how much it cost?—Cost! dear what signifies cost. Convenience is better than cost—But the beauty of the work?—Oh, yes, your's is more beautiful, and would best set off a shop, but mine is better for the pocket—What then you do not care for such pretty things?—Not if they are unhandy, or incommode me.—And don't you love diamonds?—I think a garland of flowers is better when one is young—And when one is not young, said Madame Steinhaussen, ornaments of all sorts are generally ridiculous.

Delphine now became thoughtful, and felt a kind of melancholy she had never known before, mixed with chagrin; but as Madame Steinhaussen im-

pressed an awe upon her, she was obliged to smother her feelings: not daring, therefore, to shew her vexation, she continued silent.

After remaining mute for a few minutes, Madame Steinhaussen said to Delphine, as I find, Miss, you are fond of fine things, I will shew you by and by some of my curiosities. O dear, yes, said Henrietta, mamma has some delightfully curious things, and among the rest some fossils. Fossils! said Delphine, what are those?—They are stones, replied Henrietta, which, either by chance or the sport of nature, have the figures of trees, plants, animals, and fish, imprinted on them (1).

This little explanation ended, Henrietta was once more silent, and Delphine again became melancholy. She now, for the first time in her life, made a few reflexions. Henrietta, said she to herself, is only the daughter of a physician; she has no jewels, no diamonds, no dolls, no playthings, that I see; she is always busy, always at work. How does it happen that she has so much satisfaction in her face? Why is she so happy, while I have been weary of my life, as it were, ever since I was born?

As these thoughts passed in her mind, she sighed; but, though she was far from content, she was also far from being so discontented as she had been at Paris. The conversation of Madame Steinhaussen and Henrietta was interesting, and incited

incited curiosity; she could not help respecting the first, and she began to feel a strong inclination towards the young Henrietta.

In the evening she asked for her doll and playthings, and Madame Steinhäussen informed her they had been forgotten, and left at Paris, but that she should have them in a few days. Delphine, notwithstanding her awe of Madame Steinhäussen, was ready to murmur, when Henrietta said she would go and fetch something which she thought would divert her all the evening. She then ran into the house, and presently returned, followed by Catau, who brought in two huge folios, full of engravings; one volume of which contained a collection of Turkish habits, and the other of Russian, by Le Prince. These Henrietta explained so well, and with such an engaging manner, that Delphine was very agreeably amused. Before she went to bed, she kissed Madame Steinhäussen and her daughter, and told the latter, she hoped she would learn her something more on the morrow.

Delphine lay down without fretting, slept well, and, as soon as she awaked, called for Henrietta; who, being ready dressed, ran, and seeing Delphine hold out her arms, leaped lightly upon her bed, and clasped her neck. Delphine hurried on her clothes; there was no occasion to persuade her to walk, she took hold of Henrietta's arm, and cheer-

fully entered the open air. When they came to the orchard, she saw and admired how nimbly Henrietta ran, and endeavoured to run also. It was not long before Henrietta perceived a charming rose-coloured and black butterfly, and proposed to her companion to try to take it. The agreement was made, and the chase began : the girls separated ; Henrietta, being the strongest and best runner, outstripped the butterfly, and turned it back to Delphine, whenever the latter failed to catch it, as it alighted on the shrubs and bushes. Delphine at first did not understand the method ; she ran too briskly ; the butterfly still escaped, and was still pursued. After various turns it alighted at last upon a hawthorn bough, and Delphine this time approached gently, and with circumspection, first one foot and then the other, and with her arms concealed to entrap her prey. Just as she got to the bush, her heart beat with hope and fear ; she held in her breath lest it should agitate the leaves ; then, stretching out her arm by degrees, tried to seize upon the butterfly, and thought at first she had it ; but, alas, it was gone, it had slipped through and left the traces of its flight upon her fingers.

Delphine sighed when she looked, and saw part of the dust which coloured the beautiful wings of the fugitive upon her hand. Fatigued, but not vanquished, she still followed, till it conducted her and her companion to a ditch, which separated their

their orchard from another: thither it flew, and thither Henrietta presently followed; but poor Delphine was obliged to stay behind; she could not leap the ditch. She presently, however, heard the huntress proclaim her victory? Away she came, running and jumping, and holding her captive lightly by the tip of its wings, while it in vain endeavoured to escape.

O dear, what a charming chace! said Pulcheria; how I long for spring, that I may have just such another!—Then you wish the winter was gone? said the Baronness—To be sure? Who does not? We shall have rose-coloured butterflies, you know, grandmamma—Yes, but you cannot slide, and draw your little sledges along the ice; you cannot make snow-balls and—Oh dear, that's true; I shall be sorry for that!—You will not be sorry, my dear, when you have enjoyed these pleasures during their proper season. Things are best as they are; were we to see flowers, and green fields, and rose-coloured butterflies all the year round, we should look on them with indifference. Remember, my children, people who wish to be happy, ought to enjoy those things they possess, rather than those they hope for. Struggle, therefore, with your wishes, and keep your desires within bounds, for, if you want moderation, you want every thing. The remembrance of spring will make the winter.

irksome and desolate, and your wish to taste the fruits of autumn will prevent your enjoyment of the beauties of summer : no season will bring satisfaction ; and you will neither value a race on the ice nor a chace of the butterfly.

Very true, grandmamma, said Pulcheria ; I perceive I was silly ; and, I promise you, I will hereafter wait patiently for the spring.

I used mamma, said Cæsar, to see butterflies in my uncle's garden at Neuilli, but I never could catch them, because they don't fly strait forwards.

Very true, said Madame de Clémire ; their flight is a little extraordinary, always zig-zag ; now up, and now down ; now to the right, and now to the left ; which effect, I believe, is produced by the wings striking the air one after the other, or, perhaps, with an alternate unequal force. This, however, is a great advantage to them, for by this means they often escape the birds that pursue them, which always fly in a right line, whereas the butterflies always do just the contrary.

Where do they find the most beautiful butterflies, mamma ? said Caroline. Not in Europe, answered Madame de Clémire ; the butterflies of China, but especially those of America, and of the river Amazon, are the most remarkable for their size, the brilliancy of their tints, and the elegance of their forms. (2.) In China they send the most beautiful as presents to the emperor, who makes

makes them contribute to adorn his palace. The inhabitants make little silk nets to hunt them with, and we are told that some of the Chinese ladies have the curiosity to study the lives of these insects. (3.) They take them in their caterpillar state, when they begin to spin their web; shut several of them up together in a box full of twigs, and, when they hear them begin to flutter their wings, they let them fly about a glass-chamber strewed over with flowers.

The children, at hearing this description, all eagerly begged permission to imitate the Chinese ladies, study the lives of butterflies, make silk nets, and have glass-cases to keep the caterpillars in; which their mamma promised them: that is, promised to furnish the materials, and directions how to proceed, provided they would employ themselves in the execution; which they gladly accepted.

Madame de Clémire then took up, once more, the thread of her story; and, always addressing herself to her children, thus proceeded.

We left Henrietta and Delphine in the orchard, you remember, and as soon as nine o'clock came, Madame Steinhausen permitted the two young friends to breakfast together, in a pretty little apartment that belonged to Henrietta. Here Delphine beheld objects that were all totally new to her; dried flowers preserved in glasses, variegated

ted shells, and butterflies, were its ornaments. Henrietta answered all her questions with her usual complacency, shewed her each thing individually, taught her that shells were divided into three classes, (4.) and that these three classes formed all together twenty-seven families, which included every species of shell hitherto known; while Delphine listened with equal astonishment and curiosity.

How do you know all this? said she; you have a deal of knowledge.—Me! said Henrietta; dear, I know very little; my notions are confused, and only superficial; I have an earnest desire to learn, for which reason I love to read.—Love to read! that's very strange!—How! strange! it's a very common thing, I believe.—Oh no, I don't think that.—Shall I lend you some books?—If you please, till my doll comes.—Well, I will lend you *The Conversations of Emilius*, and *The Children's Friend*: which last is translated from the German, by Mr. Berquin, and is a very good book.—From the German? That's your language.—Yes.—But I can hardly persuade myself you are a German, you speak French so well. You are only a year older than I am, how is it possible for you to have learnt so much already?—I assure you I think myself very ignorant, but I read a great deal with my mamma; I am never idle, and I have put away my doll these two years and upwards.

Here

Here Henrietta ran and fetched *The Children's Friend* out of her little library, and gave it to Delphine. She received the present coldly enough, and Madame Steinhaußen then conducted her back to her usual habitation, where she left her to the care of Catau, promising to come to her in two or three hours.

Madame de Clémire looked at her watch, and found it was time to break up her assembly for that night; and though the children, delighted with her story, were not at all sleepy, she thought proper to send them to bed.

The next day Caroline and Pulcheria begged Victoire to learn them to spin, that they might be able to make nets, and catch all the butterflies of Champcerry as soon as April came; Cæsar, on his part, was busy in his enquiries how to make glass-cases at the least expence possible, and his man Morel soon gave him sufficient instructions for that purpose. The Abbé made him a present of the *Spectacle de la Nature*, and it was their afternoon's employment usually to read that work. But these amusements did not abate their desire to know the end of Delphine's story; wherefore, on the third evening, Madame de Clémire thus continued.

Delphine being alone with Catau, and without her play-things, thought it best to drive away her spleen, by reading in the book Henrietta had given

her. She ran over the leaves at first with a good deal of indifference, reading only here and there. As she read on, she began to take pleasure in what she read, and was surprized to find that reading could make time pass away more agreeably than most other amusements.

While she was reflecting on this discovery, she heard some one knock at the door of the cow-house. Catau got up to open it, and Delphine saw an old country-woman, led by a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, who asked her if she was Miss Steinhaussen. No, said Delphine, I am not her, but I expect she will be here presently. The old woman then begged she might be permitted to stay for her, for, says she, I must speak to her. Delphine now perceived the old woman was blind, and asked if she came to take advice from Doctor Steinhaussen. Truly, young lady, said she, I be not come of my own head, for it was Miss Steinhaussen that kindly sent to seek me.—Why, said Delphine? The good woman answered this question, by telling her she lived at Franconville, had been blind three years, and that the thing which fretted her most was that her grand-daughter, Agatha, the pretty young girl who conducted her, was beloved by a rich farmer of the village where Henrietta came from; but that she refused to marry him, because she should then have a family to manage, and could not take proper care of her poor blind grandmother;

grandmother; she could not then assist her, prattle to her, and lead her about; and that she would not consent to leave her to the care of a servant.

Indeed, said Agatha, I should be a very bad girl if I was to do so; for you know, grandmother, I lost my father and mother when I was quite young, and you have taken care of me and brought me up ever since.—And so this dear child, resumed the old woman, won't leave me; so Miss Henrietta knows the whole story, and she has been so kind to send for me in a chaise, that her papa may try if he can do me any good; and I am told, he has brought abundance of folks to their eye-sight again, that were all as blind as I be.

Henrietta came soon after; she kissed them both with the most lively affection, asked them many questions, in a manner that shewed she was interested in their welfare, and listened with concern to their answers. Then, taking the old woman by the hand, she said, come, come to my papa; he is just returned from Paris; let us consult him, let us hear what he says.

In saying this, she obliged the old woman to lean on her shoulder, and, taking the young one in her other hand, went towards the house.

This scene made a strong impression on Delphine; Henrietta had never appeared so amiable before; she recollected every question she had

put, and the concern visible in her countenance at their answers. The remembrance painted Henrietta in the most charming colours, augmented her love of her, and inspired her with a more lively wish to resemble her than she had ever felt before.

Henrietta returned in about a quarter of an hour, in a transport of joy. How happy I am, said she to Delphine, that I had the thought to bring the good woman here! My father is certain he can restore her to sight: he will perform the operation of the cataract upon her in eight days, and has consented, at my request, to lodge and board her till she is cured. Imagine how happy I shall be when she is no longer blind! Her granddaughter will marry the rich farmer, for she won't want her assistance then; and the piety and affection of Agatha will not deprive her of a good establishment, which she might never find again. Ah! my dear Henrietta, said Delphine, I see how happy you are, and how much you merit so to be!

The entrance of the doctor and Madame Steinhaußen interrupted their conversation. The doctor, as usual, questioned his patient concerning her state of body, who answered she was much better. I am a little tired it is true, said Delphine, because I have ran a good deal to day, but it does not make me so uneasy as I used to be at Paris, after

after having been at a ball or an opera. I am not at all surprized at that, answered the doctor; the curvets you take about Paris engender fevers, but in the country they produce a good appetite, sound sleep, and those streaks of wholesome red, which you see in the cheeks of Henrietta. The doctor then, after feeling her pulse, desired she might continue the same regimen till further orders.

Delphine received a letter that afternoon from her mamma, which she shewed to Henrietta, who immediately ran for pen, ink, and paper. Here, said she, my dear Delphine, here are the materials to answer your mamma; but, instead of taking them, Delphine hung down her head and blushed—Alas, said she, I can't write—What not at all? said Henrietta. I write a tolerable large hand, Henrietta perceived the humiliation of Delphine, and was sorry. One can't indeed be astonished, considering your ill state of health, that you are something backward in your education, said she, but it is now time to recover what you have lost—I shall be glad so to do, said Delphine; and if any body now would learn me to write, I—My writing is not very bad, interrupted Henrietta, and if you will permit me, I will be your mistress. Delphine answered her, by flinging her arms about her neck and kissing her; and it was agreed their lessons should commence next day.

Delphine now began to blush at her excessive ignorance. She loved and admired Henrietta, who took advantage of the ascendancy she had acquired over her to make her industrious; and willing to learn; setting her, at the same time, such an excellent example, and being herself so evidently happy, that Delphine could not resist the desire she had to imitate her. She found likewise in her conversation, as well as in that of Madame Steinhaußen, something which became every day more and more agreeable. Sometimes the latter would discourse with her on botany or mineralogy, (5.) and at others would relate some agreeable tale; or trait of history; then again she would speak of Germany, its useful institutions, and the curiosities to be seen at Vienna; of the magnificent collections of pictures at Dresden and Dusseldorf; of superb gardens; and, among others, of those at Newaldeck, at Ornback, in Austria, and at Swetfingua, four leagues from Mannheim, in which were delightful baths; fine ruins of a chateau-d'eau, a beautiful temple of Apollo, a grand mosque, and a great quantity of exotics and scarce trees. She described to her the charming gardens of Reinsberg, in Prussia, and the Temple of Friendship in the gardens of Sans-Souci. This monument, said she, is of marble, and contains the mausoleum of the Margraves of Bareith, the King's sister. It is supported by
magnificent

magnificent columns, on which are engraved the names of the most revered and celebrated friends of antiquity; such as Theseus and Pirithous, Py-lades and Orestes, Epaminondas and Pelopidas, Cicero and Atticus, &c. heroes most worthy of living in the memoirs of man, since they possessed both fortitude and feeling, and owed their happiness, glory, and reputation, to the charms of Virtue and Friendship.

Delphine listened to these recitals with the most profound attention, and soon felt a real attachment to Madame Steinhaussen. She began to feel the value of such instructions, and to desire her to communicate them. She obeyed her commands without an effort, had a strong wish to oblige her, and felt the most lively satisfaction when she obtained any mark of her approbation.

In the mean time Henrietta and Delphine saw with pleasure the day approach when the operation was to be performed on the good old woman. The rich farmer, whose name was Simon, more than ever in love with Agatha, came to desire Madame Steinhaussen and Henrietta to intercede for him with her. Her refusal, which had proved so well her affection for her grandmother, made her still dearer to the heart of Simon. Madame Steinhaussen accordingly spoke to her on the subject, and she confessed *she had a very great esteem for Mr. Simon.*

Nevertheless

Nevertheless, I hope, said Pulcheria, that she did not consent to have him, if her grandmamma did not recover her sight.—You *hope* so, my dear, said Madame de Clémire : and do you judge of her sensations by your own?—Oh no, mamma, said Pulcheria ; if I had, I should have been *certain*.—The Baronness held out her hand to Pulcheria, and she ran, leaped to her bosom, and kissed her, as she afterwards did her mamma.

After a short silence, Madame de Clémire continued her tale.

Agatha, said she, gave her promise to marry Simon, if the doctor restored her grandmother to sight, on condition that he would let the good woman have an apartment in his house. Simon gladly consented ; and, full of affection for Agatha, floating between hope and fear for the success of the operation, waited with anxiety for the day of trial.

The interesting moment at length arrived, and Delphine obtained permission to be present. Henrietta, about noon, conducted the patient into the doctor's apartment, who, penetrated with gratitude to her young protectress, thanked her in the most heart-felt and expressive terms, at the same time clasping her hand and saying that, if it *should* please God to grant her the light of heaven once again, she should take almost as much delight, in
looking

looking upon her, as in once more beholding her dear Agatha.

The doctor now commanded silence, and placed her in the arm chair; the poor old woman begged she might have Agatha on one side of her, and Henrietta on the other. Simon, the young farmer, stood opposite, pale and trembling, and Agatha, with her eyes hid in her apron, pressed her grandmother's hand to her lips, and bathed it with her tears. Madame Steinhauffen and Delphine sat at some little distance, contemplating this affecting picture with tenderness and anxiety.

The operation now began, and the good woman supported the pain with fortitude. The doctor, slow and careful in every touch, at last exclaimed, *it's over! it's done!*—And instantly the poor old creature cried out, Good God, is it possible! Am I no longer blind? Agatha, my child, my dear good girl, do I see thee once again!—And Miss Henrietta, who, where is she?

Agatha, dissolved in tears, threw herself about her neck; Henrietta transported ran to embrace her, and the farmer, half wild, fell upon his knees before Agatha, crying out, she is mine, she is mine. Delphine could hardly support this scene; she rose, she ran to her Henrietta, and, by her tears, in part expressed the sensations of tenderness and affection with which her heart overflowed.

I am

I am almost sure, said Cæsar, weeping, that Delphine will henceforward be nearly as good as even Henrietta herself.

You are not deceived, my dear, said his mamma; Delphine was at last convinced that birth, jewels, and toys, do not give content; and that, if she would be happy, she must be benevolent and good. A witness of the pure satisfaction which Henrietta enjoyed, of the lively gratitude of the good old woman, of the happiness of Simon and Agatha, and reading in the eyes of the doctor and Madame Steinhaußen the pleasure they felt in possessing a child so worthy of their virtues, Delphine almost envied the lot of Henrietta, while she felt her admiration of her, and her friendship and love for her intimately strengthened and increased.

When these first effusions of the heart were over, the doctor desired the grandmother to fix a day for the marriage of Agatha and Simon; and it was agreed, it should take place in something less than three weeks. The doctor and Madame Steinhaußen undertook to furnish the bride-cloths, and Henrietta begged permission to offer her a fine piece of chintz pattern cotton, which her mamma had given her the night before.

All day long Delphine heard nothing but the praises of Henrietta; the good old woman called her "her heavenly protectress;" and, when she thanked the doctor, she never failed to add, "But

"it

“ it is to Miss Henrietta I owe all ! it was she
“ that found me out ! that brought me hither !
“ that had me kept in the house ! she seeks out
“ the wretched and the sick, she finds comfort for
“ them, she makes them happy ! ”

Agatha, in the mean while, was kissing Henrietta's hand ; Simon durst not speak ; but lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and his looks sufficiently expressed the emotions of his heart ; the servants all blessed and praised their young mistress, and related a thousand other traits of her benevolence ; and the Doctor and Madame Steinhaussen mutually solicited each other, and gave God thanks for sending them such a child.

Henrietta received these praises with as much modesty as feeling, and returned them all to her mamma : without you, said she, your maternal love, your tender watchfulness, your precious instructions, I should never have enjoyed the happiness I do ! Oh, my mamma ! continue to correct the defects which yet I feel I have, that I may be more worthy of you, and give you a still greater degree of happiness.

Delphine listened not in vain to such conversations. At night, when alone with Madame Steinhaussen, she fell on her knees, and, with a look of expressive tenderness, said,—How, dear Madam, have you been able hitherto to support the company

pany of a child so different from your Henrietta? Have I not appeared odious? I am sure I have!

To be sensible of our errors, replied Madame Steinhaussen, is the best sign of amendment; besides you have, for some time past, conducted yourself infinitely better: every body remarks and applauds this excellent change in your behaviour. And yet, alas! said Delphine, how infinitely distant am I from Henrietta! It was but yesterday that I was so far overcome, by impatience and pettishness, as to make you two or three times lift up your eyes with pity and astonishment. Nay, this very day I was snappish with Marianne, and going to scold Catau. Neither have I yet had the justice to ask pardon of Catau, for the degrading blow I had the misfortune to give her; and yet how good she is to me! how patient! Poor Catau! Is it possible that I could strike her! Let me beseech you, Madam, to call her, that she may know how sincerely I repent my rashness.

Madame Steinhaussen called, and the obedient Catau instantly came. Delphine approached her in a supplicating posture, begging, in the most tender and expressive terms, she would forgive the injury she had done her; and intreating, with a manner that gave a charm to her words, she might be permitted to kiss the cheek she had so unjustly assaulted. Madame Steinhaussen, at her desire,

desire, interpreted what she said to Catau, who, with a heart overflowing with affection and respect, durst not advance; but Delphine beheld her watery eyes, and, in a sympathetic transport, leaped upon her neck, and kissed her with inexpressible delight. She felt the ecstasy of repairing an injury. Catau departed, with the tears trickling down her cheeks, and said, in German, that Delphine was a charming little girl.

As soon as Catau was gone, Delphine went to her drawer, and took a pretty piece of muslin, which shewing to Madame Steinhaussen, she said, Look, madam, what I design as a present to Catau. —And why, said she, did you not give it her now? —Oh; replied Delphine, I would not do so; she might have thought I wanted to pay her for slapping her face, which would have been a fresh cause of offence instead of pleasure; for you know, madam, money cannot give satisfaction for injurious treatment; and how could her heart have pardoned me if it had been purchased? — You are very right, said Madame Steinhaussen; this is true delicacy; such sentiments ennoble generosity, and will give a charm to all your actions.

In the midst of this conversation, a courier arrived from Melissa, with a letter to her daughter, in which she intreated Delphine to ask freely whatever she wished; and desired to know what kind of toys she should send to give her pleasure.

Delphine

Delphine read the letter, and sighed ; and, after remaining a moment thoughtful, begged of Madame Steinhauffen to write as follows, while she dictated.

“ I thank you kindly, my dear mamma, for
“ your goodness to me, but I do not love toys so
“ much as I used to do ; and, since you command
“ me, I will tell you what at present will give
“ me most pleasure. We have a very good, but
“ poor, old woman here : it is true, her grand-
“ daughter is to be married to a rich farmer ; but,
“ as the husband has all the money, perhaps he
“ won’t like to give her so much as her grand-
“ daughter wishes, at least I fear so ; and yet,
“ mamma, I should wish the old woman might
“ want for nothing. I love her, mamma, not
“ only because she is good, but, because she is a
“ mother ; and I think I should always give more
“ freely to a woman who is a mother, than to one
“ who is not. Madame Steinhauffen says, twenty-
“ five crowns a year would make her quite happy ;
“ let me beg of you, my dear mamma, instead of
“ the toys you are so good to offer me, to grant
“ me a pension of twenty-five crowns a year for
“ this good old woman. I should be glad too to
“ present her with a piece of cotton, to make her
“ a new gown for her child’s wedding.—God
“ bless you, my dear mamma ; I get better and
“ better every day. Madame Steinhauffen is very.

“ good

“good to me, and I should be entirely happy
“if I was not deprived of the pleasure of seeing
“my dear mamma; her picture, however, is
“never off my arm; I always kiss it, and bid it
“good-night and good morning, though I am
“often sad, to think I am only five leagues from
“my mamma, and can’t see her: if it was not for
“that I should be quite enchanted here, for the
“country is so pleasant! and they say we shall
“have fine cherries this year.—Please, mam-
“ma, to tell my nurse, that I am bringing up a
“fine young starling for her, for all she told Ma-
“dame Steinhausen, she was sure *I had pinched*
“*Miss Steinhausen, before this, above twenty times.*
“She says so in her letter, and I am sorry I have
“deserved such a character; but one must be
“wicked indeed, could one pinch Henrietta.
“Oh, mamma, if you knew her! She is so
“good! However, I hope I shall never pinch
“any body again.—Good bye, my dearest, best
“mamma; my heart at this moment kisses you.

“DELPHINE.”

The next day Delphine received a kind answer, and, instead of five and twenty crowns a year, fifty, along with the stuff for a new gown for her good old pensioner; this, in a transport of joy, she instantly carried to her, which benefaction completed her happiness. Her and Agatha’s thanks, the praises of Madame Steinhausen, and the

tender careffes of Henrietta, gave a sensation to Delphine, which, till that moment, she had never known.

In the evening, Delphine asked Madame Steinhaussen, how much she thought it cost her mamma to make her that present; who replied, that, as it was an annuity for so old a person, she did not suppose it would come to five hundred crowns. —Five hundred crowns, said Delphine! And can one give food and raiment, during life, to old age, for five hundred crowns? For a sum which my pompoon of diamonds came to! —It is even so, said Madame Steinhaussen. And does your pompoon of diamonds afford you much satisfaction? —Oh no, said Delphine; a rose is a thousand times to be preferred: and, when I think how one may rescue from misery a poor wretch that starves for bread, I scarcely can conceive how any body can have the folly to purchase such things. I hate this ugly pompoon, so dear, so heavy, and so inconvenient!

Two days after this, Simon and Agatha were married. The wedding was kept at Madame Steinhaussen's; tables were spread in the orchard, under the huge shade of the walnut-trees dispersed here and there over the green sward, which was enamelled with daisies and cowslips, and banks of primroses and violets. The neighbouring peasants

fants were invited, and Madame Steinhauffen herself did the honour of the bride-table.

After dinner, they danced upon the lawn till night, and Delphine, who highly partook of the universal gaiety, said to Madame Steinhauffen—The balls of Paris never gave me much pleasure, but, at present, I should think them insupportable. —It is certain, answered she, that true content is best known in the country, which, when we have once tasted, the pleasures of the town become insipid, tiresome, and tumultuous.

In the month of July, Delphine found the country still more delightful: she frequently took long walks in the fields, and, sometimes, by moon-light with Madame Steinhauffen and Henrietta; and as she, by this, took pleasure in being employed, she was no longer sensible of the wearisome anxieties of indolence. She read, she wrote, she worked, and learnt of Henrietta to draw and preserve herbs, who also taught her their names. The pocket-money, which her mamma sent her every month, she spent in relieving distress wherever she met with it. Adored by every body, and satisfied with herself, each day added to her happiness; no longer was her countenance clouded, and robbed of its natural beauty, by that air of unhappiness it formerly wore; her eyes became bright and animated; her cheeks had a glow of freshness; she could walk, run, jump, and acquired more grace

and agility in four months, than all the dancing-masters of Paris had to bequeath.

In the beginning of the month of August, the doctor thought proper to let her quit the cow-house, and she was removed into a neat little chamber, which had been fitted up on purpose for her. This was a most agreeable change to her; the cleanness of every thing around her, the convenience of the furniture, and the beautiful prospect of the valley, towards which her window opened, were enchanting.

Be pleased to tell me, said Delphine to Madame Steinhaußen, why this little chamber is so pleasant; and why the one I had at Paris, though much larger and finer, had often the contrary effect?

There are many reasons, replied Madame Steinhaußen; your chamber at Paris looked into a little dull garden, surrounded with high walls: besides, when you came hither, you were only acquainted with false pleasures, such only as vanity, folly, and fashion seek: as these are but imaginary, they soon fatigue; you were therefore cloyed and disgusted with them, and as you had no knowledge of true pleasure, were devoured by spleen. Such was your unfortunate situation. You had lived in too great abundance, to make a proper estimate of the conveniencies and allurements which simple independence can procure; and,

and, having nothing to desire, you had nothing to enjoy. Things the most pleasant become tasteless, and even tiresome, if we use them not with moderation; or if we acquire them with too little trouble; as a very common instance may prove. Thus, you love flowers, and especially the violet: yet why do you, and most young persons, prefer that flower to others? I will tell you; because it is less common than the primrose or the cowslip; because its head is hid beneath its leaves, and you must search for it ere you possess it. Were it profusely scattered over the meadows, were it always springing beneath your feet, you would regard it no more than the daisy, or the very grass. The productions of art are, beyond a doubt, inferior to those of nature, consequently we are sooner tired of them; and yet they have their attraction, and can give pleasure, though only to those who use them with moderation. Were you to fill your apartments with china, only, you would presently find china disgusting; and were you to go every night to the theatre, the theatre would not long have any charms for you; if you eat too often, or pamper your appetite too much with niceties, eating, though so natural and necessary, will soon be no pleasure. It is the same in every instance; the abuse of pleasure is its destruction, and those who satiate desire extinguish it. Remember, therefore, that superfluity and excess, far

from contributing to, exterminate, happiness : remember that luxury dazzles none but fools, and does not produce one real delight ; for nothing is more troublesome than magnificence. Diamond ear-rings tear the ears, embroidered robes fatigue the wearer ; jewels, and all the paraphernalia of dress, subject us to a thousand uneasy sensations, and trifling decorums ; it is matter of grief to tear your point lappets, or break a superb snuff-box. Had you worn yesterday a Mechlin apron, you would not have gathered so many wild roses among the bushes and thorns, where you left a part of your frock ; neither would you, perhaps, have been so chearful, and so well contented with your walk. Magnificence in furniture is equally inconvenient ; for my own part, I would rather everlastingly inhabit the very cow-house, than those brilliant apartments where one is obliged to step, and sit down, with precaution, lest one should break an impannelled looking-glass, or overset a table covered with porcelain. How do I pity the people, who are thus the slaves of their riches. The vanity which misleads them, were it well directed, might easily procure them the respect they seek ; instead of pomp, only let them employ their wealth to do good, and the effect will presently be seen.

They would, without doubt, said Delphine, be more generally esteemed, but is it not in other respects

respects their interest? Is there any pleasure equal to that of doing good? And can there exist a heart insensible to the miseries of others?

Such inhuman insensibility, answered Madame Steinhauffen, is certainly not in nature; but by indulging our imaginary wants, and by habitually spending our money in superfluous trifles, our minds are narrowed, our hearts become void of pity, and at length corrupt.

Never, said Delphine, be my fortune one day what it will, never, I hope, shall wealth corrupt my heart. I hope I shall set bounds to my wishes, by the remembrance of the lassitude I once felt in the midst of abundance; that I shall call to mind how I was obliged to pass four months in a cow-house, before I knew the value of a small part of the good things which were heaped upon me; and above all, that I shall never, never forget there are many, many thousand poor unfortunate creatures always in existence, whom it is the highest of all delights to relieve.

This conversation finished with the most grateful thanks of Delphine to Madame Steinhauffen, who had, in fact, full right to her eternal gratitude, since it was she who had learnt her to reason, to think, and to feel.

Delphine remained two months longer with the doctor; in which time her character became more perfect, and her health thoroughly fortified. At

last, towards the beginning of October, she again enjoyed the happiness of seeing her mamma. Melissa received her to her arms with transport, though she could scarcely recollect her; she was grown exceedingly, both in height and plumpness, and a lively and animated freshness was spread over her cheeks. Her mamma, in the excess of her joy, gazed at her, pressed her to her bosom, kissed her, and endeavoured to speak, but could not give vent to her feelings, till they burst forth in a flood of tears.

Madame Steinhaußen, for a while, enjoyed in silence a sight so pleasing; at last, turning to Melissa, she said,—You gave her to me, madam, dying: I return her to you, in the full force of health; and what is still far better, I return her good, gentle, and rational; with an equal temper, and a feeling heart, worthy of her fortune, and capable of making you, herself, and every body happy. She yet, however, is young, and so liable to relapse, if not properly treated, that much must depend upon yourself, madam. If you would prevent such fearful consequences, you will do well to see that she follows the instructions contained in this paper: they are not rigorous, but they are necessary.—She shall, she will follow them, replied Melissa: be pleased to give them to me, madam.—At these words she took the

the paper Madame Steinhausen presented her, and read aloud what follows :

ORDERS of Dr. STEINHAUSEN, to be observed by DELPHINE.

“ She must live six months of the year in the
“ country. When at Paris, she must go but
“ seldom to public places. She must walk often,
“ as well in winter as in summer. She must eat
“ nothing but bread for breakfast, and between
“ meals, except when fruits are in season. Her
“ dress must be simple, light, and commodious.

“ To preserve her from idleness and its consequences, proper, amusing, and instructive books must be given her, nor must she be at all indulged in indolence ; and should she by chance, find herself melancholy, or dissatisfied, she must be put in remembrance of the history of Agatha, and the benevolent action she did in placing her good old grandmother above want.
“ If this regimen, and these rules, are duly observed, Miss Delphine will undoubtedly preserve the health, cheerfulness, and content she at present enjoys.”

Melissa highly approved the prescription she had read, promised to follow it exactly, and testified the most lively sense of gratitude to Madame Steinhausen. The next spring she purchased a seat in the valley of Montmorenci, and the neighbourhood of the doctor, and Delphine ever preserved

the gratitude and respect due to Madame Steinhaußen, as well as a most tender and inviolable friendship for Henrietta. Her person soon became charming, she acquired knowledge and understanding; she was rational, mild, benevolent, and admired and beloved by all who knew her. Melissa found her a husband worthy of her, and they live in mutual happiness, and connubial love.

And so the history is finished! cried Pulcheria, as Madame de Clémire ceased to speak.—What a pity!

If Melissa, said Caroline, had been as reasonable as Madame Steinhaußen, poor Delphine would never have been so idle, rude, and capricious. What a happiness is it to have a good mamma! Caroline, as she pronounced these words, tenderly kissed the hand of Madame de Clémire.

I would not interrupt you, said Pulcheria, when you were at so interesting a part of the story; but pray, mamma, what is that disease of the eyes which is called a cataract?—It is a disorder, replied she, which occasions blindness when it attacks both eyes (6).

As she said this, Madame de Clémire rose; it was later than ordinary, though the children had found the evening very short; they went to bed with regret, and dreamt all night of nothing but Delphine.

In

In the morning Morel told Cæsar he had made a calculation of the expence, which his glass-cases, and other materials for the breeding of butterflies, would cost, and found the whole would come to seven or eight guineas.—Ay! said Cæsar, this is a very dear diversion: I think I can amuse myself at a much cheaper rate. I will go and try to wear my sisters from this whim.

Cæsar was not long in finding them. I am come, sisters, said he, to give you an opportunity of proving to our mamma, that she has not lost her labour in relating the history of Delphine to us.—Are you, brother?—Yes; and that we have profited by the discourses of Madame Steinhaußen. You remember she told Delphine, people should not indulge their imaginary wants, or spend their money in superfluous trifles.—Oh yes, yes; I remember it—And so do I:—Well, our glass-cases, and nick-nacks for our butterflies, will cost seven or eight guineas—Eight guineas! —Yes; with that sum now we may do some charitable action.—Can we give any body a pension with eight guineas?—No; not worth accepting; but the eight guineas may relieve some family in distress.—Then I'm sure we'll give up the butterflies.—But if I had known that, I would not have taken so much pains to learn to make nets—Oh, never mind, we shall have amusements enough.—We will do as Henrietta

used to do ; dry flowers and herbs, and learn botany, and study agriculture, and——Yes, and we'll ask mamma for money to give the poor—Mamma though is not so rich as Melissa : she is come here, you know, to save, but then she is very charitable to the poor, notwithstanding.—We must find out some poor old woman, very good, and if we could find a poor blind old woman how happy we should be !——Yes ! we would send for a surgeon from Autun, to perform the operation of the cataract——Oh that we would——But we must take care, though, that our play-things and diversions do not cost much money, you know ; for mamma is not able to give us money for such things, and for cataracts too——No ; we cannot have every thing.

After holding this little council, the children ran to acquaint their mamma with the resolutions they had come to, who kissed them with a maternal tenderness, and highly praised the goodness of their hearts. Always preserve such sentiments, my dear children, said she, and you will make both me and yourselves happy ; and as a reward for your present virtue, I promise to seek for some proper occasion of expending the eight guineas as you desire.

Ah, but mamma, said Pulcheria, will you tell us a story too every night, instead of one now and then,

then, as you promised us at first. I will, answered Madame de Clémire, on condition you do nothing to disoblige me, or rather I will make this agreement with you all:—Whoever behaves improperly in the day, shall be excluded from our company at night. Ah now, mamma, but that will be so severe!—How so! you do not hear your brother or sister complain of its severity.—Ah, mamma, but I have more reason to be afraid than they; I am not so old, you know, and so you know, mamma, you should not expect me to be quite so good.—I have always made an allowance—Yes, mamma, I know you are never unjust, but I am afraid for all that, of being sent to bed sometimes without hearing the story.

Cæsar went to take a walk, the same morning, with the Abbé into the country, and as they were passing by a cottage, they saw a little boy beating another, much older and stronger than himself, who was satisfied with only warding off the blows, without returning them. Cæsar went up to them, and asked the lad, who suffered the other to beat him, if the little one was his brother? No, sir, said the young peasant, he is one of our neighbours.—He is a spiteful little fellow, said Cæsar. And why do you let him beat you, without returning his blows? Oh, sir, said the boy, I must

not beat him, because I am the strongest (a). Here is a generous lad, said Cæsar, in a whisper, to the Abbé: I must enquire if his parents are poor. What age are you, said the Abbé? Eight, sir; —And what's your name?—Augustin, sir, at your service.—Have you a father and mother? Oh yes, God be thanked, and a little brother Charley, who is only five years old; that is our house that you see there.

Dear sir, said Cæsar to the Abbé, let us go in. The Abbé was willing, and Augustin led them to the cottage. The Abbé soon fell into conversation with Madeleine, the mother of Augustin, who told him he was the best child in the world; so good-humoured, and so obedient, that he had never given her a moment's uneasiness; and, moreover, so apt at learning, that the curate of the parish had taken particular pleasure in teaching him to read.

In fact, the boy spoke astonishingly well for the child of a peasant; besides which, he had a countenance that engaged and prepossessed every body in his favour. Madeleine recounted many wonderful things of him, and spoke of his love for his little brother Charles; though, added she, Charles is often playing him tricks.

This

(a) The author of this work had the pleasure to hear a boy of eight years old give that answer.

This conversation ended, after Cæsar had made Augustin promise to come to the castle, and see him, and they continued their walk. As soon as they were alone, Mr. Frémont said to Cæsar, Did you perfectly feel the force, the sublimity of this lad's reply? "I must not beat him, because I am the strongest!"—I think I did, sir, replied Cæsar; he had compassion on the weakness of that angry little fellow.—Exactly so, said the Abbé, and, in consideration of his weakness, excused his passion and arrogance. Augustin, continued Cæsar, acts just like our great dog Turk, that let's mamma's little lap-dog bite him without minding him. This generosity, answered the Abbé, is so natural, that it is found among the most uncivilized nations, and even in the lowest classes. We read in the General History of Voyages, by M. de la Harpe, that you are in greater security at Malabar, under the protection of a Nayre child (*a*), than of the greatest warriors; because the robbers in that country never attack unarmed travellers, but, on the contrary, pay the greatest respect to old age and infancy. Judge then from those examples, how despicable that man must be, who is without a virtue which is so natural to him, that it is possessed by an untaught child, by animals, and even by thieves.

It

(*a*) Nayre is the tribe of nobles.

It is, therefore, reasonable that he who abuses his power by oppressing the feeble, should be held a monster and assassin. Pray, let me ask you, if a man with a drawn sword attacks another who has nothing but a cane for his defence, is he not an assassin?

Affuredly. We should always fight with equal arms.—Well then, suppose you and I should fight with our fists, should we be equal?—Certainly not; your arm is much stronger than mine.—Ay; so much that I could kill you, without your being able to hurt me. Should I not therefore be an assassin, by using my power thus against a being so defenceless?—Oh yes; that needs little proof.—What think you, then, of a person who enjoys riches and rank, and shall employ these advantages to the oppression or ruin of his inferiors?—I think such a person is almost as cowardly as he who fights with another who has no means of defence.—If, then, when you become a man, you shall treat your wife, your children, or your servants with inhumanity, you will be cowardly and cruel.—Oh, sir, I am very sensible, that if I act thus, when I acquire authority, I shall be both ungenerous and inhuman.—When, therefore, we give a command, we must be particularly careful that it is not unjust; we must make those happy who are in submission to our
power,

power, or we are tyrants, and nothing can be more contemptible than a tyrant.

They continued their walk with such like conversation, and got back to the castle just as the family were sitting down to table. There the Abbé met a gentleman of the neighbourhood, with whom he was acquainted, and whom Madame de Clémire had detained to dinner. His name was M. de la Paliniere, his age about fifty-five; he was very ordinary, had a carbuncled nose, large eye-brows, wore a dark bob-wig, that half-covered his face, like a night-cap, stuttered very much, and was, besides, exceedingly absent. This old gentleman's grotesque figure made such an impression upon Pulcheria, that she could not keep her eyes off him, and he hardly spoke a word at which she was not ready to burst out laughing. The fear, however, of displeasing her mamma, checked her, and, during dinner, she behaved tolerably well.

The Abbé discovered that M. de la Paliniere was a chess player, and, as he rose from table, proposed a game. M. Frémont, who supposed himself a *second* rate player, gave his antagonist to understand that he was a *first*, and, consequently, M. de la Paliniere, very modestly, demanded the castle, which was given. The Baronness, and Madame de Clémire, were seated at the other end of the apartment, to work at their tapestry ;
and

and Pulcheria had placed herself by the side of M. Frémont, that she might be opposite M. de la Paliniere, and consider him at her ease.

The game began, the two players appeared equally attentive, both were profoundly silent; when, all of a sudden, M. de la Paliniere, with the utmost tranquility, swept his hand across the board, and overturned all the men. The Abbé began to laugh, supposing it was absence of mind. Do you see what you have done, said he? You are mistaken, sir, replied the other, you must not give *me* the castle, I must give it *you*. Come let us begin again. The Abbé appeared a good deal surprized, and Pulcheria laughed aloud.

Another game was begun, and the Abbé was obliged to take, and not give, the odds, yet notwithstanding his antagonist gave him check-mate, in ten moves. The Abbé was confounded, and began to repeat again and again that his enemy was a first-rate player, while he, on the contrary, sustained he was only a second-rate.

During this debate, Pulcheria laughed maliciously, and cried out,, “So then, Mr. Abbé does “not play so well as he always thought he did;” which she accompanied with several impertinent mockeries.

Madame de Clémire continued her employment, and seemed to take no notice of what passed; but as soon as M. de la Paliniere was

gone,

gone, Pulcheria joined them, and presently asked the Baronness if she would not tell them a story after supper? Do not make yourself uneasy about that, young lady, said the Baronness, for if I do, you will not hear it.—No! Oh dear! why so, grandmamma;—Because little misses who mock people, and are impertinent, are not worthy to keep us company.—Dear me!—Dear me! what have I done?—

Hark you, Pulcheria, said Madame de Clémire—Tell me—Suppose I should endeavour to vex and disoblige a person who was my equal, should I do right? Certainly I should not; on the contrary, I should be guilty of rudeness, and ill behaviour, and every one would be justified in supposing I had a bad heart and a weak understanding. But were I to act thus to my superior, a person whose age and experience I ought to revere, I should be still more culpable, and absolutely inexcusable. Tell me, then, whether you have paid that respect which is due to the friend of your papa and mamma, and the man who has devoted himself to the education of your brother. Were you really good, you would not only respect but love M. Frémont.—Indeed I do love him very much, and respect him too, said Pulcheria, weeping.—And yet, replied Madame de Clémire, you have just been mocking, and doing every thing in your power to hurt his feelings. Though it were
true

kissing her, when you are sincere, and tell the truth.—And must I be for ever banished from your evening meetings, mamma?—No—not for ever, for eight days only.—Thank you, thank you, my dear dear mamma—But I hope my dear mamma has forgiven me.—I have, because I find your heart is good—Indeed, my dear mamma, it was want of thought—I believe it was, and your present repentance makes me hope you will never do the like again. And now come hither, said Madame de Clémire to Caroline; I am sorry, my child, I have to reproach you likewise, but you spoke, just now, against your conscience.—I own it, mamma, but—The motive, I acknowledge, deserves some indulgence, but nothing can sanctify a lye. Would you be justified, if, to oblige your sister, you should disobey a positive command I had given you, and when I had told you, too, your disobedience would be a mortal offence?—Certainly not mamma—And yet you have done much worse—you have disobeyed God!—Oh goodness!—It is very true. The commandments of God forbid lying—Besides, be assured, that falsehood is never successful; sooner or later it is discovered, and brings dishonour on its utterer; while truth, at the same time that it obtains esteem, and begets confidence, serves us most at the very crisis when we are most afraid it should injure us.

That

That reflection is just, said the Baronness, and recalls an anecdote of history to my mind, which proves the assertion.

Ah, my dear grandmamma, said Pulcheria, if you relate it in the evening I shan't hear it. Well then, said the Baronness, I will relate it now. Pulcheria jumped up to kiss her; the Baronness took her upon her lap, and, Caroline and Cæsar being attentive, spoke thus :

The anecdote I am going to relate, is told, in the history of the Arabs, by the Abbé Marigny. Hégiage was a celebrated Arabian warrior, but ferocious and cruel. Among a number of prisoners whom he had condemned to death, there was one, who, having obtained a moment's audience, said——“ You ought, Sir, to pardon me, “ because one day when Abdarrahan was cursing you, I represented to him that he was wrong, “ and ever since that time I lost his friendship.”— Hégiage asked if he had any witness of his having done this ; and the soldier mentioned another prisoner, who was likewise about to suffer death. The prisoner was called, and interrogated, and having confirmed the fact, Hégiage granted the first his pardon. He then asked the witness if he had likewise taken his part against Abdarrahan? but he, still respecting truth, answered no ; he did not think it was his duty so to do. Hégiage, notwithstanding his ferocity, was struck with the prisoner's

prisoner's greatness of soul. Well, said he, after a moment's pause, suppose I were to grant you life and liberty, should you still be my enemy? No; said the prisoner. That is enough, said Hegiage, your bare word is sufficient, you have given undoubted proof of your love for truth. Go; preserve the life which was less dear to you than honour and sincerity; your liberty is the just reward of your virtue.

Here you see, my children, continued the Baronness, that truth, as your mamma has said, serves us most at the very crisis when we are most afraid it would injure us. Would not you have supposed that it would have redoubled the fury of a man so imperious and sanguinary? Yet you find it so beautiful, so forcible, that instead of irritating, it softens and disarms the very tyrant.

Besides, said Cæsar, when one is known to respect truth, one has no occasion to swear to what one has once said——Certainly not, continued his mamma; protestations to such people are useless: a simple affirmation is more persuasive than a thousand oaths, from one whose sincerity is less established; as the glorious proof of esteem which Xenocrates received from the Athenians may prove. You know I read it to you. None but the truly virtuous possess this great quality; all really great men have been renowned for their love of truth, as was Aristides, and the hero Epa-

Epaminondas, who made it a constant rule never to lie, not even in jest.

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Abbé, who came to ask if Madame de Clémire chose to see the little Augustin, who was below with his mother. She had heard the history of the morning from Cæsar, and replied yes, by all means; they presently entered, Augustin was caressed by every body, and Madeleine presented a small basket of new laid eggs to Madame de Clémire. The latter had already enquired into the situation of this poor family, and heard that the father was but just recovered from a bed of sickness: she, therefore, willingly granted, at the intercession of Cæsar, four guineas out of the sum dedicated to charity, and desired Augustin to come every day and play with Cæsar. Augustin begged leave to bring his little brother Charles, sometimes, because, said he, poor Charley will be so dull if he is always left behind; and, after praising the boy's fraternal love, they readily complied with his desire.

The evening now approached, and Cæsar and Caroline perceiving the unhappiness of their younger sister at being excluded from their after supper society, both determined to beg of their grandmamma, not to relate any history during the eight days of Pulcheria's penance; for they were better pleased to be debarred of that pleasure, though

though they ardently desired it, than to enjoy it in the absence of their sister. The Baronness highly applauded their disinterestedness, and it was accordingly determined so to be.

In the mean time, as Madame de Clémire was one evening discoursing with her children, Caroline said to her, you have forbidden us all conversation with the servants, mamma, because they want education you know, and yet you permit us to talk with the peasants; nay, you yourself seem to take pleasure in talking to Gaffer Philip, and Goody Monica, and Madeleine.

That is very true, answered her mamma, and I will tell you why. Though the domestics of the rich are ignorant, yet, from frequently hearing their masters, they get a more refined, or rather a more affected manner of speaking than the peasants, yet full as defective. The chief vice in their dialect is a meanness of expression, and puerility of ideas, rather than words. I am not afraid that, by conversing with peasants, you should learn to say, *I connot, I munnot, I wunnot*; these expressions are so different from those you are accustomed to hear, there is little fear of your adopting them; but, on the contrary, the language of servants is in words something so like your own, that there is great reason to apprehend you might adopt it imperceptibly. But there is another thing, which is yet far more to be feared; do-

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peasants have, in general, vices and defects which are the consequences of the servile state they have chosen. If an ignorant man is not laborious, if he leads a life of idleness, and loiters away his time, it is hardly possible he should be virtuous. A footman, instead of being employed, passes three-fourths of the day in indolence, and, having no resource within himself, not being able to read or converse, he drinks, games, corrupts his manners, and loses his probity. These are the constant effects of laziness, and not knowing how to employ one's time. A peasant, on the contrary, being always busy, always active, living far from cities, still preserves his simplicity, his purity of manners, and all the other virtues which are natural to the heart. I love, indeed, to converse with peasants, their artless sincerity is inviting; and, though their expressions are homely, they are never mean. The singular originality of their sayings pleases me: they recall to my mind the simple and poignant beauties of our old authors. The peasants of Burgundy do so in particular, for they have preserved in their dialect many of the old Gaulish words. I love, too, to see, to look at them, because they are laborious and virtuous; and I love to hear them because they are sincere, and never are guilty of the least exaggeration. When Gaffer Philip, the other day, saw Caroline running, and cried out—*Lord love the heart on*

her,

her, how liſſom her is! my maternal love was much more highly flattered than if I had heard the Pariſian phraſe of, *oh, how charming!* which is uſed ſo prodigally with or without occaſion. However, my children, I would have you underſtand I ſpeak only in general, and that there are in each caſe many exceptions. There are vicious peaſants, and there are virtuous ſervants. You have a proof in Morel, and your grandmamma will, when our evening comes, relate you a very affecting ſtory, which will ſtill more fully prove there is no ſtate in which the moſt ſublime virtue may not be found.

Do you remember the ſtory grandmamma? ſaid Pulcheria. Yes, my dear, replied the Baronneſs; it was told me circumſtantly by one of our friends who knew the perſons.

Oh dear, how I long to hear it, ſaid one—and I—and I—ſaid they all. Well, well, four days hence you will have that ſatisfaction—Four days! Dear, that's a great while.

Theſe tireſome four days at laſt had glided away, and night and ſupper-time were thought on with rapture. At a quarter after eight every body roſe from the table, took their uſual places, and liſtened attentively while the Baronneſs began the following relation.

T H E
B R A Z I E R ;

O R,

RECIPROCAL GRATITUDE.

THE unfortunate James II. of England, was obliged to abandon his kingdom, and take refuge in France ; where, at the palace of St. Germain, Louis XIV. afforded him an asylum. A few loyal subjects followed him in his retreat, and settled at St. Germain : among whom was Madame de Varonne, descended from one of the best families in Ireland, and whose history I am going to recount.

During the life of her husband this lady lived in ease and affluence ; but, after his death, being left in a foreign country without protection, she had not sufficient interest at court to obtain any part of a pension on which they had before subsisted. She neglected not, however, to present petitions to the ministers, who always answered they would lay them before the king ; and she continued in suspense for more than two years ; till, at last, on a renewal of her request, she received
a denial,

a denial, in so formal and positive a style, that she could no longer be blind to the fate that attended her.

Her situation was dreadful; ever since the death of M. de Varonne she had subsisted by selling her plate, and part of her furniture, till she had no longer any resource. Her love of solitude, her piety, and ill health, had always prevented her mixing much with the world; and still less than ever since the death of her husband. She found herself then without support, without friends, without hope; stripped of every thing, plunged into a state of frightful misery; and, that the measure of her woes might be full, she was fifty years of age, and her constitution was feeble and infirm.

In this her day of distress, she had recourse to him who best could grant her consolation and relief; who soonest could change the severity of her destiny; who most certainly could give her fortitude to support calamity: she cast herself at the feet of the Almighty, and rose with confidence, fortified and exalted above herself, and with the full assurance of a calm resignation reviving in her soul. She looked with a steady eye on the deplorable scene before her, and said to herself, Since it is the inevitable lot of mortals to die, of what importance is it whether we die by famine or disease; whether we sink to rest under a golden canopy, or

E 3

upon

upon a bed of straw? Will death be less welcome because I have nothing to regret? Oh no! I shall need neither exhortations nor fortitude; I have no sacrifices to make; abandoned by the world, I shall think only of him who rules the world; shall behold him ready to receive, to recompense me, and shall accept death as the most precious of all his gifts.

She had a deal of courage, interrupted Caroline. Is it possible to die without feeling some little regret for this life?

Remember, my dear, said the Baronness, Madame de Varonne had no children.

And that she had neither a husband nor a mother, added Madame de Clémire.

Besides, rejoined the Baronness, religion is capable of inspiring this sublime resignation, and I have already told you she was truly pious.—But let us continue our tale.

While she was in the midst of these reflections, Ambrose, her footman, entered the chamber. It is necessary you should know something of this Ambrose, I will therefore give you a few traits of his character.

Ambrose was forty years of age, and had lived with Madame de Varonne twenty. He could neither read nor write, was naturally blunt, apt to find fault, spoke little, and always appeared to look with contempt on his equals, and with a degree

degree of haughtiness on his masters. His fullen deportment and dissatisfied air made his attendance not very agreeable; but his punctuality, good conduct, and perfect fidelity, had always made him esteemed as a most excellent and valuable servant. His good qualities, however, were only known in part; for he possessed the most sublime virtue: under a rough exterior was concealed an elevated and generous soul.

Madame de Varonne had discharged the servants of her husband soon after his decease, and had only kept one maid, a cook, and Ambrose; but the time was now come in which she must part with those likewise.

Ambrose, as I have said, entered her chamber with a log of wood, it being winter, which he was going to put on the fire, when Madame de Varonne said to him, I want to speak to you Ambrose. The tone of voice in which she pronounced these words struck Ambrose, who flinging down his log upon the hearth, exclaimed, Good God! Madam!—What is the matter? Do you know how much I owe the cook-maid, Ambrose?—You neither owe her nor me, nor Mary any thing; you paid us all yesterday.—True; that was not what I meant to say,—I—Ambrose, you must tell the cook and Mary, I have no further occasion for their services—And you—my good Ambrose—you must seek

another place—Another place! What do you mean? No: I will live and die in your service, let what will happen, I will never quit you.—You do not know my situation, Ambrose.—Madam——You do not know Ambrose——If they have lessened your pension so that you cannot maintain your other servants, so be it: you must part with them; it cannot be helped: but I hope I have not deserved to be turned away too. I am not mercenary, madam, and—But I am ruined, Ambrose——totally ruined. I have sold every thing I had to sell, and they have taken away my pension——Taken away your pension! That cannot be——it cannot be.—It is nevertheless very true.—Taken away your pension! Oh God!——We must adore the decrees of Providence, Ambrose, and submit without repining: the greatest consolation I find, amidst my misfortunes, is to be perfectly resigned. Alas; How many other unhappy beings, on the wide surface of this earth, how many virtuous families are in my situation! I have no children; my sufferings will be few, for I shall suffer alone.—No——no——no——replied Ambrose, with a broken voice——No——You shall not suffer—I have an arm and I can work.—My good Ambrose, answered Madame de Varonne, I never doubted of your attachment to me, but I will not abuse your kindness: all that I desire you to do for me

is to hire a small chamber, a garret ; I have still money enough to support me for two or three months ; I can work, I can spin ; find some employment for me, if you can, and that is all I wish ; all I can admit——

While she expressed herself in this manner, Ambrose stood fixed in silence, contemplating his mistress ; and, when she had finished, casting himself at her feet, exclaimed, oh, my dear, my honoured mistress, hear the determination, the oath of your poor Ambrose, who here vows to serve you to the end of his life ; and more willingly, with more respect, more ready obedience than ever he did before. You have fed me, clothed me, and given me the means of living happy for more than twenty years ; I have often abused your bounty, and trespassed on your patience. Pardon, madam, the errors which a defective temper has occasioned me to commit, and assure yourself I will make you reparation. It is for that purpose only I pray the Father of mercies to spare my life. — When he had ended, he rose, bathed in tears, and suddenly ran out of the room, without waiting for a reply.

You will easily imagine the lively and deep gratitude with which the heart of Madame de Varonne was penetrated, by a discourse like that she had heard ; she found there were no evils so great but might be alleviated by the feelings of

benevolence. Ambrose returned in a few minutes, bringing in a little bag, which he laid upon the table. Thanks to God, to you, madam, and to my late master, I have saved these thirty guineas; from you they came, and to you of right they return.—What, Ambrose! rob you of the labour of twenty years! Oh heaven!—When you had money, madam, you gave it to me; now you have none, I give it back again; and this is all money is good for. I dare say, madam, you have not forgot that I am the son of a brazier; this was my first profession, which I still am master of; for, at those moments when I had nothing to do in the family, I have gone and assisted Nicault, one of my countrymen, rather than be idle. I will now return to my trade in earnest, and with a hearty good will.—This is too much, cried Madame de Varonne, how greatly unworthy of your virtues is the lot in which fortune has cast you, noble Ambrose!—I shall be happy, said Ambrose, if you, madam, can but reconcile yourself to such a change in your once happy condition.—Your attachment, Ambrose, consoles me for the loss of all, but how can I endure you should suffer thus for me?—Suffer, madam, in labouring, and when my labour is so useful, so necessary! No; it will be happiness. Nicault is a good worthy man, and will not let me want;
his

his reputation is established in the town, and he is in need of just such an assistant ; I am strong, I can do as much work as some two men ; we shall do very well. — Madame de Varonne had not the power to reply, she lifted up her eyes and hands to heaven, and answered with her tears.

The day following, however, the other two servants were discharged, and Ambrose hired a small, light, and neat room, up three pair of stairs, which he furnished with the remainder of his mistress's furniture. Thither he conducted her. She had a good bed, an easy chair, a small table, a writing-desk, with pen, ink, and paper, a few books, which were arranged on four or five shelves, and a large wardrobe, in which was contained her linen, her wearing apparel, a provision of thread for her work, a silver fork and spoon, for Ambrose would not suffer her to eat with pewter, and the leathern purse which contained the thirty guineas. There were besides, in one corner of the room, behind the curtain, such earthen vessels as were necessary for her cookery.

This, madam, said Ambrose, is the best chamber I have been able to get, for the price you mentioned ; there is but one room, but the girl will sleep upon a mattrafs, which lies rolled up under your bed — How ! a girl, Ambrose. — Certainly, madam ; how could you do without ? She will go of errands, help to dress and undress

you, and do other necessary offices.—Nay, but Ambrose—— She will cost you little, she is only thirteen, desires no wages, and will live very well on what you leave. As for me I have settled every thing with Nicault; I told him I was obliged to leave you, was out of employment, and should be glad of work; he is well to do, is an honest man, and my countryman; it is only a step from this, and he is to give me ten-pence a day, and my board and lodging. Living is cheap in this town, and you, madam, will, I hope, be able to live on the ten-pence a day, and the ready money you have to supply extraordinary occasions. I did not chuse to say all this before your new servant, Susannah, but I will now go and bring her.

Ambrose here stepped out, and presently returned, leading in a pretty innocent girl, whom he presented to Madame de Varonne, informing her that was the young person concerning whom he had spoken to her. Her parents, said he, are poor, but industrious; they have six children, and you, madam, will do a good action, by taking this their eldest into your service. After this preface, Ambrose exhorted Susan, with a grave and commanding tone, to be good, and do her duty; then, taking his leave of Madame de Varonne, went to his new employment with his friend Nicault.

Who may pretend to describe what passed in the soul of Madame de Varonne. Gratitude, admiration,

ration, astonishment overwhelmed her, not only at the generosity, but the sudden change of temper and behaviour in Ambrose. No man could shew greater respect than he did, who lately was so blunt and peevish: since he had become her benefactor, he was no longer the same; he added humility to benevolence, and delicacy to heroism; his heart instantly inspired him with every gentle precaution, lest he should wound the feelings of sensibility and misfortune; he understood the sacred duty of imposing obligations upon others, and felt that no person is truly generous who humbles, or even puts to the blush, those whom they assist.

The next day Madame de Varonne saw nothing of Ambrose till the evening, when he just called, and contriving to have Susan sent out for a moment, he drew from his pocket a bit of paper, in which his day's wages were wrapped, laid it on the table, and said *there, madam, is my small mite*; then calling in Susan, staid not for an answer, but returned to his friend Nicault. How sweet must have been his sleep after such labour! How pleasing his dreams after a day so spent! How chearful was he when he awaked! If we are so happy after doing a good deed, how inexpressible must be the pleasure of an heroic action.

Ambrose, faithful to the sublime duties he had imposed upon himself, paid every day a visit to
Madame

Madame de Varonne, to leave with her the fruits of his industry; he only received as much at the end of each month as would pay his washerwoman, and some bottles of beer drank on Sundays and holidays; nor would he retain that small sum, but asked it as a gift of his mistress. In vain did Madame de Varonne, sensibly affected at thus robbing the generous Ambrose, persuade him she could live on less; he would not hear her; or, if he did, it was with such evident distress of heart that she was soon obliged to be silent.

Madame de Varonne, on her part, hoping to give some respite to the labours of Ambrose, worked without ceasing at netting. Susan assisted her, and went to sell the product of her industry; but, when she spoke to Ambrose of this, and exaggerated the profits, he would only reply, So much the better, I am glad of it, and immediately change the subject. Time produced no alteration in his conduct; during four years he never in the least varied from the virtuous ardour with which he began.

The moment, at length, approached in which Madame de Varonne was to experience remorse the most bitter, and pangs the most afflicting.

One night, as she sat expecting Ambrose, as usual, she saw the servant of Nicault enter her chamber, who came to tell her Ambrose was so ill he was obliged to be put to bed. Madame
de

de Varonne instantly desired the girl to conduct her to her master's house, and at the same time ordered Susan to go for a physician. Nicault, who had never seen her before, was a good deal surprized; she desired him to shew her the apartment of Ambrose.—The apartment, my lady! its impossible.—Impossible! How? Why—One's obliged to go up a ladder to get into the loft where he lies, your ladyship—A ladder!—And a loft!—Poor Ambrose—Go—shew me where it is—But your ladyship will break your ladyship's neck: besides it's such a hole—your ladyship can't stand upright.—Madame de Varonne could not restrain her tears, she begged Nicault would instantly shew her the way, and he brought her to the foot of a little ladder, which she had much difficulty to climb; this led her into a dismal loft, in one corner of which Ambrose was lying upon a bed of straw.—Ah! my dear Ambrose, cried she, in what a situation do I find you! And you told me you had a good lodging, that you were perfectly satisfied——

Ambrose was not in a condition to reply, he had been light-headed some time, which she presently perceived, and was most sensibly and justly afflicted at the sight.

Susan at last arrived, followed by the physician, who was evidently surprized, at entering such an apartment, to see a lady, whose mein and superior deportment

deportment bespoke her rank, weeping in despair over a poor journeyman brazier in a straw-bed.— He approached the sick person, examined him attentively, and said they had called him too late.

Imagine the condition of Madame de Varonne when she heard this sentence pronounced.

Ah, poor Ambrose, said Nicault, but it's all his own fault—he has been ill for these eight days past, but he would keep on; there was no persuading him, he would work. At last he could not hold his head up any longer, but for all that we had much ado to get him to bed—He undertook more than he could go through, that he might board and lodge with us, and so now he has killed himself with downright labour.

Every word Nicault uttered was a mortal stab to the peace of Madame de Varonne; she addressed herself to the physician, and with wringing hands and flowing tears conjured him not to abandon Ambrose. He was a man of humanity; and, besides, his curiosity was strongly incited by every thing he had heard and seen, he therefore readily engaged to spend part of the night with his patient. Madame de Varonne then sent for bedding, blankets, and sheets, and, with the assistance of Susan, made up a bed, on which Ambrose was gently laid by Nicault and the physician; after which she sat herself down on a stool, and gave free vent to her tears.

About

About four in the morning the physician went, after he had bled the patient, and promised to return at noon. As for Madame de Varonne, you may easily imagine she never quitted him a moment; she remained eight and forty hours at his bed-side without the least hope; at last, on the third day, the physician thought he perceived some favourable symptoms, and at night declared him out of danger.

The Baronness had proceeded thus far, when Madame de Clémire, fearing that so much speaking would fatigue her, interrupted her, although it was not half after nine o'clock; and desired her to finish her story on the morrow evening.——

What leave off already, cried Caroline? I am sure it is not late——Have you not observed, said Madame de Clémire, that your grandmamma has coughed and become hoarse within this quarter of an hour?—Mamma!—A truly sensible heart ought to be more attentive, it ought always to have a dread of abusing complaisance, or imposing upon good-nature.——Dear mamma, I feel I have been wrong ——Then, my dear, I am sure you will be careful how you commit the like error in future; you will not hesitate to sacrifice your pleasure to your gratitude, or even to the decorum of society.

After this short lesson they retired to rest, and
on

on the morrow the Baronness thus continued her recital.

I shall not attempt to describe the joy of Madame de Varonne when she saw Ambrose out of danger; she would have watched the night following, but Ambrose, who now was no longer light-headed, would by no means consent, and she returned, home, overcome with fatigue. The physician came on the morrow to visit her, and she was so much obliged to him, so grateful for the vast attention he had paid to Ambrose, that she could not refuse to answer his questions: she related her history, and satisfied his curiosity. Three days after this, he was obliged to return suddenly to Paris, for he did not reside at St. Germain, leaving Madame de Varonne in good health, and Ambrose recovering.

The situation of Madame de Varonne, however, was at this instant as critical as it was distressing: in a week she had expended on Ambrose what little money she possessed, except just enough to supply them for four or five days. But Ambrose could not, without the most imminent danger, begin to work again so soon, and she shuddered with fear lest necessity should urge him to labour once more at the hazard of his life. Then it was that she felt all the horror of want, and reproached herself most bitterly for having accepted the money of the generous Ambrose. Had it not

been

been for me, said she, he would have been happy; his industry would have procured him a comfortable livelihood: his faithful attachment to me has robbed him of ease, health, and happiness—nay, yet, perhaps, of life—And I must sink to the grave without acquitting this vast obligation.—Acquitting!—Alas, were the universe at my command, it would be impossible!—God alone can discharge a debt so sacred! God alone can worthily reward virtue so sublime!

One evening as Madame de Varonne sat profoundly absorbed in such like melancholy reflections, Susan came running, out of breath, to tell her that a great lady wanted to speak with her—A lady! said her mistress, what lady? You are mistaken.—No, no, be quick, answered Susan, I saw her myself, and she said, says she, I want to speak with Madame de Varonne, who lives up three pair of stairs at M. Daviet's; she said this out of her coach window; a fine coach, with six fine horses, so as I happened to be standing at the door and heard her, I answered and said, says I, that's here, says I, an't please your ladyship; and so, says she, go, my dear, and tell Madame de Varonne, that I beg she will do me the honour to permit me to speak a few words with her;—whereupon I put my best leg foremost, and—

Susan was interrupted by two or three gentle taps on the door, which Madame de Varonne, with

with great emotion, rose to open. She drew back, and beheld a most beautiful lady enter and advance with a timid, respectful, and compassionate air. Madame de Varonne ordered Susan to leave the room, and, as soon as they were alone, the unknown lady began the conversation by saying, I am happy, madam, in being the first to inform you that the king has at last come to the knowledge of your situation, and that his goodness means hereafter to recompence you for the former injustice of fortune towards you.——Oh, Ambrose! exclaimed Madame de Varonne, and clasped her hands, and raised her eyes to heaven, with the most forcible and expressive picture of joy and gratitude in her countenance.

Her visitant could not refrain from tears. She approached Madame de Varonne, and taking her affectionately by the hand, said, come, madam, come to the habitation that is prepared for you, Come.—Oh! madam, interrupted Madame de Varonne, what can I say? How speak?——Yet if I durst—I beg your pardon—but, madam, I have a benefactor—such a benefactor! Suffer me to tell you how—I will leave you at full liberty, said the lady; and lest my company should at present be the least embarrassment, I will not even go with you to your house: I shall return homewards, but first I must conduct you to your coach, which

which waits at the door—My coach!—Yes, dear madam, come, let us lose no time.

In saying this, she presented her arm to Madame de Varonne, who scarce had power to descend the stairs. When they had reached the door, the lady desired one of her footmen to call *Madame de Varonne's servants*.—She thought herself in a dream, and her astonishment increased when she saw the footman beckon the carriage, which was simple and elegant, to the door, let down the step, and heard him say, my lady's carriage is ready. The unknown lady then accompanied her to her coach, took her leave, and stepped into her own carriage.

Madame de Varonne's footman waited to receive her orders, and she, with a gentle and trembling voice, desired to be drove to the house of Nicault the brazier. You will easily conceive, my children, the lively emotion, the agitation, which the sight of that house occasioned in her heart—She drew the cord, she stopped, she opened the door herself, and, leaning upon her footman's shoulder for support, entered the shop of Nicault.

The first object she beheld was Ambrose—Ambrose himself, in his working dress, scarce out of the bed of sickness, and again, notwithstanding his weakness, endeavouring to labour.—The tenderness, the satisfaction, the joy she felt, are unutterable ;

utterable; he was labouring for her, and she came to snatch him from those painful labours, to release him from fatigue and misery. Then it was she tasted, in all its purity, that deep and well-founded gratitude which superior minds alone can taste.—Come, cried she with transport.—Come, noble Ambrose,—follow me—quit your labours and your cares; they are ended; your fate is changed; delay not a moment, but come.—

In vain did the astonished Ambrose beg an explanation, in vain did he desire time at least to put on his Sunday cloaths; Madame de Varonne was incapable of hearing, or of answering; she took hold of his arm, dragged him along, and obliged him to get into the carriage.—Would you please, madam, to be drove to your new house? said the servant—Her heart leaped within her—Yes, said she, fixing her eyes, that overflowed with tears, upon Ambrose—Yes—Drive us to our new house.

Away they went, and Madame de Varonne recounted every thing as it had happened to Ambrose, who listened with a joy mixed with fear and doubt: he scarcely durst believe in happiness so extraordinary, so unhopd. The carriage, at length, stopped at a neat little house, in the forest de St. Germain, and they alighted: as they entered the hall, they were met by the unknown lady, who had been waiting for their arrival, and who presented a paper to Madame de Varonne.—The

king, said she, has deigned to charge me with this, madam, that I might remit it to you; it is a brevet for a pension of ten thousand livres (four hundred guineas) a year, with a liberty of leaving half that sum to whoever you shall please to nominate at your decease.

This is indeed a benefaction, cried Madame de Varonne——Behold that person, madam, behold that noble virtuous man, who is truly worthy of your protection, and the favour of his sovereign.

Ambrose, who at first had placed himself behind his mistress, felt his embarrassment increase at these words, and taking off his cap, retreated with a bashful air; for, notwithstanding the excess of his joy, he felt a painful confusion at hearing himself so much praised;—besides that, he was a little vexed to be seen, for the first time, by so fine a lady, in his leathern apron, dirty jacket, and without his wig, and could not help regretting, in some degree, the want of his Sunday cloaths.

The unknown lady following, cried, Stop, Ambrose——stop——let me look at you, let me consider you a moment.——Dear madam, said Ambrose, bowing, I have done nothing but what was very natural, nothing to astonish any one——

Here Madam de Varonne interrupted him, to relate, which she did with rapidity and enthusiasm,
how

how much she owed her support, her all, her life itself, to Ambrose. When she had ended, the unknown lady, deeply affected, sighed, and raising her eyes to heaven, said—And have I at last after meeting so much ingratitude in the world, have I the exquisite delight of finding two hearts truly sensible, truly noble!—Adieu, madam, continued she——adieu——be happy;——this house, and all that it contains, are your's: you will receive directly the first quarter of your pension—As she finished she approached the door, but Madame de Varonne ran, bathed in tears, and threw herself at her feet. The lady raised, tenderly embraced her, and departed. She had scarcely quitted the threshold before the door again opened and the physician, to whom Ambrose owed his life, entered.

Oh! exclaimed Cæsar, I suspect it was the good physician who related the story to this unknown lady.—It was, answered the Baroness. Madame de Varonne, the moment she beheld him, immediately comprehended the whole affair. After having testified the gratitude with which her heart overflowed, she learnt from him that the unknown lady was Madame de P***, who resided always at Versailles, where she had great influence. I have been her physician, said he, for these ten years; I knew her benevolence, and was certain she would interest herself exceed-

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ingly in your behalf, when she had heard your history. No sooner, indeed, had I related it, than she began to verify my hopes ; she purchased this house, and obtained the pension of which she has given you the brevet.

As the physician was ending his recital, the servant entered, and informed Madame de Varonne supper was served up ; she prevailed on the physician to stay, and, leaning on the arm of Ambrose, walked into the other apartment, where she desired Ambrose to place himself by her side. Ambrose excused himself, and said, it was not proper he should sit at table with his honoured mistress. How, replied she, is not my benefactor and my friend my equal ? The modest, the generous Ambrose obeyed, and, with the physician on one side of her and Ambrose on the other, Madame de Varonne enjoyed, that happy evening, all the pure and delicious pleasures which gratitude and bliss inexpressible could inspire, and which a tender and a feeling heart could know.

You may well suppose that Ambrose had, the next day, thanks to Madame de Varonne, a dress suitable to his new fortune ; that his apartment was fitted up and furnished with every possible care ; that Madame de Varonne, during her whole life, caused him to partake her felicity, and that she never received money without recollecting, with the utmost susceptibility, the time when the

faithful Ambrose brought his day's wages, in a bit of paper, laid it upon the table, and said—
there, madam, is my small mite.

This story, my children, continued the Baroness, proves, what your mamma has before said, that there is no condition of life, no class of men in which the heroism of virtue is not to be found; and it further proves that did men only understand their own interest they would all be virtuous. Noble actions are seldom buried in oblivion; it is almost impossible to prevent a sublime conduct from obtaining a signal reward.

Ambrose, in supporting his lady, acted entirely from a generous heart; but let us, for a moment, suppose ambition had been his sole motive, and we shall find he could not possibly have taken any way so effectually to accomplish his desires. In such a case this would have been his manner of reasoning:

“ I wish to raise myself from the low situation
“ in which fortune has thrown me; what means
“ shall I pursue? I am poor and unknown: how
“ shall I attract the notice and benevolence of
“ those who have the power to change my fate?
“ What is the most certain method of fixing the
“ attention of the world, and inspiring it with an
“ effectual desire to serve me?—Genius? That
“ I have not. And had I the greatest I should be
“ liable, like many others, to remain unnoticed:

“ the

“ the number is small which genius can dazzle or
 “ delight ; few understand its value, and the cold
 “ admiration it inspires seldom comes from the
 “ heart. What then is the merit which is univer-
 “ sally interesting ? Virtue alone has this irresist-
 “ ible charm. But to distinguish myself I must
 “ possess something more than mere probity : that
 “ procures esteem, but not admiration.—Chance
 “ now affords me an opportunity to obtain the
 “ end I propose. Madame de Varonne is ready
 “ to sink under her misfortunes ; she shall owe
 “ her existence to me. Her gratitude, soon or
 “ late, will find the means of publishing this vir-
 “ tuous action to my renown. I, in the mean
 “ time, must be silent, for were it divulged, by
 “ me, it would lose all its merit.”——

Nothing, interrupted Cæsar, can be more true : the conclusions are wonderfully just. Self-interest might have counselled Ambrose to an act which virtue performed.

Without doubt, answered Madame de Clémire ; and the reasoning which you find so conclusive in this instance will be equally good in every other. Self-interest, well understood, would make us sincere, upright, just, and generous. Hence a celebrated writer says, (a) “ Folly alone can make us wicked, folly alone can make us knaves ; and it is still a more stupid degree of

(a) M. Gaillard, *Histoire de Charlemagne*. Tome 1. p. 279.

“ folly to connect ideas of superiority and grandeur to devastation and tyranny, or of wisdom and genius to fraud and artifice.”

How! mamma, cried Caroline, are there people who suppose that tyranny is grandeur?

Unhappily, my dear, answered, Madame de Clémire, history furnishes us with too many proofs. Almost all historians are lavish of the title of great, to men and monarchs who are renowned only for their injustice and usurpation; for such continually are great conquerors.

And so men may become celebrated without being virtuous?

Certainly; but they are always hated and unhappy. Celebrity may be acquired by extraordinary actions of any kind; but virtuous ones alone can bestow a just and desirable fame.

I understand you, mamma, for want of reflection we may sometimes admire a conqueror, because his courage hides his injustice; I conceive that to be very possible. But, pray, how can fraud and cunning ever be mistaken for wisdom?

None but fools, my dear, ever do make this mistake. But the class of fools is very extensive, and therefore there are abundance of people who are thus deceived. Hear what the author I have just quoted says on that subject:

“ Every deceitful man is, essentially, a foolish man, runs directly from the goal, and, by the nature

“ nature of things, infallibly becomes, sooner or
 “ later, the dupe of his own artifices : for there is
 “ no fraud so deep as to be entirely hidden from
 “ the eye of suspicion ; no trick that all men do
 “ not revolt against as soon as it is seen.”

The fifth evening ended with this citation :
 Madame de Clémire rose, and every body retired to
 rest, delighted with the history of Madame de
 Varonne and the virtuous Ambrose.

It was then the twenty-fifth of February, the
 cold was excessive, and Madame de Clémire had
 promised Cæsar to take him a long walk. He
 begged of her to go to the forest of Faulin : she
 consented, and as Caroline and Pulcheria both
 had colds, they were not of the party. They sat
 out at ten o'clock in the morning ; the place they
 were going to was a league and a half distant ; a
 carriage therefore followed, that they might walk
 one-half of the way, and ride the other, and not
 make the dinner wait, which was always served
 between twelve and one.

The cold had scarcely been so piercing all the
 winter as it was that morning ; Cæsar, at first, com-
 plained a little, but, in less than half an hour, told
 his mamma he could bear it very well. And yet,
 said Madame de Clémire, the degree of cold is
 all the same as when we first sat out, but you are
 now more accustomed to it, and therefore feel it
 less. Thus it is with all physical evils : we inure
 ourselves.

ourselves to all those that may be supported without death being the consequence ; habit makes the most frightful and dangerous objects familiar, and robs even affliction of its sting. This is a truth which it is very necessary well to comprehend ; because it teaches us to face the pains and misfortunes attendant on human nature with fortitude.

Yes, mamma, said Cæsar, but there are some people so naturally delicate that they cannot habituate themselves to sufferings. I remember you once said that Madame de Beauvais, after the loss of her law-suit, never could support poverty, or live retired in the country.

True, my dear, said she, but this is so uncommon an instance, that it only ought to be looked upon as an exception which never can happen but to feeble and degenerate minds ; it is not in nature ; it is the effect of luxury, and a bad education.

Then, mamma, many people that appear to us extremely miserable are not so much so as we believe.

That is to say, my dear, they suffer less than we suppose they do, but, for that very reason, they are more worthy of our compassion and assistance. He who courageously submits to his fate, and suffers without murmuring is certainly a most respectable being ; and it must be a mean and insensible mind that can refuse its pity to a man
who,

who, obliged to endure, hardens himself in sorrow, and supports pain nobly. Such virtuous resignation should incite our admiration, and render sympathy more tender and active. Besides, it is very natural to shrink from beholding misery, in others, which we ourselves could support without complaining. This is a sublime sensation, and common to all superior minds, of which we have daily a thousand proofs. For example, I can see myself bled, and hold the basin, and yet I am affected when I look at the lancet wounding the vein of another. I have seen your papa, when his arm was broken, support its being set again with the utmost composure; and yet he was almost ill the day the same accident happened to Thibaut, your uncle's valet.

That is very true, said Cæsar, I know it by myself, mamma; I fall down, hurt or cut myself, and scarcely take any notice of it, and yet I cannot look at another person's blood without feeling for them very much.

Hence you may learn, answered Madame de Clémire, that it is not always natural to prefer ourselves to others; and that he who thinks only of and for himself, and who is not affected by the misfortunes of others, is a vicious and degraded being.

Conversing thus, they came to a large meadow covered over with snow, through which a brook

ran that was frozen, where Cæsar wished to divert himself a little with sliding. In order to have a good run, he went to the side of a copse that bordered upon the meadow, and, something catching his eye, he entered the wood, where Madame de Clémire lost sight of him for a moment; Cæsar returned, almost in an instant, crying out, as loud as he could, “run, run, mamma, run—perhaps they are not dead!”——“Who are not dead, child? What have you seen?” said Madame de Clémire.—Oh dear, mamma, two children, that the frost has seized, lying on the ground, quite insensible!”—

Madame de Clémire ran, instantly, and Cæsar, full of tenderness and pity, conducted her towards a bush, where two children were laid so that both their faces were hidden. As she drew near she saw the eldest of the two had stript himself to his shirt and laid himself upon the other face to face. Good God, cried she, they are certainly two brothers, and the eldest has had the generosity to strip himself that he might clothe the youngest—Oh, noble child!—I hope to God we are not too late to save them.

Madame de Clémire then called to her servants to take and put them in the carriage, instantly, and Cæsar snatched off his great coat, and threw it over the eldest. Morel then took the eldest in his arms, and, as he lifted him, said, he is quite stiff,

I am

I am afraid he is past recovery. Cæsar, the moment he beheld the face of the child, burst into tears, and cried out, oh, good God, mamma, it is poor Augustin and his brother Charles! Cæsar was right, and Madame de Clémire, as soon as she saw him, found her passions still more strongly interested, and mingled her tears with Cæsar's. Her heart was pierced when she beheld death pictured on the face of the generous Augustin, especially when she represented to herself the distraction of the unhappy mother of such a child.

Morel and another footman held the children in their arms, and assured her they were dead, but she, nevertheless, insisted on their being immediately put into the carriage, and ordered Morel to get in with and convey them to the castle with all possible speed, continuing to rub them all the way, which he instantly obeyed. The other servant staid to conduct Madame de Clémire and Cæsar, who soon lost sight of the carriage.

Madame de Clémire and Cæsar exerted themselves to make all possible haste, and arrived at the castle, fatigued, but exceedingly anxious for the fate of the children. As they entered the avenue, they saw, and were seen by, Caroline, Pulcheria, and the Abbé, who all called out aloud that Augustin and Charles were both alive. The news made Cæsar weep with joy, and, tired as he was, he sprang to kiss his sisters with transport.

They all ran directly to the room, where the patients were still undergoing the means of recovery; Madame de Clémire found them reviving, but not yet come to themselves; she sent for their mother, who arrived just as Charles, who had suffered less than his brother, began to look about him, and pronounce a few words. About an hour after Augustin gave signs of recollection, and knew his mother. The first word he uttered was——Charley!——brother!——

After some time, a physician who had been sent for came, and said, that though there was yet much to be apprehended, he believed them out of danger.

Madeleine, being now something more composed, related to Madame de Clémire how they had gone from home, at eight o'clock in the morning, to gather fire wood, and, not finding them return so soon as usual, her husband, at half past nine had gone in quest of them; that he, being deceived by tracks in the snow made by other children, had gone to the contrary side of the wood to where they were unhappily frozen.

Cæsar and his sisters were employed all the evening by their attentions for Augustin; the whole house was interested in behalf of that amiable boy; no person would go to bed till the effects of the remedies that were given him were known, which was not till midnight; and several
of

of the servants sat up all night in his chamber. At break of day Cæsar again was at the door, and he heard, with the most heartfelt satisfaction, the two brothers were both almost well, that they talked as usual, and were entirely come to the use of reason.

In the afternoon Augustin was permitted to get up, and Cæsar to visit him; he beheld and kissed him with an inconceivable delight. The day following the boy was in a state to tell the particulars of his own story.

The family all gathered round Augustin, who was placed between his brother and mother, and was the historian of the evening. He related, with great simplicity and feeling, that Charley, instead of gathering sticks, would sit down, and that presently the cold had such power over him as to deprive him of the use of his senses; that he (Augustin) in vain endeavoured to recover him, by breathing upon, and rubbing him with his hands; that seeing him continue to look blue in the face, he made the wood echo with his cries; that he called to his father several times for help, and that, when nobody heard nor answered, he began to weep; that his tears, dropping upon Charley's face, froze almost directly, and this made him cry still more; that, however, he did not entirely lose his courage, but endeavoured to raise him up and carry him on his back; but that, being him-

self, by this time, half frozen, he wanted strength, and fell down beside his brother. At last he saw no other way to save his poor Charley but to take off his coat, and then his waistcoat, and then every thing else he had on, to cover him up and keep him warm; that then, at that instant, poor Charley opened his eyes, looked at him, and pushed away the cloaths, as if he wanted him to put them on again; that then he began to be seized with a kind of numbness and drowsiness, and to lose his feeling, and so he went and lay upon his poor Charley—And so, says Augustin, that—that's all—for I don't remember any thing more.

Scarcely had Augustin ended before Cæsar rose with impetuosity, and flung himself upon his neck; at which Augustin was surprized, for every thing he had done seemed to him so natural he could not conceive why it should occasion so much admiration. His mother, presently after, took him to bed; and, when they were gone, Madame de Clémire said to Cæsar—Does not this story, this heroic action, my son, prove the truth of what I was saying to you, during our walk, “that it is “not so natural, as is generally supposed, to prefer one's self to others?” Augustin stripped off his cloaths, because it was less painful to him to endure the cold than to see the sufferings of his brother. Oh! my child, how sublime is pity, since

since it can inspire virtue like this ! Far from enfeebling, it ennobles the soul, makes it insensible of danger, superior to pain, and fearless of death ! Never stifle, never blush at such sensations ; cherish feelings so active and compassionate, so inherent in the heart of man, and which he never can lose, without debasing his nature.

Madame de Clémire now rose to retire, but Cæsar detained her, while he told her how exceedingly sorry he was to think that Augustin must go back again to his poor cottage in a day or two. Well, child, said Madame de Clémire, you shall have your wish ; I will ask his parents to leave him here ; I will take charge of him, and you shall be educated together. This promise made Cæsar leap for joy. I will teach him every thing I know, cried Cæsar.—Ah, but, said Pulcheria, how can his father and mother consent to part with such a good child ? Assuredly, my dear, answered her mamma, they will not hesitate to sacrifice their own satisfaction to the interest of their child ? the way to shew their affection is to promote his happiness ; if they did not they would be without affection.

Accordingly, the next day, Madame de Clémire made the proposal to the parents of Augustin, who accepted her offer with gratitude and joy. Augustin wept a good deal, when he heard he was to leave his father and mother, and his brother
Charley ;

Charley ; not but he was very sensible of Cæsar's friendship for him, and had a great desire to be instructed, and learn, as he said, all the fine things that master knew.

The children had been so busy about Augustin that, for three or four evenings, they had neglected their nightly assemblies ; at last, however, they reminded their mamma of their favourite amusement, and, night being come, their desires were readily granted.

You have admired, with great justice, said Madame de Clémire, the delicacy and heroism of Ambrose ; and you imagine, without doubt, it is impossible to shew more generosity, attachment, or greatness of soul. Well then, my children, I will relate a story, in which you will find an example of a still sublimer conduct. I have said several things to the disadvantage of servant maids in general, because they are commonly ignorant and selfish ; I would have you believe, however, there are some entirely the reverse, and that you may be convinced there are, listen to a tale, the incidents of which passed almost under my own eyes, and that may be called

THE

HEROISM OF ATTACHMENT.

IN one of the northern provinces of France, there is a small corner of the earth where good faith and virtue supersede laws, and give to the inhabitants of that peaceable country a felicity pure and unalterable.—

Oh! mamma, what a charming place! What is it called? Have you ever been there?

Yes; in my youth. It's name is S***; where I had the pleasure of admiring a people so happy. The husbandmen, simple and industrious, have neither in their language nor manners the rude clownishness of peasants. The mothers are gentle, the children grateful and obedient, and the young women universally modest; covetousness and envy are there unknown; and there are found all that equality, brotherly love, and purity of manners, which constituted the happiness of mankind, in the early ages of the world.

The gentleman, who owned this spot, had a wife every way worthy to enjoy such felicity. Madame de S*** possessed a superior understanding, a benevolent heart, and an enlightened mind. She read, she studied, she worked, and loved to work;

work; she embroidered, made tapestry, cultivated a flower-garden, kept bee-hives (8), and bred silkworms. The care of her house was her pleasure; she delighted in her domestic employments; she neglected none of them, because she understood the duties of her station; they are indeed interesting in themselves, and especially to those who live in the country. She took a pleasure in looking after her poultry and dairy, and hence found amusement, instruction, and the method of living in abundance upon a very moderate income.

Instruction! mamma, interrupted Caroline; what instruction could she get there?

Much, answered Madame de Clémire, and very useful. You have heard that natural history is a very extensive study, a science, divided into a multitude of parts; many of these, and those neither the least useful nor least curious, are learnt, of course, without study, by living in the country, and being employed in country affairs. The things themselves instruct us much more effectually than books; the latter often leave nothing but words in the mind, but the former give birth to ideas never to be effaced. I have known a lady who had gone through a course of natural history, in Paris, and who, notwithstanding, could not tell the blossoms of an apple-tree from those of a cherry-tree. People who have never lived in the country,
are

are always ridiculously ignorant on some subjects. How can the miracles of nature be studied at Paris, where fruits and vegetables are seen only in the market and upon the table, and flowers nowhere but in vases? You can there form no idea of the labours or the pleasures of the field. Innocent pleasures! That are never despised but by those who have never tasted them: It is for this reason that the illustrious M. de Bouffon has said, "Every thing we wish, beyond what nature has given, is painful, and nothing is pleasant that she does not present."

Well, but mamma, said Pulcheria, some people are excessively fond of Paris, and the fashionable world, for all that, and so, to be sure, they find pleasure there.

Those people, replied Madame de Clémire, are in a continual hurry and confusion, a kind of intoxication, which not only deprives them of the faculty of thinking but even of feeling; and in such circumstances we can by no means be said to enjoy pleasure, it being a state of mind produced by a disordered imagination, which subjects the heart to violent passions and impetuous desires.

What is a passion, mamma?

A passion is an absolute and excessive preference to one object, consequently an unreasonable desire.

Well, but mamma, there are reasonable and allowable passions.

Excess

Excess is not always criminal, but it is always absurd. A woman, for example, who loves her husband with passion is in this predicament.

How ! Is such a woman unreasonable ?

Certainly, and unhappy too ; for there is no happiness in the absence of reason.—Surely, mamma, it is right to love one's husband with all one's heart ?—Certainly.—As you love my papa ?—Without doubt.—Well, mamma, and you prefer my papa to all the world.—What do you mean, my dear, by preferring him to all the world ? That I have an *exclusive preference*, as I said just now ? —Why, mamma, you know you would rather have a quarter of an hour's conversation with papa than play on the harpsichord, read, walk, or—Very true. I prefer his conversation, or even the pleasure of looking at him, to all the amusements in the world ; and, what is more, his happiness is much dearer to me than my own.—And is not that passion, mamma ?—By no means—Why, what can passion do more ?—It can be guilty of extravagance and folly. But, to give you an idea, you know Madame d'Orgimont ?—Yes, mamma.—The lady whose husband took a journey of pleasure, last year, into Russia, and whom you went to visit when she kept her bed, sick of chagrin ? —True, mamma. Well, that was passion. It was passion that had taken away her strength

and

and courage, and deprived her of the power to resist her uneasiness.—And yet, mamma, one cannot help having a fever.—No ; but, if one is not overcome by passion, absence will not give it ; because one should make use of one's reason, and be resigned to one's fate. Madame d'Orgimont had an absolute *exclusive preference* for her husband, for she not only preferred his society to all others, in which she was right, but it was impossible for any society to please her, if he was not of it ; she would not sacrifice the pleasure of seeing him to the education even of her children.

Ah, mamma, said Caroline, but you would not do so ; and yet, in fact, you love my papa as well as she did M. d'Orgimont, since my papa's happiness is dearer to you than your own. Madame d'Orgimont's affection is more excessive, but your's is best. I see too that passion, though seemingly allowable, may lead us into many errors, as well as make us ill.

To neglect her children, and fret herself ill, said Cæsar, was not to be good or prudent.

Passion of every kind, continued Madame de Clémire, impairs our reason, and necessarily leads us more or less astray, in proportion to its power over us.—But is it possible, mamma, to live without passion ?—Most certainly. Nay more, we are ourselves the cause of our passions ; they are our own work, and, as they come but by degrees,

gresses, we may at all times easily stop their progress. When we find any of our inclinations becoming daily more powerful we should immediately repress them, and—But how, mamma, can one discover these small beginnings of passion? —When we are tempted to sacrifice to some amusement, some person, or some pleasure, any of our duties.

Oh! dear me, mamma, cried Pulcheria, but then I am afraid I have a great many passions, for if I was my own mistress, I should often sacrifice my studies to a walk, or a game at shuffle-board, or my canary-bird, or my squirrel, or——

That only proves, answered Madame de Clémire, that you are sometimes tired of study, which is often the case at your age; but, in finding other amusements, you regret neither your canary-bird nor your squirrel: you have no real preference for them, and therefore no passion; you are only playful, wild, and indolent.—Oh, I understand, mamma; one must first have a preference, and then afterwards be tempted to neglect one's duty? —Yes.—Well, mamma, but if, by chance, when I grow up, I should prefer study to every other amusement, would that hurt me?—No; because that would be a very just preference.—Look you then, now, mamma, that is a permitted passion.—Not at all; preference, simply, is not passion.—Oh, true, mamma, I had forgot temptation.—

tation—If the pleasure of gaining instruction occasioned you to neglect the duties of society, you would do wrong. The purest, best, and most rational pleasure ceases to be virtuous the moment it becomes a passion. Passion renders us blind, weak, unjust, and extravagant.—Then, my dear mamma, when you tell me you love your dear Pulcheria, passionately, it is only a way of speaking, is it?—Why, when I say I love you to madness, would you have it to be true; that is literal?—Oh no, I am sure I would not for all the world, have my dear mamma mad.—And, after what has been said, cannot you conceive that passion and reason are incompatible, and that passion is always a certain degree of madness; that to love a person passionately is the same thing as to love them to madness, and that consequently it would be cruel in you to wish me to love you passionately? I should lose my reason, and my virtue, and you would gain no desirable proof of tenderness. Were it necessary, I should die to save any one of you, my children, from destruction; I would not hesitate a moment, to sacrifice my life, and make you happy. I would do every thing heroic which passion could inspire, but I would not betray any one duty, even for you: that is to say, great as is my love, it should not dishonour or debase me. Could you wish me, Pulcheria, to possess contrary sentiments?—

No,

No, no, dear mamma, cried the children, all together, and running into their mother's arms, who clasped them affectionately to her bosom, and could not retain her tears, when she felt those of Pulcheria drop upon her hand.

After a few moments of tender silence they continued their discourse, and Cæsar begged of his mamma to answer him another question concerning the passions. When, said he, one has unhappily yielded to a passion till it has become rooted, may one still conquer and expel it?—Most assuredly, replied his mamma; any victory may be obtained over ourselves, when we sincerely desire to be victorious: but in such a case the effort would be very painful. It is easy to preserve ourselves from, but most hard to eradicate, passion.—And which is the way, mamma, to preserve ourselves from it?—By an early habit of hearkening to reason, and overcoming whatever desires are contrary to it; by remembering that we are ever present with the Supreme Being; a Being pure and omniscient, and who is displeased at all excess: by the succours which religion affords, the command of ourselves, and the proper employment of our time: by such means, we are beyond the power of violent passion.

But since, mamma, excess of every kind is bad, ought one to admire the conduct of M. de Legaraye, the extraordinary gentleman of whom M.

Frémont

Frémont was telling such strange things the other day; as how he forsook the world, turned his seat into a hospital for the sick, and devoted his life to their care?—Beyond a doubt; his conduct is not only to be admired, but looked upon as the model of perfection—And yet M. de Lagaraye carried his charity even to passion?—People, in general, apply the word passion only to such sensations as originate in self, and have personal satisfaction for their basis; such as an inclination for a certain object, the delight taken in a particular pleasure; like as an avaricious man delights in the accumulation of riches, or a gambler in play: or, lastly, to various other vices; anger, for example, to which they have improperly enough applied the word passion. But the love of humanity is the most disinterested of all sensations, and the less particular and more extensive it is the more it is sublime. To deprive oneself of all one's wealth in favour of a person that one loves, is a noble and praise-worthy action, and, at all times, the sacrifice of magnanimity; but to give all one possesses to wretches, for whom we have no private friendship, no motive, but that of compassion, to consecrate one's life to their service, to abstain from a thousand gratifications, and treat them like our beloved children, for no other reason but because they suffer the miseries incident to men, and are wretched; this is virtue truly

truly heroic, truly divine. Benevolence, carried such a height, may, perhaps, be called a passion; but it is a very different passion from all others, since it is absolutely disinterested, and produces actions only of a species the most sublime.

But suppose, mamma, M. de Lagaraye had had children of his own, would he have had a right to have given all his goods to the poor?

No, certainly, for we are under an obligation, first of all, to fulfil the duties imposed upon us by nature. M. de Lagaraye could only have given the surplus to the wretched; and, as he would have been obliged to educate his children, it would have been impossible for him to have consecrated his time to the service of the poor.

Well, mamma, said Caroline, now you have had the goodness to answer all our questions, I hope you will go on with the story of Madame de S***? Willingly, answered Madame de Clémire, but I do not know whereabouts I was.—Why, mamma, you told us Madame de S*** was happy, because she was benevolent; and how much she loved the country, and cultivated a flower-garden, and read, and worked, and kept bee-hives, and bred silk-worms, and—and there I believe you left off.

I did so, answered her mamma. Well then—Madame de S***, satisfied with her destiny, led a life equally pleasant and innocent. Her

husband

husband, far from rich, could not enable her to relieve misery with money, and yet there was not a day passed in which she did not do some good action. There was neither surgeon nor physician in the village; but she knew something of botany; had read *L'Histoire des Plantes usuelles*, by Chomel, a very good book, in which the properties of herbs and their use in pharmacy are taught; and she knew Tissot's Advice to the people by rote, a book interesting and estimable, both for its utility, and the spirit of humanity in which it is written. With all these helps, however, Madame de S*** did not pretend to practise physic, because it is an art that, without being perfect in it, imprudence and madness only would pretend to practise; but she visited the sick cottages, prevented them from using dangerous remedies, and, occasionally, prescribed things that might do good, could do no harm; she carried them broth, wine, old linen, consoled them by her presence, her conversation, and her compassion, and thus proved it possible to be exceedingly benevolent with a very small fortune. When we do all the good in our power, we enjoy all the happiness the practice of virtue can bestow.

Madame de S*** had a young woman, named Marianne, who had lived with her as her maid twelve years, and who was greatly distinguished by her goodness, disinterestedness,

and attachment to her mistress, whose virtues she possessed, and whose example she imitated. It is true she had never been at Paris, and that she had not even been in the way of temptations to corrupt or lead astray a character that was naturally virtuous. Madame de S*** tenderly loved her, and the care she took to make her a truly good woman was one of the greatest pleasures of her life. Marianne was something older than her mistress, and flattered herself she should end her days in her service, but Providence ordained otherwise. Madame de S*** was attacked by a disease which, though trifling in its origin, by ill treatment became mortal. She met death, not only without fear, but, with the gentle serenity of a soul truly penetrated by the great principles of religion; and while all around her abandoned themselves to that despair which the loss of a woman like her must ever inspire, she alone remained with an unshaken tranquillity. An exact and proper regimen prolonging her life for some months, she did not keep her bed; she walked, read, made the young girls of the village come to her as usual for instruction, conversed with her favourite and faithful Marianne, received the visits of the vicar, and never suffered her gentleness or presence of mind to forsake her for a moment.

One fine morning in the month of May, she rose with Aurora, and, attended by Marianne, walked out into the field, gained an eminence, from which there was a delightful prospect, and sat herself upon a bank, while Marianne placed herself at her feet. She remained a moment, and then rose, supported by the arm of Marianne: how this view delights me, said she! What a fine country! Look at that charming meadow, Marianne, over which we have run so many hundred times; it was there we met the good old dame Veronique, bending beneath a basket of apples on her head, and another in her hand; you would take the one from her head, and I, in spite of her resistance, the other from her hand, and thus we brought her home to her cottage. Dost thou remember how merry we were, the gratitude of the good old woman, and the breakfast she gave us? Turn thy eyes to the right, and behold that row of willows, on the borders of the pool, in which, with hook and line, we have so often fished. There it was that we, in company with young Martha and little Babet, have many a time made baskets of the bulrushes, and, afterwards filled them with violets, lilies of the valley, and filberts. Seest thou yonder cabin, it belongs to our Frances; dost thou remember how thou madest, in two days, the gown I gave her at her wedding?—A little farther to the left are the

skirts of the wood, where, on holidays, I kept my little school, during the fine summer evenings. What happy moments have I spent surrounded by the lasses of the village. Hast thou forgotten the long and simple stories that Margaret used to tell us, or the old ballads that Honoria sung with a voice so youthful, sweet, and plaintive?—Every object I see around me recalls some pleasing idea. Oh, how grateful are such traces of memory at this moment!

As Madame de S*** pronounced these words, Marianne turned her head, to hide her tears, which she could no longer restrain. After a short silence, Madame de S*** clasping her hands, and raising them to heaven, exclaimed—Oh God! Thou whom I now behold beyond the clouds that brightly decorate the heavens! Thou who hearest, understandest me, and readest my very soul! I thank thee, my Creator! my Father! and Benefactor! I thank thee, for having placed me in a state of life where I have lived free from the persecutions of hatred, the malignity of envy, the contagion of evil examples, and the seduction of wicked advice. I have had nothing to lead my reason astray, or corrupt my heart; I have neither known the city nor the court: I have heard that there are flatterers, false philosophers, ambitious men; men degraded by cupidity, and perverted by pride; I have heard, and have wept for

their errors, and this sensation has often troubled my repose: I have been sorry for the wicked, but have always lived far from their abode; unknown to the violence of passion, the riots or deceits of pleasure, my life has glided away in happy obscurity; and my happiness has been so much the more pure in that it has not been disturbed by the slanders of malice: friendship, innocence, and peace, have embellished every instant of my career; I have possessed the most substantial wealth; and, in this awful moment, when the memory of the past is the punishment of the wicked, a multitude of sweet consolatory recollections croud upon my mind, and I remember, with transport, that to virtue alone I owe the pure delight I now enjoy.—Oh God! how supreme is thy bounty? Thou commandest us to detest and fly from vice, and therein thou teachest us the only possible means of happiness upon earth; nay, dost moreover promise us eternal bliss hereafter, if we do but obey thy beneficent commands.

As she said this, Madame de S*** fell gently into the arms of Marianne, for the fervency with which she had spoken had exhausted her little strength. Marianne looked at her, saw her cheeks pale, and her eyes closed and motionless, and gave a shriek of terror; Madame de S*** opened her eyes, and tenderly pressed the hand of Marianne, which she held between her own. Where-

fore this alarm, my dear Marianne? said she, with a smile of grateful benevolence upon her face: what thou! whose piety is so pure! art thou not resigned? Is not thy sacrifice already made? We shall meet again where we shall never part more! —— I see how much my serenity; my tranquillity console thee!—I flatter myself thou wilt ever find an asylum in the chateau de S***—Alas! I cannot place thee above want!——There is another thing which, I confess, I regret——deeply—(Marianne here fixed her eyes upon her mistress, and the attention she paid stopt her tears)—Thou knowest Marianne there is a school-mistress in the village to learn the children to read; many of the inhabitants are just able to pay her a small trifle, but there are still many who cannot give the very little she requires. Had I lived a few years longer, I should have saved the sum necessary (that is to say, fifty crowns) to form an establishment sufficient to pay the school-mistress, that she might have instructed these poor children gratis; but, since God has not thought fit, I submit, without murmuring, to his holy will.

Madame de S***, as she spoke thus, fetched a gentle sigh, and Marianne seizing one of her hands, with a look expressive of great emotion and some secret, but firm resolution, exclaimed ——Oh! my dear mistress!——Her full heart would not let her say more, and Madame de S***

rising,

rising, took hold of her arm, and began to move towards home again.

Madame de S*** did not long survive; arrived at the last stage of debility, she was soon obliged to keep her bed. Marianne, in despair would not quit her a moment; the servants were seen in tears in every corner of the house; the doors were continually crowded with the inhabitants of the village, who came by turns to enquire after her; calling her their dear lady, their kind benefactress, and returned from her house to the church to offer up their ardent prayers for the preservation of a life so precious. At last, Madame de S***, ever tranquil, ever resigned, beheld the moment of death approach with that sublimity which religion bestows, and Marianne received her last sigh.

Dear me, cried Pulcheria, what will become of poor Marianne?

Watching, fatigue, and sorrow, caused a sudden revolution in Marianne's blood; she fell dangerously ill; she recovered, however, and scarcely was she recovered before she took the resolution to quit the house of S***. She packed up her clothes, went to the church where her mistress lay buried, bathed her tomb with tears, and took the route to Charleville (*a*) the place of her birth,

(*a*) Charleville is a delightful town of Champagne, fifty-two leagues from Paris, in the Rethelois, situated upon the

greatly regretted by the vicar and the inhabitants of S***.

Two years passed away, and no one heard what was become of her ; but, at the end of that time, the vicar received a box, containing fifty crowns, and a letter written as follows :

Charleville, the 24th of September, 1775.

“ Reverend Sir,

“ I have, at length, sent you the fifty crowns
 “ which, as you know, my honoured mistress was
 “ so desirous of at her death. God be praised, her
 “ desires shall be executed, and the good work
 “ she wished be done. Had I had enough money
 “ I would myself have brought you the fifty
 “ crowns, but I had only as much as would have
 “ paid half the expences of my journey. My
 “ heart will now be as easy as it can, after the loss
 “ I have had, and I shall be something relieved of
 “ a load of sorrow which oppressed me day and
 “ night. Let me conjure you, reverend sir, im-
 “ mediately to establish the school-mistress ; it will
 “ be a great comfort to me to hear that she is
 “ enabled to teach the young girls gratis, and that
 “ all the good mothers of the neighbourhood,
 “ who have not the power to pay, may send their

Meuse, subject to no taxes, and only separated from the pleasant town of Meziere by a bridge and causeway.

“ children.

“ children. I hope all these little ones, and their
“ families to succeeding generations, will pray for
“ my dear mistress; and that you, reverend sir,
“ will teach them how much they owe her. In
“ the mean while, I have only one prayer to hea-
“ ven, which is, that I may some time have it in
“ my power to return to S***, and behold, with
“ my own eyes, the charity-school founded by my
“ honoured mistress; I shall then have nothing
“ more to wish in this world.

“ I am, with the greatest respect,

“ Reverend Sir,

“ Your most humble servant,

“ MARIANNE RAMBOUR.”

The vicar was struck with admiration, while he read this letter; his soul was formed to conceive the sublimity of such an action. The next Sunday, after sermon, he read the letter to his parishioners, who wept aloud while they heard it; nay, the vicar himself was several times obliged to leave off, and begin again, so much was he affected.

That I can easily believe, interrupted Cæsar. Oh, how should I have wept had I been present.—But did the establishment take place, mamma?

To be sure, my dear. The vicar put the fifty

crowns (a) out to interest; and this money, the fruit of two years severe labour, night and day, of Marianne, produces a sum which enables the school-mistress to teach the poor children gratis.

And now tell me, my children, if this is not a still more sublime virtue than that of Ambrose.

Oh, it certainly is, mamma; pity prompted Ambrose naturally to exert himself; besides that the gratitude of Madame de Varonne was, in some measure, a recompence.

Very right; but, instead of these, the respect that Marianne had for the memory of her mistress made her subject herself to all the hardships which Ambrose underwent to preserve the life of Madame de Varonne. The conduct of the one is admirable, but the other is beyond all praise. We may judge of the merit of Marianne by considering, if she did so much for the love she bore her mistress dead, what would she not have done to have preserved her life. But do you think, my children, continued Madame de Clémire, that the history of Marianne is ended? Mamma!—Do not you find there is something wanting? Have not we agreed it was impossible that a virtuous action, soon or late, should not meet its reward?—Ah! so much the better! Marianne shall be recompensed and the story is not finished! Oh how glad I am

(a) About twelve guineas. T.

Well, and so mamma—Well—and so, my dear, Marianne, after giving all she had, went to her labour again, though not with the same ardour, for she now only laboured for her subsistence. About this time, however, a relation of her's, touched by her virtue, happened to die, left her two hundred and sixty livres (a) a year. With this small inheritance, Marianne, who was never idle, was tolerably rich, in a country where the taxes were light, and which produced all the necessaries of life in abundance; she spent, however, no more than was necessary for her existence, and the remainder she bestowed upon the poor.

What, mamma, said Caroline, with a dissatisfied tone, is two hundred and sixty livres a year all the recompence she had?

You do not consider, answered Madame de Clémire, that a person in Marianne's station of life, with two hundred and sixty livres a year, and a will to work, is richer, at Charleville, than the mother of a family, at court, would be with twenty-five thousand livres a year. Besides, generally speaking, any addition of fortune that removes us out of the station of life in which we have been bred renders us unhappy.—How so, mamma? said Cæsar. — Suppose, answered she, your

(a) Something more than ten guineas. T.

man, Morel, should to-morrow gain the twenty thousand-pound-prize in the lottery.—Well, mamma, Morel would be perfectly happy; he has a good heart, and would do a thousand benevolent actions—I wish he had it—Admitting, my dear, that such an event would not make him forget himself, would not render him vain, proud, and insolent, he yet would be to be pitied. Morel knows how to read and write, has good sentiments, and is highly distinguished in his present state of life; but what kind of a figure would he cut in the fashionable world? To how many ridiculous situations would he not be exposed? How would he do the honours of his house and table; what would his carriage and conversation be? Would he know how to manage his estate; could he tell whether his steward was or was not honest? He would marry, and would certainly neither marry a farmer's nor a tradesman's daughter, but would chuse an amiable woman, well educated; such a woman would marry him only for his fortune, consequently could not be an estimable woman, but would render his life miserable; and thus you see Morel, with a great fortune, would be as wretched as ridiculous. But if, instead of the twenty thousand, he was to get a prize of one thousand, he would buy a little house, and a few acres of land, would marry a pretty country girl, with a fortune
of

of four or five hundred more, who was used to work, would be loved and respected by his wife, would live in affluence, enjoy the good-will of his neighbours, for being good and charitable, and be looked upon as a wiser man than persons of that condition usually are. Morel would then be the most fortunate of men.

That is very true, mamma; but if Morel, when he had got the twenty thousand pounds prize, would continue in his proper sphere of life, if he would live in the country, be contented with a small farm, a pretty country girl, and employ the rest of his fortune in good actions, he would neither be ridiculous nor unhappy.

Morel, my dear, is, I grant, a very good man; but you are supposing him a philosopher and a hero, and I do not believe him either the one or the other. Besides, according to your supposition, his pretty country girl must be a heroine, and their children all philosophers, otherwise she would be exceedingly chagrined to spend no more than one hundred a year; her children would be of her opinion, and the wretched Morel would hear nothing from his family but complaints and reproaches.—Well, mamma, but perhaps he would not marry.—But if he should?—Nay, but let us suppose he would not.—And give him no children! What happiness would you deprive him of!—Ah! dear mamma, then let him

him have children, and give them a good mother, and then!—My dear boy! Well, let it be so, we will suppose all you wish, that Morel is retired to the country, that he lives upon a small part of his income, and gives the remainder to the poor, I still see a number of vexations.—What, mamma?—Morel is ignorant of men and things, and a knot of artful, humble knaves, cunning and enterprizing, would creep into his confidence, under pretence of enlightening and directing his benevolent views; deceived, duped, robbed, ruined by them, in endeavouring to do good, and, in fact, enriching rascals only, he—Oh, but if he should chuse honest good men?—Unfortunately, the dishonest, child, are far the most numerous. Besides, pray recollect how many extraordinary, and even extravagant suppositions we are obliged to admit in order to make him happy, if fortune should to-morrow send him twenty thousand pounds.

Very right, mamma, I see now that it is not sufficient merely to be good; in order to do good, we must know how to do it; and I see, too, that it is a great unhappiness to be removed from that station of life to which we are accustomed.

That is, my dear, for a person of the condition of Morel or Marianne, for a person who has received no education; for, with virtue, education, and a knowledge of the world, happiness is

to be found in any state, and such a person is qualified for all—A good education is a charming thing!—Yes; it makes us capable of all good, and yields a thousand resources to adversity; it preserves us from the weak pride which the favours of fortune too often inspire, or, at least, it teaches us to conceal our vanity: it levels rank, gives those qualities which are always amiable, and those charms which ever allure; it makes solitude delightful; teaches us to make ourselves respected by men; gives perfection to reason; forms the heart, and developes genius. Judge, then, my children, of the gratitude due from persons well educated to those who have contributed to their education.—And, especially, mamma, to their parents.—Most certainly; and, if, like you, my dears, they have a proper sense of their obligation, they will love and revere the masters and instructors to whom parents consign a part of their authority. Here Madame de Clémire rose, kissed her children, and sent them to rest.

The next day, Cæsar and his sisters, as usual, talking among themselves of the over-night's history; they did not forget to praise the virtuous Marianne Rambour; but, notwithstanding all their mamma had said upon the subject, they could not help thinking her ill rewarded for her virtue, and not so happy as she deserved to be; for, said Pulcheria, this good girl, with her two hundred
and

and sixty livres a year, has only just enough to keep her; and so she must work continually to give to the poor, and live, as mamma says, upon what is barely enough to sustain nature; now I don't like that; I wish, at least, she had the means of bestowing her charity, without distressing herself.

When the evening hour of meeting came, Madame de Clémire said to Pulcheria, I heard your conversation to-day, my dear, about Mari-
anne, and——Why do you blush, child?—
Mamma!—If you are vexed that I should over-
hear what you say to your brother and sister, you
must go farther from me another time, and not
talk so loud——Dear mamma, I don't wish to
hide any thing from you.——Then why did you
blush?—Answer, my dear—Because, mamma, not-
withstanding the reason you gave us last night,
I maintained that Marianné was not sufficiently
rewarded, and feel now I was wrong to hold
an opinion contrary to yours, mamma.—Yes,
my dear, you ought always to suppose when your
opinion differs from mine it is false; and, when
you are not convinced by my arguments and ex-
planations, you should tell me your doubts, be-
cause I am always ready to hear and answer you.
This is a justice that I desire and expect from you;
for, when you tell your thoughts of this kind to
others, you forget both the affection and respect
you owe to me. Besides, if you have misunder-
stood

stood me, I cannot shew you your error, if I am not present when you criticize my instructions—Criticize! mamma; dear what a word!—Perhaps a little too strong, Pulcheria; and yet have not you said you did not find Marianne sufficiently recompensed, and that you could not think like me in that respect? But will you listen to my reasons?—Yes, indeed, mamma, and will endeavour, with all my heart, to understand them, that I may be of your opinion.

Well then, the thing that displeases you is, I think, that Marianne is not perfectly happy, is it not?—Yes, mamma—And what, think you, can render a person perfectly happy, who is pious, simple, industrious, and who, in fact, carries virtue to the highest degree of sublime heroism? Is it money? Surely you do not think it is!—Why, mamma, when one only wishes for money to give it to others, may it not add to our happiness?—According to that mode of reasoning, my dear, benevolence would become ambition, and that it is not. Pride and covetousness only have a real desire for riches. When we are free from that vanity which makes some people virtuous, we are fully satisfied with giving such assistance to the unfortunate as is in our power. The rich benefactor gives with greater eclat, but the poor with greater pleasure.—And why, mamma? You shall hear.

The

The greater the virtue, the greater the satisfaction—Oh, certainly, mamma—An action is more or less admirable, in proportion to the sacrifices it costs us. A man who, having ten thousand pounds a year, should live upon two, that he might give the surplus to the poor, would do a very great, and, unhappily for the world, a very uncommon action. And yet, what would he deprive himself of? A few trinkets, diamond rings, and race-horses, perhaps. In keeping two thousand a year, he would reserve to himself every convenience of life; he might keep his coach, his country-house, his hunters, and indulge in every rational pleasure fortune can procure; he would renounce superfluities only; and this sacrifice, as admirable as it is easy, would add to his consequence, and procure him universal esteem: he would certainly be happy, and would deserve so to be. And yet the poor benefactor would enjoy happiness a hundred fold more great. Imagine to yourself Marianne Rambour, with her two hundred and sixty livres a year; imagine I say, this angelic woman, acting for the love of her God, and the satisfaction of her own heart; suppose her working all day, to carry, secretly, at night, the money to a poor person in a bed of sickness, or the mother of a large family, which shall supply five or six children with bread and broth, and a morsel of meat; or a person that must other-

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wife lie and perish. Then follow her back again to her cottage, her eyes still wet with the tears she has been shedding, see her entering her chamber, where she has nothing for her own supper, but a bit of dry bread and a little salad. Hear her say to herself, the meat which I have debarred myself of to-day will keep five or six souls from starving? Does not this reflection fill her heart with inconceivable delight? She remembers the thanks of the poor mother! of the children! she still imagines she hears them; she beholds the little ones seize with avidity the delicious morsel they have two days been denied. How sweet will the frugal repast of Marianne be made by thoughts like these! How exquisite! In rising from table, with what pleasure, ⁱⁿ what confidence, will she thank that magnificent Being who has said, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father who is in heaven." Marianne has not the happiness or the glory to snatch a multitude of wretches from misery, to form useful and durable establishments, or to found hospitals, but she has given in secret, and her gift was the meat from her own mouth. She sought not the praise or approbation of men, but was guided by religion and humanity, and she finds in her reflections, her memory, her heart, and, especially, in the greatness of the sacrifices she makes,

makes, an inexhaustible source of felicity ; she anticipates the happiness of angels, is satisfied with herself, and is convinced that God himself approves and protects her.

And now I hope you conceive that, if Marianne had a fortune large enough to succour the distressed without self-denial, she would not receive the same degree of satisfaction from her alms, because they could not be so meritorious.

You may judge, indeed, by yourself : the other day, you know, you had a basket of apples sent you, which you divided with your brother and sister ; and, the day before yesterday, Madeleine brought you a little lamb of which your sister was exceedingly fond, and which, therefore, you gave her. From which of ^{these} two actions did you receive the most pleasure?—From having given my pretty little lamb to my sister.—And yet you was very fond of your lamb?—Oh dear, yes, mamma, and that was the reason why I received so much satisfaction in giving it to my sister. Dear me, said I to myself, how happy would my sister be if I was to give her this lamb, and then I thought how exceedingly she would be surprised, and what joy she would have ; and so I found that would give me greater pleasure than even keeping the lamb. And then I ran to my governess to beg a rose-coloured ribband, and I put a pretty collar round its neck, and made it so fine, and it looked

looked so innocent, and so milk-white, and then I ran to seek for my sister; and my heart did so beat all the way I went, you can't think, mamma, what I felt!——

This all, my dear, tends to prove that the greater the sacrifice the greater the satisfaction. If your pleasure was so great in imagining the joy of your sister at the reception of your little lamb, what would your feelings be, think you, had you given the means of life to an unfortunate family ready to expire with hunger?——It must be very great, indeed, mamma! When shall we go and do such charitable actions?—Next winter, again, when we are at Paris, if you all behave well till then——That will be the best recompense you can make us. But is it not strange, mamma, that there should be nobody here in such extreme want, and so many in such a fine city as Paris, where there are so many rich people—It seems strange, indeed, my dear, but such are the effects of luxury, or rather of that despicable vanity which makes men seek to shine by a false magnificence, instead of endeavouring to distinguish themselves by their virtues; such is that madness which makes the proud possessors of the city despicably ridiculous, while the simple inhabitants of the village live in innocence and peace——I am sure, mamma, that none is enough to make one hate the town, and love the country. But how can one find out the miserable

miserable creatures of whom you speak? for I have heard it is not those who publicly beg—Alas, my dear, Paris is full of them, you may find them in every street—Oh, goodness! What! Do we continually pass by their dwellings, their very doors? Are they our neighbours? Do you think there are any in our street, at Paris? If I thought so, I could not close my eyes. How can one lie down peaceably to rest, and know there is a poor wretch, not a hundred paces from one, starving on a bed of straw!—Cherish this humanity, my child, and, when you have money, and are tempted to buy some superfluous toy, recollect the heart-breaking reflection you have just made: say to yourself what this gauze frippery would cost, which will be spoiled in two days, might save a dying child, and a distracted mother—I never will buy any such superfluous nonsense I am determined—Do not promise, my dear, what it is probable you cannot perform. To reserve only what is necessary, and give the surplus to the poor, is neither the work of infancy nor youth. Be satisfied with knowing that benevolence is the best, the greatest, the only true happiness. Accustom yourself, henceforward, to reflect upon the frivolity of the playthings which you are too liable to be fond of; remember they can only give a trifling and transient pleasure, momentary and vain, while the sole recital of a good action,

much

much more the performance, gives your mind the most exquisite sensations. Remember, sometimes, the multitude of unfortunate people who want the bread you waste, who suffer in nakedness all the rigour of the winter, while you cut your clothes to dress your doll. These reflections will make you compassionate, and accustom you to œconomy, without which it is impossible to be generous. Learn, betimes, therefore, the habit of being careful, and impose, occasionally, voluntary sacrifices on yourself ; be masters of your actions, and often recollect that virtue only can make you distinguished or esteemed, happy or beloved ; think of our evening tales and conversations, and your reason will strengthen by degrees, your minds become noble, your hearts benevolent, and you will be the delight and glory of your mother—I would begin now, dear mamma, and, if I thought I could but be so good as to do at present what—No, my dear, the mind is not capable, at your age, of that continued exertion necessary to attain the perfection I have described. You know not the world, every thing is new, every thing pleasing ; but, hereafter, when your occupations shall become more useful, the trifles which at present please will then be insipid ; you will be delighted with nothing that does not affect the heart, nothing will fully satisfy but continual goodness. Neither is one obliged to give every thing

thing that may be called superfluous to the poor. The scripture orders us to be charitable, but not utterly to strip ourselves. "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow turn not thou away." I grant that those who are totally guided by the evangelical spirit will give all they have to the poor, but religion does not require us to sacrifice every convenience of life to our humanity, but that we should set bounds to our whims and imaginary wants, and preserve the means of expiating our follies by our benefactions—And so, mamma, when one is only a little good, one gives a little, when one is very good, one gives more than one half, and, when one is perfect, one gives all—Yes, my dear, that is exactly the gospel definition.

But you told us, just now, mamma, there is no being good without œconomy.

Certainly. Whatever is wasted, whatever is lost, is a real robbery of the poor, and is the more condemnable because it procures no pleasure. The account, Pulcheria, which your governess has given me of things lost by you, within a year, will furnish an example. One silk cloak, six pocket handkerchiefs, four pair of gloves, two thimbles, three needle cases, and a pair of scissars. These altogether cost near two guineas to replace: now, had you been more careful, I should have had two guineas more to spend, either upon you, or in doing

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ing some good action; and, if you do not correct this fault, it will cost me still more as you grow older, because your necessities will be more expensive. To-morrow I will relate a little story on that subject, which I hope will make some impression upon you.—But why, mamma, will you not tell it us now? It is not late!—Because I have not ended that of yesterday—How! exclaimed the children altogether, not the story of Marianne Rambour?—I never said it was finished; you have always interrupted me, and your questions did not give me time to pursue my tale. I have endeavoured to make you comprehend that (in general) persons without education are to be pitied, when any accident alters their condition of life. I believe I have proved, to Pulcheria, that Marianne Rambour ought to have been happy with her two hundred and sixty livres a year; but I did not say this small inheritance was the only recompence heaven reserved for her virtues; and I beg you to recollect the maxim that *an heroic action never goes unrewarded, even in this world*. You all of, your own accord, protested against the mediocrity of the reward, without waiting to hear the whole.—I see, said Cæsar, one should not decide hastily, nor till every thing is thoroughly explained; we deserve, for our punishment, to be deprived of the remainder of the story, though I should be heartily sorry.—No, said

Madame de Clémire ; let me only desire you to be more cautious in future, and judge less precipitately. But let us return to Marianne.

She learnt, in her retreat, that the Vicar of S*** had read her letter to his parishioners. Far from being flattered by it, she was afflicted : she wrote to him on the subject. “ I am vexed,” said she, “ that you have published a transaction “ which I desired should be only known to God “ and you.” But, notwithstanding the sincerity of her regret, her history was soon publicly spoken of at Charleville, and the most distinguished people of the town wished to see, to know, and to invite her to their houses ; several, too, used every imaginable means to engage her to receive such assistance as was necessary to make her perfectly at ease. She, however, constantly refused, and always answered, she had enough and was perfectly contented with her state. The Vicar of S***, at last, took a journey to Paris, where he often spoke of Marianne Rambour. Among others, to whom he related the behaviour of Marianne, was a lady to whom he likewise gave some of her letters, and a copy of the deed of foundation of the school. These the lady gave to one of her friends, a man of letters, to insert in an interesting work, then in the press (a)—What ! Mamma, is the life

(a) Intituled *La Fête de la Rose*, [The Feast of the Rose] and which is printed at the end of a very delightful Ro

of Marianne in print! I am quite happy at that. And so she is celebrated already! Her modesty could not keep her in obscurity. I declare my heart beats—Let us hear the rest—So, mamma—

There is a young prince, not quite your age, Caesar, whose disposition already gives a happy assurance he shall hereafter become distinguished by his virtue, as much as by the august rank in which fate has placed him. One of his greatest pleasures, like your's, my children, is to hear interesting tales, to which he listens with avidity, and which make a deep impression on his heart and mind. The person who is charged with the care of his education, one day, related to him the history of Marianne, which as soon as he had heard, he exclaimed, in tears, *How unhappy am I that I am but a child!*—Why so, Sir?—I would settle a pension upon that virtuous woman.—Well, but you have the most affectionate of fathers.—But might I beg this favour of him, think you?—You would make him very happy by so doing.—At these words the young prince rose, in rapture, ran out of the apartment, descended hastily two pair of stairs, and entered the billiard-room, where there were eight or ten gentlemen. He, however, saw none but the prince his father, mance, called *Les Amours de Pierre le Long*, [The Loves of Peter the Long.] The latter is imitated in English, by the Translator of these Tales.

and, notwithstanding his natural timidity, ran into his arms, and said in a broken voice——*Dear papa—I—I have a favour to beg of you.* He then drew him into the next room, where he explained, in the most moving manner what he desired. His first recompence was the tender caresses of his father, who pressed him to his bosom, and said, I will go and order a brevet, immediately, in your name, of six hundred livres (twenty-five pounds) a year, for Marianne Rambour.—— Now then, mamma, interrupted Pulcheria, I am satisfied. What a good little prince! and how happy must he be!——He would write himself to Marianne, to inform her of her good fortune.—— Himself.——Yes. The following is what he wrote :

S. L *, August 2, 1782.*

“ I am exceedingly happy, Mademoiselle, I had
 “ the good fortune to hear of your attachment to
 “ Madame de S* * *, and of what you did afterwards,
 “ since I am allowed to tell you how much
 “ I was affected. To prove the value and beauty
 “ of virtue they told me your story. I owe a
 “ lesson to you which I shall never forget, and
 “ which will always give me the most tender sensations.
 “ Accept, Mademoiselle, the brevet of
 “ pension, which I remit as a testimony of my ad-

“miration, and the lively interest I shall ever
“take in your happiness.

“I have enclosed a bill for the first quarter,
“which began on the first day of July.”

Imagine, my children, what must be the effect of such a letter on the feeling heart of Marianne, which, as well as the brevet which accompanied it, was conceived in the most touching and respectful terms. Thus, at present, she is very rich, for a person of her condition, and in that cheap country; and moreover enjoys the flattering remembrance of her wishes being a tribute to her virtue.—This is a charming history mamma! How I love that young prince! How good he is already!—I hope, my dears, the story of to-morrow will not be less interesting; but it is now late, and time to leave off.—Only tell us, my dear mamma, what is the title of the history you will be so kind as to relate to-morrow evening—Eglantine; or Indolence reformed.—Eglantine! That is a pretty name. And so she was indolent. That does not seem to be a *very* great defect—You will hear to-morrow what were its consequences—In the mean time, let us now go to rest.—These few words excited their curiosity, and made them ardently desire to hear the story of the ninth evening, which at the appointed time, Madame de Clémire thus began:

E G L A N T I N E:

O R,

INDOLENCE REFORMED.

DORALICE was the wife of a Financier, and in possession of a fine fortune, though she had a heart superior to pomp, and an understanding too good to make herself remarkable by vain magnificence. She knew that luxury, ever blameable, is truly ridiculous in those whose rank does not afford them an excuse by making it in some sort necessary. She lived in a house as simple as it was convenient; she bought no diamonds, gave no routs, but she did many benevolent actions; and her fortune, far from exposing her to the envy of fools, or to the contempt of the wise, drew down the blessings of the unfortunate, and the esteem of the world. There was neither ostentation in her dress, nor a silly desire of praise in her manners.

But though she knew how to employ her mind and her time when alone, she yet was fond of society; and, that she might collect such friends and acquaintances as were really agreeable, she

gave

gave no exclusive preference to one class more than another; she neither said, "I will see none" but people of such a rank," nor "I will not" admit people of such a rank;" but determined to receive all persons effectually distinguished by the qualities of the heart and mind, be their condition in life what it would.

Doralice had only one child, a daughter of six years old, who gave certain indications of a good heart; she was gentle, obedient, and sincere; she neither wanted memory nor capacity, but was excessively indolent, consequently, without activity and application; her motions were slow, her manner careless, and she was equally idle and negligent.

How! mamma, interrupted Caroline, will indolence bring all these defects?

Reflect a moment, answered Madame de Clémire, and your surprize will vanish. What is indolence? Indolence is a kind of cowardly sloth, which gives a disgust for every thing that can, in the least degree, fatigue either mind or body, With such a propensity a child would neither run, leap, dance, play at shuttle-cock, nor any other game that required the smallest degree of activity; the same cause would render study irksome, because such a child would not willingly be at the trouble of learning or reflecting, and might rather be said to vegetate than live.

Such was the fate of Eglantine, daughter of Doralice. She took her lessons with great gentleness, but she paid no attention to one word that was said to her, and therefore made no progress. Her Governante too was continually complaining of her want of care; the gloves, scissars, handkerchiefs, dolls, and trinkets of Eglantine were found in every corner of the house: she would rather lose than put her things in order, or lock them up; her chamber was always littered, and, as far as it depended on her, always dirty and disgusting. Half the day was wasted in seeking her books, her work, and her play-things; and she fretted, and consumed, in that disagreeable occupation, the time which might have been usefully employed or spent in pleasure.

She was obliged to be scolded every morning to get her out of bed; then a new sermon began upon the lethargic stupor and redoubled gapings she regularly continued for more than an hour after she was up, and another upon the excessive length of her breakfast; fresh complaints were heard concerning the morning's walk; she would rather sit upon the damp grass than run about, and was continually either too hot or too cold. Her lessons were taken much in the same way, she always cried, or was ready to cry, and even her recreations were no amusement to her; they had
constantly

constantly to look for play-things lost or mislaid, and to scold upon that subject likewise.

Doralice had all the necessary qualifications to form an excellent tutoress, except experience; she had never before presided over the education of a child, and in all cases we must pay our apprenticeship by errors; in this instance she was guilty of a very capital one. She did not foresee all the ill consequences of her daughters reigning defect, and which was in fact very difficult to overcome. She flattered herself that age and experience would insensibly communicate that activity to Eglantine of which she was deprived, and therefore only chided when she ought to have punished; neither did she perceive her error till it was too late to be remedied.

So you think, mamma, if Eglantine had been punished she would have been good?

It is seldom necessary to employ violent means to correct children that are affectionate and active, because of their sensibility: a trifle affects them, and a word is sufficient to punish. Cold and indolent characters must be differently treated; they are hard to move, and they must occasionally receive shocks that may awaken them from their lethargy.

And what penance, mamma, would you have made Eglantine undergo?

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The most rigorous that could have been, for her, and yet the most simple. If she would not have run, or walked, a good pace, I would have kept her out an hour longer. When she had read her lesson negligently, I would have made her begin it again, and so of other things. Eglantine, therefore, to avoid double trouble, would have been careful at first, and apparently active, which, in the end, would have made her so in reality, and insensibly have changed her character.

Doralice, at length, bitterly repented that she had not followed this method. Seeing, however, the negligence of Eglantine increase every day, she bethought herself of keeping an exact and daily account of all the things destroyed by her daughter, with what they had cost. In this journal she inserted a list of all books torn or spoilt, broken play-things, silk robes spotted, so as not to be worn any more, bits of bread flung in every corner of the garden, and crayons, paper, and pens, thrown about, and become useless. The sum total of all the things thus wasted, at the month's end, came to ninety-nine livres, that is to say, to almost four guineas.

Oh dear, cried Pulcheria, that is scarcely to be conceived; for my part, I have only lost, during the whole year, as much as came to a guinea and a half.

True,

no

True, said Madame de Clémire, but that is only reckoning what you have lost, and not what you have spoilt and fillily wasted. Besides, I am not rich; you wear neither embroidered muslins nor Dresden lace; you can lose nothing but what is tolerably cheap: your jewels are made of straw, your boxes of pear-tree, and all your riches are not worth above five shillings.

So much the better, mamma, said Pulcheria, I am like Henrietta, the daughter of Madame Steinhauffen; I feel that fine things would only be troublesome: a beautiful apron, edged with lace, would make me unhappy; for, like Delphine, I wish to gather the roses, without fearing the thorns.

It is natural that you should so wish, but, remember, Henrietta, with the same simplicity, was much more careful, she lost nothing; remember, too, that, according to the difference of our fortunes, you are as expensive, to me, in losing your ivory die and English scissors, as Eglantine to her mamma, when she lost her golden bodkin or her inlaid needle-case.

But why, mamma, did not Doralice educate her daughter in greater simplicity? When she gave her such dear and frivolous toys, she surely did not employ her riches properly.

Doralice enjoyed a large fortune, and, as she had no imaginary and false wants of her own, she

might be allowed to dispose of her superfluity in favour of her child.

But was not that to inspire her child with a love of such trifles?

No; it is by keeping them oneself, and not by giving them away, that a love for trifles is inspired. Eglantine asked her mamma why she had only a plain gold watch, and a filken string; and Doralice replied, because a plain watch was infinitely more convenient, consequently more agreeable, than a more expensive one. But you have given me an enamelled watch set with diamonds, and a fine ornamental chain, said Eglantine. Because, answered her mamma, the mind at your age is light and frivolous; shew is seductive, the taste is puerile, and pearls, dolls, diamonds, toys, and tinsel give delight; and, when I give you such baubles, I treat you like a child.

Neither was Doralice, in answering thus, guilty of the least exaggeration: she spoke nothing but the truth. In fact, all persons who are arrived at the age of reason and reflection, and yet take pleasure in decorating themselves with these vain and superfluous gewgaws, have no more solidity or reason than a child of six years old. But let us continue our tale.

At the year's end Doralice shewed her daughter the account of the things she had lost, spoilt,
and

and wasted, the gross sum of which amounted to more than fifty pounds. Eglantine, who then was only seven years old, was not much moved by this calculation; and her mother, who imagined she would be struck more forcibly, as she better knew the use of money, still continued her journal with the same exactitude. In this she was assisted by the Governante of Eglantine, who gave in, each day, an account, on a slip of paper, of such profusions as she had observed. These Doralice kept in a box distinct from her own journal, and the memorandums of the Governante presently became so numerous that it would have required much time to have transcribed and cast up the sum of their contents; Doralice, therefore, preserved them always with care, and determined not to trouble herself with the computation, till Eglantine was old enough to see her intention.

In the mean time, the more the days and months passed away, the greater were the proofs that Eglantine's indolence rather increased than diminished. She used often to walk in the Bois de Boulogne (*a*), where, in less than four months, she lost as many jewels as had cost between fifty and sixty guineas. This time a ring, the next a golden thimble, and the following a medallion, without reckoning

(*a*) A wood, or rather a kind of park near Paris.

handkerchiefs and gloves left upon the grafs. Besides which, she regularly tore a fan a day, and broke sometimes the glafs, and sometimes the main spring of her watch ; thus watch-makers bills were paid continually.

Winter increased these expences. Eglantine, like all indolent people, was exceedingly chilly, would sit with her head over the fire, and let any thing fall into it she happened to have in her hand. Her muffs, frocks, and petticoats were burnt, and her wardrobe was new once a month. When her masters came, she had almost always a head-ache that would not permit her to take lessons, and the teacher received his ticket and went away.

Well, but mamma, said Cæsar, did Eglantine then complain of having the head-ache falsely ?

Yes ; she complained purposely and only to be excused her task.

But that was horrible ! She told lies !

Hence then we may learn the effects of indolence, a fault which, at first, seems so light ; and hence too you may infer there is no defect, however trifling in its origin, but, when we are thoroughly under its dominion, will occasion the most dreadful consequences. Eglantine was naturally sincere, yet her idleness overcame her sincerity ; she had recourse to falsehood, when it could screen her from the least fatigue, though not without remorse,

morfe, but indolence usually vanguished conscience.

Eglantine now began to quit her state of infancy, and approached her tenth year, and her mamma provided new masters for her. Weary of the harpsichord, on which she had made no progress, she owned at last she had an invincible dislike to the instrument, and pretended she had a desire to learn the lute. Doralice permitted her to quit the harpsichord, though she had begun to practise it at five years old, and indulged her with a master on the lute. The money, therefore, that had been paid the teacher, and for the harpsichord, the piano-forte, the music books, and tuning the instruments, was all lost when Eglantine gave over learning; and Doralice added this sum, which was not less than three hundred guineas, to the account. She did not continue above a year at the lute; her master, tired with her want of industry, left her. The guittar was then begun with the like success, which was again abandoned for the harp.

Eglantine had various other masters, to teach her drawing, geography, English, Italian, writing, dancing, and singing, besides a musician to accompany her on the violin; and all these masters cost nineteen or twenty guineas a month, while the indolent Eglantine reaped little or no benefit, and the expences of her mamma, on her account,

were

were almost without bounds. Every two or three months her music, her books, her maps, were all torn, and new ones were bought. Her harp was left carelessly in the damp and open air, and wanted new stringing continually; and more than four times as much as would have been necessary, to a careful girl, was spent in every little thing she stood in need of.

As indolence rendered all kind of order insupportable to her, she was a shameful slattern. In two years time her apartment had been twice new furnished; her caps were thrown upon every chair in the room, which they filled with powder and pomatum; her pins were scattered about the floor, and her frocks and skirts were covered over with spots of crayons, ink, and wax.

All these circumstances concurred to spoil one of the prettiest figures in the world. Eglantine spent a vast deal of time at her toilette, on account of the extreme slowness of all her motions, and yet no person could be more awkwardly dressed; she looked without observing, she acted without thinking, and took no delight in any possible occupation. She was totally deficient in grace; she never could subject herself to the trouble of wearing gloves, and her hands were red and rough: her feet spread, and she walked with a shuffling gait, because she always went slipshod.

Doralice

Doralice had taken pleasure in forming a charming library for her, hoping it might inspire her with a love of reading. 'Tis true that, in obedience to her mother, she read at her toilette, and in the afternoon : that is to say, she held a book in her hand ; for she looked with so little attention it was not possible to gain the least instruction. And thus was she, at sixteen, the more inexcusably ignorant, for that no money or pains had been spared in her education ; she neither knew history, geography, nor even how to spell ; she was incapable of writing a letter, or making an extract ; and though she had been taught arithmetic ten years, a child of eight years old would reckon, in general, better than she could.

About this time a young gentleman, called the Viscount d'Arfelle, procured an introduction to Doralice ; he was three and twenty, and as singularly distinguished for wit, virtues, and reputation, as for birth, fortune, and personal accomplishments. He appeared to have a strong desire to please Doralice, and obtain her friendship ; he felt the worth of her simplicity of manners, her gentleness and perfect equality of temper, and was delighted with her turn of conversation, equally natural, noble solid, and agreeable. He had often met her at the house of a relation, and paid her several visits before he saw Eglantine.

Doralice

Doralice, at last, invited the Viscount to supper, and at nine o'clock, Eglantine entered the apartment. Her mother had that day presided at her toilette: she had nothing studied in her dress, but her hair did not hang about her ears, her neck was not covered with powder and pomatum, and her hands were washed.

The Viscount examined her with great attention: the first moment he found her a perfect beauty, the next he saw she did not possess a single grace, and in less than a quarter of an hour he thought no more of her, but even forgot she was in the room.

He nevertheless continued assiduously to visit Doralice; and one day, finding her alone, spoke with so much confidence, that Doralice was authorized to ask if he intended to marry. Yes, madam, replied he; but, though my parents leave me an absolute liberty of choice, I feel I cannot easily decide. It is not interest or ambition that can determine me; and a blind passion would only make me guilty of follies. I would marry, not to acquire more wealth, or greater importance, but, to be happy; it is therefore necessary I should find a person perfectly well educated, and who has virtue, grace, and understanding; it is also necessary her parents should be estimable, that I may cherish and respect them; and that her mother, for example, should possess all those qualities by which
you

you are distinguished, since she will be the guide and Mentor of my wife.

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a visitor. Some days after, Doralice learnt the Viscount had instructed one of his people to privately question her servants concerning Eglantine; and that he had, moreover, addressed himself personally to several of her teachers, from whom he had learnt, with little difficulty, the exact truth; and so explicitly that he no longer had the least room to doubt of Eglantine's having received little or no benefit from the expensive and distinguished education bestowed upon her.

From this moment the Viscount's visits to Doralice became less frequent, and were soon entirely dropped. Certain he would have married Eglantine, had she been more amiable. Doralice most sincerely regretted the loss of so advantageous and brilliant an establishment, and which the merit alone of the Viscount would have made her prefer to all others.

Indolent, however, and insensible as Eglantine had hitherto been, she could not see and listen to the Viscount d'Arzelle entirely without emotion. There was scarcely a young man in France of so manly and beautiful a person, such engaging manners, or so entertaining and intelligent in conversation. Eglantine felt something more than a bare wish to please, to appear graceful when he
was

was present; but a consciousness of inability, and the inveterate power of habit were not easily overcome, and the struggles of infant love were unequal to the mature and full grown force of idleness. The Viscount came no more, and a languid regret, spent in feeble and ineffectual sighs, remained.

The grief of Doralice was far more poignant: Eglantine was seventeen, and still had all the teachers usually discarded at fourteen. She detested employment of every kind; but, as her heart was good, and as she really loved her mother, she sometimes would make an effort to please her. This motive, added to the sensations the Viscount had inspired, gave her a short interval of industry, during which she astonished every body with the capacity and genius she discovered; the maternal and kind heart of Doralice expanded with hope and joy; but, alas! this happiness was of short duration. Eglantine insensibly fell into her former apathy; she felt her errors confusedly, and this sensation rather inspired despair than gave new vigour. Little accustomed to reflection, she knew not with what ingratitude she repaid the tender cares of her mother. "It is true," she would say, "I put my parents to much useless expence, but " this expence will not be felt by a man so rich " as my father. I am young, rich, and, as some " people say, handsome, surely I may be excused

" the

“ the acquirements they talk so much about.”— She might as well have said, “ Surely I may be “ excused gratitude to my parents, making myself and others happy, and being lovely and “ beloved.” Thus foolishly will an incapacity for proper reflection make us reason.

Her want of a wish to please, and obtain the approbation of others, incurred a total want of respect towards her in the family; the servants and friends of Doralice always treated her as a child, and she was so inattentive and so singularly insipid, for want of observing, and said things so ill timed and out of place, that she was disagreeable, tiresome, and troublesome to society.

All constraint was insupportable to her, and every thing was to her constraint; the customs of the world seemed tyrannical; civility was irksome, and she was never at ease but in the company of inferior and ignorant people. Far from seeking the advice she stood in need of, she dreaded, because she found she had not the power to follow it; and when Doralice repeated, at any time, the inconveniencies of such a character, she listened with more vexation than repentance. Such conversations always occasioned an embarrassment and moodishness in her which she could neither vanquish nor dissemble. Accustomed cowardly to yield to these impressions, and having no command of her temper, she rather chose to aggravate

vate her faults than take the trouble to correct them.

While she thus acquired new defects, she did not lose those of her childhood; she had received an allowance, for two years past, as considerable as if she had been married, and yet she was always ill provided and in debt.

At last she attained her eighteenth year; a happy æra for her, because then she was to be entirely freed from all her teachers, and their disagreeable importunities. Doralice entered her chamber in the morning, she had a book in her hand, which she laid upon the table, and sat down by her daughter. This day, said she, you are eighteen years of age; the time at which education is commonly ended: I have brought you proofs that I have done every thing in my power for you. Here is the journal of which I have spoken so often; it contains an account of the things you have lost and spoilt from your infancy to this hour, as well as of the useless expences you have put me to. I have added to these bills I formerly received from your Governante, and latterly from your woman; and I find the sum total of the account to be, a hundred and three thousand livres (above four thousand guineas.)

Is it possible? Mamma? cried Eglantine.

Besides which, it must be understood, that have not entered any thing in this book which

was necessary either for your maintenance or masters, when they have succeeded in teaching you any thing. Thus, for example, you write a tolerable hand, and read music passably, therefore I have not mentioned those masters in my journal; although they were kept much longer than would have been necessary had you had more industry. I ought to add, also, to the number of unnecessary expences, all that I have paid to teachers of instrumental music, drawing, geography, history, heraldry, arithmetic, and others; not forgetting the mistress who came two years to teach you embroidery, and the enormous quantity of chenille, silk, spangles, satin, and velvet wasted, without ever producing a work that could be worn.

But a hundred thousand livres! said Eglantine

—It is scarcely conceivable, mamma!

Your surprize will cease, answered Doralice, if you will recollect what I have repeated a thousand times, that there is no expence, however trifling, but the repetition of it may become exorbitant, and of course ruinous; a single example will shew you the truth of this. You have two watches; ever since you were eight years old to the present moment, you have scarcely missed a fortnight in which you have not sent them to the watchmaker or jeweller's, either to have new glasses, new dial-plates, or inward repairs: now diamond fell out, and another time the minute-hand

hand was lost, so that not a month has passed in which those watches have not cost three crowns to keep them in order ; and there have been many in which they came to three or four guineas ; in-
somuch that, during the space of ten years, the bills for that sole article amount to one hundred and eight guineas. When we remember the various uses to which money may be employed, we ought to think of such wastefulness with great regret. The hundred and three thousand francs you have spent would have made twenty unfortunate families happy for life.

This last reflection cut Eglantine to the heart. The Viscount d'Arzelle had left an uneasy, an irksome remembrance of her own want of worth upon her mind, which indolence itself could not erase, and made her more susceptible, more liable to be roused from her apathy. How intolerably culpable am I, said she, taking the hand of her mamma, and bathing it with her tears. But, though I am without knowledge, without acquirements, mamma, still the elements of what I have been taught remain.

Without doubt, answered Doralice, you cannot have received so much instruction but the seeds of knowledge must be scattered in the mind ; and a serious and determined application may yet bring them to maturity, may yet retrieve a great part of the sum I have here set down as lost ; but you must

henceforth

henceforth, if you wish to succeed, be as active and persevering as you have hitherto been idle and inconstant.

Eglantine sighed, and fell into a revery.

I know, continued Doralice, your fortune, and the praises bestowed upon your person, persuade you that you have less need of accomplishments than others; but must we, because we possess advantages the most fragile and mutable, and moreover the least estimable, in reality, of all advantages, must we neglect and despise those only capable of procuring us that praise which is truly flattering? Is it beauty that makes us lovely? Deprive beauty of grace, and what is it? It has not then even a right to please. Will riches make us happy? Are not you yourself continually a prey to chagrin, contented neither with yourself nor others? Besides—Do you know any thing of your father's affairs? Or whether he may not be a ruined man?

The attention of Eglantine was recalled, she listened to what was said last, and stared at her mother, in a kind of fright; Doralice ceased speaking, sighed, raised her eyes to heaven, and, after some moments of a mournful silence, which Eglantine wanted courage to break, changed the conversation. In a few minutes afterwards she rose, and left her daughter overwhelmed with grief and disquietude.

Eglantine's alarm was but too well founded. Mondor, her father, was as insatiable as Doralice was moderate : not contented with two hundred thousand livres (eight thousand guineas) (a) a year, he had engaged in immense concerns, and was upon the verge of ruin. Doralice knew not the full extent of their danger, but she suspected something of it, which was what she meant to hint to her daughter. Mondor, better instructed, and hoping to preserve his credit, endeavoured to conceal the bad state of his affairs ; but several of his associates, becoming bankrupts, soon discovered the dreadful disorder in which they were.

The soul of Mondor was not capable of supporting adversity ; he fell ill, and all the tender cares of Doralice and Eglantine could not recover him from the arms of death ; he expired, detesting ambition and covetousness, the fatal causes of his ruin and decease.

The first care of Doralice was to satisfy all the creditors, but Mondor's whole fortune was insufficient. She possessed an estate of six hundred a

(a) For the convenience of those who know not the value of French money, the sum is generally reduced to English ; but as inserting pounds, shillings, and pence, would be too minute in a work of imagination, a round sum nearest the value is given : thus the exact value of two hundred thousand livres is 8,333*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* estimating the livre Tournois at ten-pence English. T.

them, and to make you yet happy, alone can give me now a wish to live. Had you a daughter worthy of you, she might console, might mitigate your griefs : and can I not correct my errors, can I not acquire the virtues necessary for such an office ? She would become your friend : and cannot I, to purchase a title so dear, obtain a victory over myself ?

During this discourse, Doralice beheld with rapture Eglantine bathed in tears ; and, clasping her knees, she raised, took her in her arms, and pressed her to her bosom. All the transports which the heart of a fond mother can feel, said she, dost thou give me at this happy moment : go, my child, weep not at my misfortunes. —

Doralice could not herself refrain from tears as she spoke this, but they were the most delightful tears she had ever shed.

Rouzed by so many motives, Eglantine could no longer resist this impulse to reform, occasioned by the shame of remembering her defects, and the consequences they had induced. She looked with pain on what she was, and with a mournful retrospect on what she might have been. Awakened from her lethargy, she thought of the Viscount d'Arzelle, and saw no possibility of a union ; which the more her heart became alive to sensibility, the more she wished. Her supposed great fortune was gone, and every thing about her reminded her of

her

her loss. There was no longer a croud of servants ready to supply her least want, and administer to indolence: the carriages no longer rattled in the court-yard, the silks no longer rustled in the drawing-room. Most of those who beheld her looked upon her fall with pity, and some, as she imagined, with a malignant satisfaction. She happened, accidentally, to meet the Viscount on a visit; her heart fluttered, she beheld his accomplishments with the magnifying eye of love; but the pains which, she too plainly saw, he took to avoid her cut her to the heart.

Every thing thus concurred to shew Eglantine her deficiencies, and their effects, and to inspire her with the most ardent desire to have them remedied. The affairs of Doralice detained her a few weeks at Paris; and Eglantine demonstrated not only her anxiety to learn, but her great capability: her progress was astonishing, and her change of manner and deportment scarcely to be conceived.

Madame de Clémire had gone thus far in her recital, when the Baronness, looking at her watch, gave the signal of retreat: the children's proper hour of rest was come, and they could not obtain a prolongation of the evening. On the morrow, at the usual time, Madame de Clémire thus pursued her story.

It is not easy to describe the feelings of a mother like Doralice, at beholding this change in her child, and seeing thus the first wish of her heart likely to be accomplished. Every day produced an alteration, and discovered latent talents ; but, alas, all human happiness is mutable: two days before they were to depart to their country retirement, Eglantine complained, in the evening, of a violent head-ache, and on the morrow was in a high fever. Doralice sent instantly for a physician, who, when he had questioned his patient, declared she had all the symptoms which precede the small-pox. He was not deceived, the disease soon manifested itself in a very alarming way ; and he held it his duty to inform Doralice it was of a confluent and most malignant kind. This tender mother, overwhelmed with despair, never quitted her daughter's pillow, but passed four days in the utmost anxiety. Eglantine, in dreadful fits of delirium, received the assistance of her mother without knowing her, called for her while she was in her arms, and continually cried, as it were in despair—*My mother abandons me!—I deserve it!—I did not make her happy!—I shall die without her blessing!—Oh! God of mercies pardon me!*

Her wild discourse, continually interrupted by broken sobs and sighs, pierced the soul of Doralice. In vain she answered her ; Eglantine heard

not her prayers, was insensible of her tears, and every moment began anew her mournings.

The progress of the disease was rapid, and spread all over the face; the eyes were soon covered with a continued and thick crust, that totally deprived her of sight. At first this accident was not alarming, it being common enough to that disease when violent; but, after a while, it increased so greatly that the physician durst no longer conceal from Doralice his apprehension that Eglantine would lose her sight. Oh, heaven! cried the distracted mother, must my child be blind! The evil may not, perhaps, be past remedy, said the physician; nothing, however, but the most watchful and strict attention, together with such assistance as medicine may afford, can prevent it. The humour must not only be drawn off by every possible means, but the patient must not be left a moment unguarded: a touch with the hand, or even a sudden turn of the head, will make all the efforts of the physician ineffectual.

I will watch, I will guard, I will protect her, said Doralice: my eye shall never quit her, my hand shall hover over her, eagerly, instantly, to repel the sudden mischief!

Consider, madam, said the physician, how long and intensely you have already watched: nature cannot support fatigue beyond a certain degree. A careful nurse may—

A nurse ! Oh, no ! my child is in danger, and nature has given mothers superior powers to other mortals. A nurse ! Yes, my child, I will be thy nurse ! and heaven will aid, will look with mercy on my efforts ; heaven, I hope, will preserve thee from blindness.

So great was the anxiety of Doralice, that nature appeared, indeed, as she said, to render her superior to sleep or fatigue : her eyes seemed rivetted upon her daughter, and nothing could divert her attention, or diminish her care. When the violence of the fever abated, Eglantine's delirium ceased ; and, though she could not see, it was not possible for her to avoid remarking that her mother was continually and instantaneously present to supply her smallest want. Affected by such proofs of maternal tenderness, and beginning to fear the consequences of such severe watchfulness, Eglantine became very uneasy, and besought her mother most earnestly to trust her to a nurse's care, and give herself some repose. The physician, too, conjured Doralice not to sit up any longer, it was too hazardous, it might be fatal ; besides, he added, he now had hopes the crisis of danger was past. Nothing, however, could prevail on this tender mother to desist : her eyes were indeed incapable of sleep, and her heart of rest, till she could be certain of her daughter's safety. But, though she would not quit the bed-side, in order

to quiet the apprehensions of Eglantine on her account, she bad the nurse to answer continually, during the night, as if it were she who administered to her wants, and not Doralice.

At last, by the great attention of Doralice, and care of the physician, the humours were drawn off and dispersed; and, in the dead of night, when every thing seemed hushed and a total silence prevailed, Eglantine opened one of her eyes. The first object she beheld, by the light of the candle, was her mother, sitting with a fixed and immoveable attention by her side. Good God! said Eglantine, is it you, my dear mamma! Did not you bid me good-night! Did not you leave me to the nurse! I perceive!—I see your goodness!—So you have only pretended to leave me!—How great must have been your sufferings? Oh! how unworthy have I been of such a parent!

The joy of Doralice, at finding Eglantine had again come to her sight, was so extreme that it easily overpowered a frame which had been so long and so much exhausted: she just had power to exclaim.—Oh my child! and sunk down by the bed-side: in that state she was carried to an adjoining room, and put to bed.

The extreme watching of Doralice now produced the effect the physician had foreseen and forewarned her of; that very day she was in a

high fever, which had nearly proved fatal to both her and Eglantine. The latter knew her mother's illness was the consequence of an unbounded affection for her; it went to her heart to remember how ill she had deserved such a mother; her complaints were bitter, her accusations of herself incessant, and her mind was so much disturbed that, had not the disorder of Doralice soon taken a favourable turn, Eglantine would have been in greater danger than ever.

As soon as it was prudently practicable, the mother and daughter, at the earnest desire of both, had their beds removed side by side, where each had the pleasure of indulging those sensations which did so much honour to their hearts. For your sake, madam, said Eglantine, life will henceforth be dear to me; I should be unhappy to lose it, before I have proved how sensibly I am affected by your tenderness, and that at least I have a grateful heart; yes, my dear, my honoured mother, I would live to make you happy.

Though the danger of death was passed, it was easy to see the small-pox would leave traces of its power on the face of Eglantine. She was not seamed, it is true, nor deeply pitted, and yet so altered as scarcely to be known. She lost the finest hair that could adorn the head, her features were less delicate, and she no longer possessed the pure red and white which had lately been so beautiful.

beautiful. Knowing how much she was changed, she had little inclination to look in a mirror; however she could not well avoid seeing herself the first time she got up; for, as she was going towards a couch at the other side of the room, she necessarily passed before the glass. She cast a look, shuddered and stopped? Is this the face, said she, that three weeks since was praised so much for beauty?

What would have been your feelings, said Doralice, had you been weak enough to set a great value upon that beauty which a moment has obliterated, and which must inevitably have passed away in the course of a very few years?

The health of Eglantine and Doralice was in due time re-established, and the former did not lose the determined resolves she had made to continue the reformation she had begun, previous to her illness. She had additional reasons; the happiness of a mother, who would willingly have sacrificed her life for her sake, and the loss of beauty, which she had before indolently and vainly hoped would supply the want of grace and accomplishments: instructed by gratitude and misfortune, she learnt to vanquish her defects; and became as rational, active, and worthy to be beloved, as she had been idle, giddy, and inconstant.

Agreeable to the plan which Doralice had proposed, they now departed for Switzerland, and

passing through Lyons, took the road to Geneva. They saw the fortrefs of Ecluse, between Chatillon and Coulonges, so remarkable for the singularity of its situation ; and stopt at Bellegarde, to behold what the people of that country call *the loss of the Rhone*. This place is near the bridge of Luce (a), where the Rhone is seen to lose itself, descending beneath vast rocks into tremendous gulfs, and afterwards re-appearing, by precipitating itself in cascades upon other rocks.

After passing some days at Geneva, Doralice visited the delightful borders of the Lake, in order to find a house to her liking, where she might remain : and she came to a determination to fix her abode at Morges ; a pleasant town, and most charmingly situated upon the banks of the Lake, between Lausanne and Geneva.

Doralice hired a small house in that agreeable place, the windows of which opened on one side towards a smiling and fertile country, and on the other towards the Lake and those stupendous mountains by which it is bounded, and whose summits are eternally covered with ice. It is impossible, without seeing them, to form an idea of these mountains : they present a thousand varying aspects in a day, occasioned by the varying lights

(a) One half of that bridge belongs to France, the other half to Savoy.

which

which succeed each other. In the morning their rocks and heights are of a rose colour, and the hills of ice with which they are cloathed seem like transparent clouds. As the sun becomes more ardent, the mountains take a deeper tinge, and are, in succession grey, red, violet, and dark blue. At sun-set they seem gilt with gold, and the spectator imagines he beholds enormous masses of the topaz, while his eyes are dazzled with the sparkling brightness of their colours.

The Lake of Geneva presents a variety equally inviting. In a state of tranquillity, its pure and limpid waters reflect the colours of the sky; but, when agitated, it roars like the sea in dreadful majesty. Tumultuous and peaceable by turns, it attracts, charms, and astonishes the eye, by appearances continually new.

Eglantine was never weary of these ravishing prospects. How insipid, said she, does every thing I have hitherto beheld appear at present! With what indifference should I now look on the environs of Paris, its vaunted gardens, and the sameness of their alleys and arbors? Henceforth I shall despise *artificial* mountains, rocks, and rivers.

And had you travelled through Italy, added Doralice, you would have despised *artificial* ruins likewise.

It

It seems to me, said Eglantine, that painters ought not to make landscapes, nor poets pastorals, till they have first seen Italy and Switzerland.

I am of your opinion, answered Doralice. Auteuil and Charenton may inspire pretty thoughts, but not those sublime ideas which alone can insure immortality. Louis Bakhuisen, a famous Dutch painter (*a*), exposed his life a thousand times in tempests upon the sea, in order to observe the agitation of the waves, the shock and wrecks of vessels upon rocks, and the efforts and terror of the distracted mariners. The celebrated Rugendas (*b*), a painter of battles, was present at the siege, bombardment, capture, and pillage of Augsburgh, where he often braved death, that he might consider at leisure the effects of balls and bombs, and all the horrors of an assault. He has been seen designing in the midst of carnage, and producing drawings executed with as much care as if he had been at ease in his study. Vander Meulen (*c*) followed Louis XIV. in all his wars, drew the plan of fortified towns and their environs

(*a*) He died in 1709.

(*b*) He died in 1742. Having for some time lost the use of his right hand by a hurt, he practised with his left, and succeeded to perfection. See—*Extraits des différens ouvrages publiés sur la vie des Peintres*, par M. P. D. L. F. This work is in two volumes, and much esteemed.

(*c*) He died at Paris in 1690.

upon the spot, with the various marches, encampments, halts and skirmishes of the army, that he might paint with truth and nature his historical pictures of that prince.

Such is the activity and fortitude which a noble emulation can give; but, when the trifling praise of the moment is preferred to this true glory, there is little need of abilities or instruction; to visit, intrigue, cabal, and form parties is far more necessary. There are many who paint and write coldly and unnaturally, consequently ill, who yet obtain the praise of a day, though, indeed, such people generally do justice to themselves in not pushing their ambition further.

Eglantine now began to listen to her mother with unusual delight: formerly, insensible to the charms of conversation, her indolence and absence of mind prevented her from joining in it; but her misfortunes had produced an astonishing revolution, her character was absolutely changed, she reflected, felt, and enjoyed an inexpressible satisfaction at conversing with her mother. Eager to make some amends for the vexation she had formerly given her, by being indolent, she acquired an industry which soon became habitual. Reading, drawing, and music, employed all her time; and study and work, far from being irksome, were her best amusements; delighted and surprized at
her

her own progress, her daily improvement became her daily pleasure.

As two people may live in affluence upon five hundred crowns (125*l.*) a year, she did not even perceive the loss of fortune. Her house was commodious, her apartment charming: she could sit at her table and see the Lake and Mountains, and she found that prospect could well supply the loss of the insignificant Seine, and the noisy Boulevards. Her table fare was better than in her days of opulence; fruit, game, the delicious dairies of Switzerland, and the excellent fish of the Lake, left her nothing to wish. The neighbourhood of Morges and Lausanne likewise afforded that kind of society which is most desirable. In this happy country, which luxury has not yet corrupted, the purest simplicity of manners reigns, and the women are equally amiable, well informed, and virtuous.

Doralice and her daughter often went to Lausanne, where they formed an acquaintance with a young widow, whose name was Isabella, and who added to all the charms of a thousand exterior attractions a delicate, cultivated, and acute understanding, a feeling heart, and all those qualities which are most estimable, and most engaging. She became the friend of Doralice and Eglantine, visited them often at Morges, and went with them in their little rambles round Geneva. Sometimes

they

they would take long walks upon the banks of the Lake, at others they would assemble a chosen number of their friends, and form a concert, or a bal-champêtre, beneath foliage decorated with garlands of natural flowers.

Eglantine soon became, by her accomplishments, her good-humour, and her talents, the chief ornament of these little feasts. She was no longer a perfect beauty, but she pleased a thousand times more than when every body admired the exact symmetry of her features, and the fineness of her complexion; she had still a most beautiful shape, and had acquired an elegance and manner which best can embellish a fine form. Her dress always had taste, though not magnificence; she was seen on a first view without astonishment, but the more she was looked at the more she pleased. Her countenance was become expressive, and though she had not those charms which attract all eyes, she had those which fix them when attracted.

Doralice remained eighteen months at Morges before she could determine to leave it, and make the tour of Switzerland, which had always been part of her plan; but, as she was desirous of shewing her daughter this interesting country, she resolved, at last, to quit her little house, for some time, and her amiable friend Isabella.

They

They departed, about the end of June, and went first to Berne, a town which is delightful for its regularity, and the beauty of its situation. The streets are exceedingly wide, and have a brook of pure water running through the middle of each; they are arched on both sides, are paved with flag-stone, have covered galleries, and handsome shops, which make them both pleasant and convenient to foot passengers. The walks round Berne are charming, and, from the terrace, situated upon the banks of the Aar, beautiful landscapes are seen in all directions (a).

Doralice passed some days at Berne, and, after visiting Indlebank, a place famous for its superb tombs (9), she left Berne, and took the route of the famous Glaciers of Grindelwald, twenty leagues from thence.

Of all the Glaciers of the Alps, that of Grindelwald is the most remarkable. On the summit of the mountain is an immense reservoir of water frozen. The rock, which serves as a basin to this lake, is of black marble, streaked with white, and

(a) There is an inscription, in a corner of this terrace, which preserves the memory of a singular accident. A scholar on horseback, fell from the top of the terrace, a hundred and twenty feet; the horse was killed, and the man had only both his legs broken. He lived forty years afterwards, became a minister, and died in 1694.

the fides and declivities are beautifully variegated. The superfluous water, of the lakes and of the ice which lies upon its surface, as they flow down an inclined plane, from what is particularly called the Glaciers, or that vast assemblage of ice in pyramids with which the declivity of the mountain is hung. Nothing can equal the brilliancy of this amphitheatre, which is covered with obelisks and towers, seemingly of the purest crystal, that rise, majestic, in the air, to the height of thirty or forty feet. When the sun darts its rays upon this pyramidical forest of icicles, it begins to exhale, and casts forth a light so dazzling as scarcely to be sustained by the eyes. On each side of the valley is a mountain covered with verdure and fir trees.

After seeing Grindelwald, Doralice and Eg-lantine continued their journey through the interior parts of Switzerland, and, being desirous of knowing the Author of the death of Abel, went to Zurich. Here they beheld the great poet, who was so much the more interesting in that he owed much of his success to the sensibility of his heart and the purity of his manners. Had he loved great cities, had he not lived in the most delicious country in the world, and had he not been a good father and a good husband, he would never have written those charming pastorals, where virtue discovers itself by such touching strokes,
and

and in so inviting a form. Why have these simple works so many attractions, or wherefore have they been translated into all languages? It is because the author has felt every thing he has expressed, and seen every thing he has described.

Gesner accompanied Doralice in almost all her walks; and while they wandered along the enchanting banks of the lake of Zurich, and of the rivers Sil and Limmat, he shewed her the delightful landscapes he had drawn (*a*), or described in his poems. Doralice was particularly pleased with the grove of Pampres, where he had composed the sweet idyllion of Myrtillo.

Doralice and Eglantine stayed a week with Gesner, contemplating him in the midst of his family and occupations, and still beheld in him a happy sage, a true philosopher, and a painter worthy of nature.

After an absence of two months, they returned with transport, to their little house at Morges. Isabella enlivened their retreat by passing a part of the winter with them, and spring again brought back pleasures, country pastimes, and charming walks. It was now two years since they had quitted Paris; Eglantine had passed her twentieth year, was the delight of her mother's life, and knew not an approach to happiness till she knew Morges.

(*a*) Gesner designs as well as he writes.

One evening, as Eglantine and Doralice were walking late by the side of the lake, they met a young man in black, fauntering slowly, and apparently plunged in a melancholy revery. As he passed Doralice he raised his eyes, gave a motion of sudden surprize, and returned; and Doralice saw, with astonishment, the Viscount d'Arzelle in the supposed stranger.

After they had paid their mutual respects, the Viscount informed her he had just sustained the greatest of misfortunes, in the loss of his dear father; on which account, Paris had become odious to him, and he had determined to travel; that he intended to stay two months in Switzerland; after which he should go to Italy. When he had finished his recital, he begged permission to see Doralice home, and offered his arm.

Just at this instant he recollected the daughter of Doralice, and seeing Eglantine, rightly conjectured that was her. Darkness, and the emotions of Eglantine, which had caused her timidly to conceal herself, as much as possible, had prevented him from observing her before. He now addressed himself to her, and made an apology for his seeming neglect. The heart of Eglantine impeded language; she had but just power sufficient to return such short answers as good breeding made necessary.

Doralice

Doralice and her company were soon at home; she rang, a maid servant came to the gate, and, as they entered the court, the Viscount could not help exclaiming, with compassionate surprise—*Good God! madam! is this your habitation!* In saying this, he remembered the immense fortune Doralice had formerly enjoyed; the worthy use she had made of it, and her voluntary sequestration of what remained, for the discharge of her husband's debts.

They went up stairs, and Doralice conducted the Viscount into an elegant little apartment, ornamented with excellent drawings, and furnished with taste. This is a delightful room, said the Viscount. It contains nothing but what Eglantine has adorned it with, answered Doralice. She worked those chintz-pattern window curtains; she embroidered these chairs, and she drew all these landscapes.

The Viscount listened with an astonishment that resembled incredulity. He cast his eyes on Eglantine, and, struck with a change so remarkable in her face and figure, the one so much altered for the worse, and the other so infinitely improved, he remained fixed, and scarcely could recollect or believe her to be the same. Eglantine trembled, blushed, and felt her former sensations all forcibly revived. Her blushes were so many embellishments that gave charms to her form and features.

What

What was at first curiosity, in the Viscount, soon became something more; he found himself interested by the kind of miracles he beheld; he admired the beauty of her shape, the dignity of her manner, and the expression of her countenance; and his heart whispered, the graces she had acquired were a thousand times superior to the fine complexion and cold regularity she had lost.

Her conversation gave him a new, and still more astonishing degree of surprize; with pain could he persuade himself, while he heard her, she was the person he had formerly thought so insipid; with difficulty could he conceive that three years could produce a change so total and extraordinary. Not that she spoke much; the agitation of her heart, as well as the gentleness of her nature, forbade that; but there was a meaning, an intelligence, a force, in the little she did say, that sufficiently discovered her knowledge, and the natural superiority of her mind.

The Viscount, when taking his leave, earnestly begged permission to renew his visits, and the greatest part of the day following was spent in their company. It happened to be their concert day, and he heard with wonder, Eglantine sing and play upon the harp; he thought he dreamt, whenever he recollected that this was the same Eglantine whom formerly he had found so ignorant and unaccomplished, and whom, with all
her

her beauty and fortune, he had rejected as a wife.

The Viscount resided at Lausanne, which was two leagues from Morges; and yet he heard of nothing but the fame and eulogiums of Eglantine. Her understanding, her mildness, her equality of temper, and especially her love for, and lively gratitude to, her mother, had gained the hearts of all who knew her. The Viscount listened with delight to her praises. Isabella spoke of her attractions and virtues with all the ardour of friendship, and he was continually with Isabella when he was not with Eglantine.

Although he had now been above two months in Switzerland, he spoke no more of Italy: every moment, that good manners would permit, he spent at the house of Doralice. Timid and reserved, in the presence of Eglantine, he scarcely durst speak to her, while he testified all the respect and affection of the most amiable and tender son to Doralice.

Another month was passed at Lausanne; at length, perfectly satisfied both by what he had heard and what he had seen of the worth of Eglantine, he no longer attempted to conceal or repress feelings which reason itself approved, and formally demanded the hand of Eglantine.

You deserve her, replied Doralice; you refused her rich and beautiful, and choose her when she

neither
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neither: manners, talents, and virtues, only, have been able to inspire you with a true and rational attachment; the duration of love, like this, may be depended upon. However, as it is possible one *may* deceive oneself, I must beg of you again to consult your heart, and more minutely; take time to reflect upon an engagement on which the happiness or misery of two people depend. Pursue your intended travels for six months, and if at your return you still preserve the same sentiments, the same affection, Eglantine shall be your's; for I have observed her, and have no reason to fear objections on her part.

The Viscount threw himself at the feet of Doralice, as she ended, and conjured her not to retard his happiness; but she, however, remained inflexible; she was neither moved by his prayers nor protestations; and the Viscount, in despair, prepared to set off immediately. Unable to quit the country Eglantine inhabited, he wandered disconsolate up and down Switzerland, and the very day on which his term expired appeared once more at Morges.

When he arrived, Doralice was with her daughter in her own room. All at once the door opened, the Viscount appeared, and ran with precipitation to throw himself on his knees before Eglantine and Doralice. It was the first time he had ventured to speak of his passion in the presence

of Eglantine. He begged her hand, with all the enthusiasm of pure love; he protested he never would separate her from her mother; and Eglantine, on that condition, gave her consent, as no consideration whatever, she said, should make her quit a mother to whom she owed so much. The Viscount assured her a sentiment so natural, so affectionate, made her still dearer to his heart. That very evening, Doralice, the happiest of mothers, signed the marriage contract; and three days after the Viscount attained the height of his hopes and wishes, by espousing the virtuous and amiable Eglantine.

I declare this is a charming story, mamma, said Caroline; well, well, you shall see I won't lose any more gloves and handkerchiefs, nor wastefully throw bread and butter about in the garden. Oh, no! I'll be very careful, and very industrious, that I may not be so ignorant and awkward at seventeen, and give you so much uneasiness, mamma.

And if you *should* happen to be handsome, said Madame de Clémire, remember then the history of Eglantine. Remember that beauty obtains vain compliments only, while a cultivated mind, and a good disposition, gain the praises of all tongues, and the love of all hearts.

Thus finished the tenth evening, and Madame de Clémire told the children, at parting, she

would

would take them on the morrow to dine with M. de la Palinière, where you will see, added she, some fine medals; for, notwithstanding his black round wig, and absent air, he is a well-informed and intelligent gentleman.

Medals! Mamma! What are medals?

I will explain that to-morrow at breakfast.

The next morning the children did not forget to renew their questions about medals; for knowing they should be admitted to see M. de la Palinière's cabinet, they were desirous of gaining at least a superficial knowledge of the subject. To satisfy them, therefore, their mamma read them an extract from a book entitled *Sciences des Medailles*. (10).

After hearing it, the children asked if they made any use of symbols jointly with emblems.

Certainly they do, answered Madame de Clémire, for where there is an emblem the symbol is indispensable. But do you understand what is an emblem or device?

Not perfectly, mamma.

It is a kind of allegory, and ought to express the situation or character of the person who chuses it. For example, Madame de M***, with whom you are acquainted, is a person of great modesty and simplicity of manners, with little taste for fashionable life, and only desirous of pleasing her friends, and discovering the good qualities of her

heart and understanding to a small chosen circle. Her device, therefore, is a violet half hidden beneath the grass ; and her motto—*Il faut me chercher*, I MUST BE SOUGHT.

That is very pretty and expressive, said Cæsar.

Let me see if any of you comprehend the following, continued Madame de Clémire. A certain man of distinction has taken for device a nosegay of fleurs-de-lys and roses ; and his motto is—*Tout pour eux & pour elles*, ALL FOR THESE, AND FOR THOSE. What does that signify ?

I understand the first part of it, said Cæsar. The fleurs-de-lys are the emblems of our king and country ; but as for the roses,—

Oh, said Pulcheria, the roses mean the ladies, I dare say.

That is not ill-guessed, at your age, said Madame de Clémire ; if your memory has not assisted you, that is ; and if you have not heard me mention it before. However, since, between you, an explanation has been given, you ought to understand its force and elegance also.

Oh, yes mamma ;—though it seems rather going too far, replied Cæsar, to say *all for the ladies*. All for one's mamma, one's sister, or one's wife, would be very well ; but all for women, universally, is, I think, a little exaggerated.

That kind of exaggeration is what is called gallantry, and is not understood in a literal sense ; therefore,

therefore, since authorized by custom, is not ridiculous. But to return to the device, it adds to the merit of precision that of being equally ingenious and delicate.

But how ingenious, mamma?

Because it is clear, easy to understand, and yet explains itself only in part.

How so?

It only says, *Tout pour eux & pour elles* ; whereas, if its meaning were written at length, it would read thus—" There are no difficulties we ought not to encounter, no perils we ought not to brave, to serve our king and country, or to obtain the smiles of virtue and beauty.

Oh ! but that would be too long for a motto : I like *Tout pour eux & pour elles* better.

You have reason so to do ; many words, on such occasions, are proofs of a bad taste and a want of wit, and the very reverse of ingenious.

But may not one, in endeavouring to be ingenious, become obscure ?

Very easily ; but, as soon as you become obscure, you cease to be ingenious ; you are then what is commonly called turgid and far fetched, which is contrary to the rules that reason and good taste prescribe. When a thought is deficient, either in perspicuity or precision, it has only the appearance of ingenuity, and will please none but superficial people.

The servants now came to inform Madame de Clémire the horses were put to: Cæsar took a short farewell of the little Augustin, whose heart was full at parting, for he began already to be sincerely attached to him; nor was the love of Cæsar to Augustin less, and he delighted to repeat to him the lessons he had received from his preceptor.

When the family were all in the carriage, Cæsar spoke in praise of Augustin, and vaunted highly of his goodness, industry, and desire of information. I hope, said the Baronness, you will one day take great delight in making him the companion of your studies, and that his good qualities will also inspire you with a spirit of emulation; that you will become attentive, thoughtful, and active, like him; otherwise your story will resemble that of Cardinal d'Offat.

Oh dear grandmamma, do tell me how that was, will you?

Willingly.—Arnaud d'Offat was born at Cassagnabére, a small village, near Auch, of poor parents, and was left an orphan at nine years old. He was educated with the son of the lord of the village, and made so great a progress in his studies that in time he became his tutor.

I hope Augustin will never be mine though. But did not you say this poor boy became a cardinal, grandmamma?

Yes;

Yes; having studied under Cujas, a great lawyer, he applied to the bar at Paris, and became famous: the friends his merit had acquired procured him a magistrate's place; after which, Paul-de-Foix, Archbishop of Toulouse, who was sent by Henry III. of France ambassador to Rome, chose d'Offat as secretary to the embassy. When the Archbishop died, d'Offat was charged, in chief, with the affairs of France; and Henry the Great was indebted to him for his absolution and reconciliation to the court of Rome. These important services were rewarded with a cardinal's hat, and he died at Rome, in 1604, aged sixty-seven. We have many of his letters, which are in great estimation.

You see, my children, what dignities merit and genius may procure, and what a lustre they may add to life; but, you should observe, virtue likewise must be added, or genius itself must be insufficient.

Oh yes; I perceive that, if one would become famous and happy, one must resolve to be learned and virtuous. And yet, mamma, some wicked men have been very fortunate.

But they could not be happy amidst their good fortune; for fortune, ill-acquired, is ever ill-enjoyed; they fear justly they shall lose it, and fear is ever an antidote to pleasure. It is possible that

abilities, without virtue, may procure wealth, but that wealth is always liable to be lost, or, if ill gotten, reclaimed, and never produces true glory.

The children thought these observations very just; and, conversing thus, they arrived at the chateau of M. de la Palinière.

After dinner they were shewn a fine cabinet of medals, some beautiful paintings of the Italian masters, and a charming collection of prints. The day passed like a dream. M. de la Palinière had knowledge, wit, and understanding; and though at first sight the singularity of his figure caught the attention, he gained upon every body, the more he was known; he had something original, yet natural about him, and his conversation was solid, yet interesting.

He intreated the Baronness and Madame de Clémire to pass a few days with him so earnestly that they consented, during which interval he related various passages of his past life, so full of interest and moral instruction that they regretted the children had not been present at the recital. This gave occasion to M. de la Palinière, who had heard of their evening stories, to offer again to relate his tale in a more connected manner, if they would consent to stay two days longer than the time appointed for their departure, and the proposition was accepted.

Fulcheria

Pulcheria, in the mean time, asked her mamma if his story was sorrowful or gay.

M. de la Palinière, answered her mamma, has had strong passions, and you know we have before spoken of passions and their effects.

Then he has been unhappy. But what were his passions.

Love and jealousy: but as you cannot have any precise ideas of these passions, at present my children, I think it proper to inform you that, when we say love, simply, and not maternal-love, conjugal-love, or filial-love, we mean the affection which subsists between man and woman, when that affection becomes unreasonably violent. You must understand, however, that love, even when it becomes a passion, may be virtuous, when it has for its object a husband, a wife, or a child: we only then become less happy, less reasonable; and, when our affection is thus placed, its excess is not criminal till it occasions us to neglect some one of our duties. I own it seldom happens that a passion does not influence our conduct, and therefore it is that our passions are so dangerous.

But pray, mamma, what is a jealous husband?

A husband who suspects the virtue of his wife, who fears she loves some other man as well or better than she loves him.

And is it possible, mamma, for a virtuous wife to have a jealous husband?

Certainly, because we are all imperfect, and men may be unjust.

But if my husband was jealous I should be very angry.

Then you would be very wrong; for, though it is a great misfortune to see oneself despised by the object of one's affection, yet, there is this consolation, which is, that every woman, even though her husband might hate her, may be certain of regaining all his confidence and love by perfect prudence, mild indulgence, and a sweet temper.

Various other questions and explanations were asked and returned, and, in the evening, after supper, M. de la Palinière, his visitors being all assembled, began to relate the following story.

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M. D E L A P A L I N I E R E.

I WORE not always the black round wig in which you see me, nor was I always subject to that absence of mind with which at present I am reproached; in my infancy I was very pretty, at least according to my mother, who pretended I was *too pretty* for a boy; I own, nobody else ever reproached me with this fault. Be that as it will, I was an only child, and my mother, who had reflected but little on education, humoured and spoilt me, insomuch that, at nine years old, I was one of the most froward, mischievous little boys you have ever seen. I was idle, headstrong, turbulent, and teasing; I asked a thousand questions, and never listened to an answer. I would neither learn any thing, nor do any thing, except keep tattooing my drum, and whistling my fife. No tutor would stay with me half a year; and, as I

had already driven away three Abbés, my mother at last consented to send me to college.

I was then in my eleventh year, and wept much at leaving my home and my parents ; for, notwithstanding my follies and tricks, I had a good heart. When I came to school, however, I was not very sorry to see myself in a fine house, and surrounded by boys, who all seemed full of mirth and play ; for, as it happened, I arrived just at the time when school hours were over. I began to run and jump, and told those who brought me I was sure I should like school exceedingly well.

I immediately conceived a friendship for a young scholar, named Sinclair, about two years older than I, and who won my heart by his open and lively temper ; though I must tell you he was as rational and well informed, for his age, as I was ignorant and unthinking. The next morning I found a strange alteration in the house. I was to take my seat, and undergo an examination to know which class I belonged to, when it was discovered I could hardly spell : immediately, a general hue and cry was excited through the school ; and a little boy, not ten years old, who was next me, laughed so heartily, and appeared to me so impertinent, that I could not forbear giving him a hearty box on the ear, which knocked him off his seat.

In

In vain did I struggle and scold ; I was seized, taken ignominiously from my place, and dragged out of school. As I passed by Sinclair he cast a look so expressive of tenderness and pity upon me that, in spite of my passion, I found myself affected.

They took me into a dark chamber, shut me up, and declared I should stay there eight days, with nothing but soup, bread, and water to live upon ; after which they left me to reflect, at leisure, upon the crime of knocking my school-fellows down.

By groping round the room I discovered it was matted all over, and tolerably large ; I then began to walk about without much apprehension of hurting myself, and to turn in my mind all the circumstances of my misfortune. I felt myself deeply degraded, and heartily repented I had not profited better by the lessons of the three Abbés I had driven from me. Oh, my mother, cried I, were you but here, you would not suffer me to be treated with all this rigour. And yet, had you but permitted my first master, or my second, or even my third, to inflict some gentle punishment upon me, as they desired, I should have known how to read ; then, perhaps, I should not have been so apt to strike, nor have now been in a dark chamber.

In the midst of these sorrowful reflections I remembered the look of Sinclair; I thought I saw him still, and the supposition touched me; and yet what most vexed me was that he had been a witness of my humiliation, my passion, and my punishment. I thought he would despise me, and that idea was insupportable.

While I was thus mournfully musing, I heard my door open suddenly, and saw Sinclair appear with a lanthorn in his hand; I threw myself upon his neck, and wept with joy at the sight. Come, said he, follow me, your pardon is granted.

My pardon! I am indebted to you for it! I'm sure I am! It gives me pleasure to think it was granted to your intercession.

You are only required to make an apology to him you have offended.

Make an apology! What to that little scoffer! no! —

He was wrong to scoff you, I own; he was guilty of ill manners: but you were deficient both in reason and humanity.

Oh! I have done him no great injury

Because you had not the power: and yet his arm is black with the fall.

His arm black! What! and as he shewed it then?

The master insisted upon seeing it.

He should not have consented! He ought not

to have complained ! He has proved himself of a mean cowardly temper, and I will never ask pardon of a coward !

His character is not now the question. You have committed a fault of a serious nature, and you ought to make what reparation you can.

I would rather remain where I am than disgrace myself.

Pray tell me ; what do you understand by disgracing yourself ?

This question disconcerted me ; I knew not what to answer, and Sinclair went on.

To disgrace yourself is to draw down some merited censure, or punishment ; to act against your conscience ; that is contrary to truth and justice. In asking pardon of one you have wronged you will do an equitable act ; and equity is not disgrace.

But they may suppose I ask pardon only for fear of remaining in confinement.

And if they should, that will not disgrace you ; since censure, as I have said, must be merited, before it can be disgraceful. I propose a reparation strictly conformable to justice and good breeding, and I should be sorry for him who should foolishly suppose such an act deserving of censure : the ridicule he would cast upon you would fall upon himself, in the eyes of all rational people ; and it is the opinion only of such that is worthy notice.

Well

Well, well——lead me where you please, I will do whatever you desire.

Sinclair then embraced me, led me from the dark chamber, and, after a proper apology, I was pardoned; but it was not long before I incurred fresh penance. Idle, unthinking, noisy, and apt to wrangle, I soon drew down the aversion of all the masters, and many of my school-fellows; and had it not been for the protection and firm friendship of Sinclair, who was the most distinguished and best beloved of all the scholars, I should certainly have been sent home in disgrace before the end of the year.

Two years passed away, much in the same manner; at the end of which time Sinclair left college, and went into the army. Soon after I had the misfortune to lose my mother, and this completed my affliction; I wept and remembered I had been a continual subject of vexation to her. Alas! said I, did she bless me with her parting breath! Could she pray for an ungrateful child, who might have been her comfort, but who was her tormentor? What dreadful remorse must I endure! To her I owe my life; she bore, she cherished, she loved me; and what have I done for her!—Oh! my dear mother, is it then denied me to repair my wrongs? My mother! I have no mother! She is snatched from me! The sweet consolation of making her happy is for ever lost!

My

My grief became fixed, it preyed upon my mind, and I fell into a kind of consumption, which put my life in danger. Dorival, my uncle and guardian, took me from college, and went with me to his country-house in Franche-comté. He travelled with me all through that fine province, the natural curiosities of which (11) you saw and admired so much in my cabinet, in order to divert my melancholy. After remaining here three years, being then seventeen, I went into the army.

I had continued my studies under the direction of my uncle; but, not having a habit of industry, I made little progress; and to learn seemed to me the most tiresome thing in the world. My temper and understanding were equally uncultivated; and what were called pranks and pettishness, in childhood, became the torments of my life; I was hasty and passionate even to violence; and, in these ridiculous fits of anger, I was absolutely half insane; I fluttered, said a thousand extravagant and highly improper things, and was, in fact, capable of being hurried away into the most shameful excesses.

My uncle was the only person who could manage me; for I really loved and respected him, and seldom forgot myself in his presence. His too great indulgence, however, suffered me to contract destructive habits, which, had he used his authority

authority to correct, would never have become so rooted and so fatal. But, when any one complained of me, he would answer, "These youthful errors will wear away, for I am certain he has an excellent heart."

I departed for my garrison with a sort of Governor, to whom my uncle confided me, and who was to have remained with me a year: but, in six weeks time, I quarrelled irreconcilably with my Mentor. I turned away the servant my uncle had sent with me, hired a valet without a character, and thought myself the happiest of mortals.

Rossignol, my valet, was young, genteel, and insinuating; he became my favourite, regulated my expences, and, in less than two months, brought me in bills for four thousand francs; (£.166) that is to say, for the full sum of my half year's allowance. I saw then plain enough that Rossignol was a rascal; but the bills must be paid. I borrowed, became a debtor of course, and turned Rossignol away, who, at parting, robbed me of all the rings and jewels I possessed.

Some days after this adventure, I quarrelled with one of my comrades, fought and received two wounds, which occasioned me to keep my bed two months. During my confinement I reflected often upon my thoughtless and impetuous behaviour, and began to find that, in order to be happy, it is necessary to hear reason, repel first emotions, van-

quish

quish defects, and obtain a command over the passions.

I had lived a year in garrison, when war was declared, and I departed for Germany, where I made several campaigns, and discovered much zeal and little capacity. I was very anxious to fight battles, but not to learn the art of winning battles; for which reason, my military career was not very brilliant, as will be seen.

My uncle, meanwhile, was active in seeking to establish me well in life: I was one-and-twenty, and, desirous of seeing me married, he chose a young lady, who, had I not been as headstrong as unjust, would have made me the happiest of men.

Julia, for that was her name, then but seventeen, added to all the bloom of youthful beauty an ingenuous mind, and a countenance that was the picture of gentleness, innocence, and virtue: calm serenity dwelt in her eyes, and never did the marks of impatience, anger, or contempt, darken her brow. Once seen she was always known; her soul was all outward, it dwelt in her face and form; and that soul, that face, that form, were all angelic. Her mind was just, solid, and penetrating; her reason much superior to her age; her desires moderate, and her character prudent and firm. She spoke with the tongue of benevolence, and so unaffectedly, yet expressively, that

that sweetness and modesty seemed to live upon her lips ; the sound of her voice went to the heart.

Such was Julia ; such was the wife my uncle gave me. Her perfections might have supplied the want of fortune, but she was rich. As soon as I was married, my uncle gave my estate into my own possession ; and thus, at one-and-twenty, was I in the full enjoyment of a good fortune, and the most lovely woman upon earth. It depended only upon myself to be happy.

The winter after my marriage was spent at Paris, where I again met Sinclair, my old college friend, and we became more intimate than ever. Sinclair possessed all the eminent qualities which his early years had announced. In war he had been highly distinguished ; and, at a time of life when ardour and promptitude only are generally discovered, he had given proofs of superior talents, prudence, and fortitude. His modesty and simplicity disarmed malice, and whoever should have forborne to praise his conduct, and worth, would have been thought the enemy of virtue.

Julia too had a strict friendship for a young widow, her relation, whose name was Belinda ; a person remarkable for her virtues and accomplishments.

Behold me then married to a woman whom I preferred to all the women in the world, cherished

by an uncle whom I respected as a father, in friendship with a man of my own age, but who had the prudence and wisdom of a Nestor, enjoying not only the conveniencies of life but even all the imaginary blessings, or rather bawbles, on which vanity sets so high a price ; all the felicity which love, friendship, youth, health, and wealth, could procure. What was there wanting to complete my happiness?—One single advantage, without which all the rest are fruitless—a good education.

The two first months of my marriage were the most fortunate and peaceable moments of my life ; but my happiness quickly began to decrease. My passion for my wife, which grew daily stronger, made me guilty of the caprice and injustice which are so destructive of prudence and repose. I wished to be loved as I loved ; that is, to excess. Julia had a most true and tender affection for me, but she was too wise, and had too much command of herself to indulge fancies which, by inflaming the mind, might destroy both her and my tranquillity.

I began by a kind of moderate complaining, but soon became fullen, suspicious, and discontented. My heart felt an aversion for every body that Julia had any regard for, and especially for Belinda. I preserved however reason sufficient

cient to condemn my own caprices, and carefully concealed them.

One day, when I was more out of temper than usual, I went to my wife's apartment and was informed she was shut up with Belinda; I opened the door suddenly and entered; they were in earnest conversation, but the moment they saw me they were silent. My wife, I observed, blushed, and Belinda appeared absolutely disconcerted. These appearances were enough to throw me into the most violent agitation I had ever known. At first I tried to contain myself, and turn my own embarrassment into a jest. I know not, indeed, what I said, but I remember I stuttered prodigiously, and was all in a tremor; which circumstances, added to the efforts I made to laugh off my suspicions, made me completely ridiculous; and so much so that Julia, who beheld my strange emotions with surprize, could not forbear smiling.

This smile drove me beside myself; I thought it an unpardonable insult; and losing all respect for myself, my wife, or the presence of Belinda, I uttered with volubility, and without scruple, all the extravagancies which passion could inspire. Belinda, as soon as she could find an opportunity, rose, and retired.

No sooner was I alone with Julia than I found my courage gone; I was silent, and, to conceal

my

my anguish, walked hastily backward and forward about the room.

I was informed of this before my marriage, said Julia, but I could not conceive it possible. Poor unhappy man, added she, with her eyes swimming in tears, my heart weeps to see you suffer thus. But, be comforted, the indulgence, the love, the tenderness, of your wife, will, in time, I hope, cure you of this unfortunate defect.

She pronounced these words with such sensibility, and affection, that they pierced me to the heart; I deeply felt how culpable and mad I had been, and, bathed in tears, ran to the consoling angel, who held her arms out to receive me, and pressed upon her bosom.

As soon as I was capable of listening to an explanation, Julia informed me that, just as I entered the chamber, Belinda had been telling her a secret, which said she, I am sure you will not ask me to reveal, because it is confided to me, without the liberty of mentioning it, though it will one day be revealed to you.

This information, far from being satisfactory, gave me a secret vexation, which I could with difficulty hide; but, as I was really humbled by the passion I had just been in, I dissembled my chagrin, and affected to appear satisfied.

In

In this situation, wanting somebody to complain to, I went in search of Sinclair, and told him all my griefs. He blamed me, and approved the conduct of Julia, bestowing, at the same time, the highest eulogium on her prudence and fortitude.

But how, said I, can I support this reserve, when I have no secrets for her.

I know it, answered Sinclair, smiling; to her you would betray the secret of your most intimate friend.

Yes, I own, Sinclair, I should even betray you to her; and surely she does not love her Belinda better than I love you.

No; but *she* knows her duty, *you* do not; you have only a virtuous heart; she has that and solid invariable principles likewise. You have for her an extravagant passion; her love is ennobled by sincere and virtuous friendship, which elevates the mind, and will never lead it into unreasonable follies.

I understand you——She will never love me as I love her; I am a foolish madman in her eyes——She has told you so.

I said this with great emotion, and Sinclair returned no answer, except by shrugging his shoulders, turning his back, and quitting me. I remained petrified, cursing love and friendship, exclaiming against myself, and all that was dear to

me, and imagining myself the most unhappy of men.

Not daring again to put myself in a passion, I became sulky ; but the gentle and mild manner of Julia vanquished my ill humour, and we came to a new explanation concerning Belinda, in which she offered never to see her more, since I seemed averse to her. I shall ever love her, said she, nor shall any thing ever make me betray the secret she has entrusted to me ; but there is nothing I would not sacrifice to your peace of mind.

I was affected by this proof of generous love, and all my dislike to Belinda vanished ; I flew to her house, entreated her to forget my late behaviour, and brought her in triumph to my wife, who had not seen her since the silly scene in which I interrupted their conversation.

The short remains of the winter glided away in tolerable tranquillity, and, in spring, I repaired to the army ; when the campaign was ended, I returned to Paris with Sinclair, who joined me on the road. His chariot waited for him a league from Paris, and his servant gave him a note, which he read with great eagerness, and, quitting me, drove away in his own carriage.

However simple all this might be, in appearance, I found myself involuntarily uneasy when I considered it, for which I could assign no cause ; or, rather, the cause of which I was afraid to discover.

'Till then, I had always supposed Sinclair totally busied about military promotion, and the advancement of his fortune; I was now convinced the note came from a woman; he was moved while he read it, and, what was more, I remarked he was embarrassed by my presence.

He was in love, then, that was certain; and why should he make a mystery of his love to me? If there was nothing criminal in his attachment, wherefore hide it from his most intimate friend? Then followed a thousand ideas, which I vainly endeavoured to drive from my memory. I recollected the enthusiasm with which he had so often spoken of my wife and shuddered; my brain was disturbed, and I no longer had the power to expel a doubt that racked my soul. I found a terrible kind of pleasure, in yielding to the jealousy which I had vainly imagined was for ever vanquished.

With such dispositions I arrived at Paris. Julia could not come to meet me, a violent fore throat confined her to her chamber. At the sight of her all these fatal impressions vanished; and, while I looked and listened, I felt a calm serenity take possession of my heart. I reproached myself for my odious suspicions, and scarcely could conceive how they had been formed.

I did not, however, meet Sinclair with the same pleasure in the company of my wife as formerly

merely

merly; not but I suffered full as much from the fear of his perceiving my disease as from jealousy itself; for such was my inconceivable caprice, though he inspired me with suspicions the most injurious to his honour and friendship, I yet had sufficient value for him to dread he should think me capable of suspicion. I sometimes looked upon him as a rival, but oftner as a censor, whose esteem and approbation were absolutely necessary to my happiness.

Agitations like these act powerfully upon the temper when under the impulse of passion; they influenced and affected all my thoughts, and I was in a delirium that deprived me of the use of reason. More incapable than ever of reflection, I had not only given over the idea of vanquishing my errors, but of hiding them also, and yielded to all my natural impetuosity. Punctilious, and easily offended, like all people who want education, and goaded besides by the secret thorns of jealousy, the only vice I was afraid should be seen, I was always piqued, or disgusted, or angry, and nobody knew why.

In these humours, I thought the angelic mildness of Julia hypocrisy; her gentle manner of speaking appeared affected, and drove me mad. The next moment I perhaps became sensible of my injustice, would silently own it was impossible for any person to love me, and fall into fits of

despair; during which I would bitterly reproach myself for making the woman I adored miserable.

Then would I remember my Julia in all her charms, see her in all the splendour of her beauty, and all the mildness of her affection, and wonder at my own cruelty. I would recollect my passions and caprices, and the thought would sting me to the heart. I called myself barbarian, madman, detested myself, shed the scalding tears of repentance over my errors, determined to subdue them, imagine myself cured, and, three days after, was guilty of the same excess.

Unhappy in my mind, and still more so because my unhappiness was all my own seeking, I endeavoured by dissipation to drown my sorrows; I formed new acquaintance, went more into fashionable life, seldom made small parties, but invited twenty or thirty friends once or twice a week, to my house; kept boxes at all the theatres, and never, during the winter, missed a masquerade, or a first representation. But in this vain research, I found not the happiness that fled me, though I injured my health, and deranged my fortune.

Sinclair did not fail to remonstrate concerning my new mode of life. You are become a Gamester, too, said he, and have given yourself up to the most fatal and most inexcusable of all passions.

Have

Have you well considered what a person who plays deep must inevitably become, that he must continually endeavour to enrich himself at the expence of his friends?

I cannot say I have made any profound reflections on the subject; I only know men may play deep, and yet preserve their honour.

Yes, by always losing. I do not say merely by ruining themselves, for that is the common destiny of the lucky and unlucky Gamester; the only difference is, the fate of the one is a little longer in suspense than that of the other. Neither is your bare ruin sufficient; to preserve your character unsuspected, you must never win any considerable sum.

Do you suppose then a lucky Gamester cannot be thought an honourable one?

He will be disputed the title at least. A croud of enemies will rise against him; a mother, in despair, will accuse him of having ruined the heir and hope of her family, and publicly call him rascal, and no father will ever mention his name, in his children's presence, but with contempt. He will be pursued by hatred, overwhelmed by calumny, and condemned by reason and humanity; and who amidst this universal outcry, shall dare to take his part? His friends? Can a Gamester have friends? He, who every day risks the ruin of those to whom he gives that sacred title?

What, Sinclair, have you never met a Gamester worthy of your esteem?

I have, I own; and yet had not experience convinced me of it, reason never could have conceived their existence. Men who are occupied only by dreams of enriching themselves think all delicacy the prejudice of education: it is very difficult for such persons to preserve noble sentiments; their probity is strictly reduced not to steal, and such kind of probity can never confer a desirable reputation. Such is the general opinion (admitting many exceptions) concerning a certain class, called monied men, who yet use none but legitimate means and calculations, which often imply great genius, to get rapidly rich; and, if such a prejudice exists against these men, what must be thought of Gamesters? Men who constantly seek happiness in the destruction of others? Those who dedicate their lives to this most tiresome, as well as disgraceful, traffic, prompted by cupidity alone, sufficiently prove the desire of winning will induce them to make any sacrifice; and that such, who will submit to any meanness for sordid interest, think little of fame and emulation.

Well, let me counsel you, in my turn, Sinclair, not to be so very intolerant to Gamesters; it may breed you many enemies in the present age.

That

That fear shall never hinder me from speaking wholesome truths, said he; and so ended our dialogue.

Sinclair's reasoning made some impression on my mind, but, led away by fashion and example, I forgot his advice, and weakness and idleness continued me a Gamester. But, added M. de la Palinière, it is past ten o'clock, and therefore high time that, for the present, I break off this history of the follies of my youth. To-morrow you shall have the continuation. And accordingly, on the morrow, he began the eleventh evening, in the following manner.

My propensity to play soon brought on many new connexions; I visited all those which are called open houses, because at such I was sure to find a large assembly of Gamesters.

One night, after supper, at the * * * Ambassador's, I won three thousand guineas, of a young man called the Marquis de Clainville. I was not acquainted with him, but his person and manners interested me in his behalf; I saw his despair at the loss of so considerable a sum, and, as I was not yet Gamester enough to remain insensible to every thing but money, I had a great desire he should win his guineas again; he saw my design, and through delicacy, would play no more; but whispered me, with great emotion, I should be paid the next day. He quitted the company, and

left an impression of anxiety on my mind, which was increased by the ill fortune that attended my play the rest of the evening; during which I lost two thousand guineas, and went home, at six in the morning, fatigued, exhausted, and out of humour with myself, and the way in which I had spent my night.

I received the three thousand guineas I had won, on the morrow, and, four days after, my uncle entered my room, betimes in the morning, telling me he was coming to speak to me concerning a very important affair. We retired to an inner apartment, and I asked my uncle what were his commands.

You see me grieved to the soul, said he, and you are the cause.

I!—Which way? How?

You know d'Elbène has been my most intimate friend for these thirty years; he has an only daughter, whom he adores, who was on the point of marriage. Authorized by the consent of her father, she loved the Marquis de Clainville, her destined husband, and each party had given their promise——

Well!

The Marquis lost three thousand guineas at play, with you, and d'Elbène has withdrawn his consent: he will not give his daughter to a Gamester. But that is not all; the father of the unfortunate
young

young man, irritated at this adventure, has obtained a *lettre de cachet*, and poor Clainville is this day departed for Saumur, where, it is said, he is to be confined for two years.

Oh heavens! Unhappy youth! To lose at once his father's affection, his mistress, and his liberty! And am I the cause, the innocent cause, of all his misery! But how could I divine his situation? How might I prevent his folly!

When we have only a slight knowledge of who we play high with, and cannot tell whether they can pay their debts *of honour*, without their own destruction, such horrid consequences must often follow; and thus it is that Gamesters always unite inhumanity to extravagance. To play high against a person who cannot pay is madness, and it is savage barbarity when the payment must ruin the loser and his family. Seldom does a Gamester reflect, except in the moment of loss; he has then some glimmerings of reason; he reproaches himself, foresees his destruction, and the misery of those who depend on him, and the dreadful picture inspires a short remorse. But, did not avarice exclude all generous sentiments from his bosom, what a multitude of cutting reflections would rise to his imagination when he wins. He would then say——“What is the situation of the person
“who pays me this money? Perhaps he has sold
“his estates, reduced his children to beggary,

“ and sacrificed all the feelings of nature to honour! Perhaps this sum, which is destined by me to my pleasures, is his all! Perhaps, induced by despair, he is now meditating some terrible stroke against his own life! Perhaps”——

Hold! hold! my dear Uncle! you freeze my blood with horror! The three thousand guineas lie on that table: I cannot bear to look on them! And yet, am I to blame, for being the indirect means of this young man’s affliction? I did not press him to play, and how could I refuse to take his money?

But do you not know that, by becoming a Gamester, you must necessarily be the cause of a thousand similar events; and must not a thought like this render such a character detestable to all thinking people? Can we be said to be the *indirect means* of misery, when that misery is the inevitable consequence of our conduct. Saint-Albin, always idle, yet always busy, a useless citizen, an insignificant courtier, driving from place to place, to fly from his own thoughts, and breaking his horses wind to give them air; Saint-Albin, the other day, ran over a man, in his way to Versailles, who died on the morrow. You know the noise this affair made, you know the public outcry it excited. And wherefore? Because this tragic accident was occasioned by his want of care; because he drives
full

full speed, and because such carelessness implies as little prudence as humanity.

I am convinced, my dear uncle; you have opened my eyes; I have been a Gamester for a moment, because I had not made these reflections; should I continue one, I am now totally inexcusable.

In fact, the misfortune of Clainville, and the expostulations of my uncle, made an impression on my mind which was not to be effaced.

I instantly went to Clainville's father, and tendered the three thousand guineas I had had the unhappiness to win of his son; informing him he might take whatever method he pleased for the payment, and protesting I was in no immediate want of the money. But my proposition was refused with disdain; I was even given to understand he was well persuaded I affected a generosity I did not feel, and that I should never have made the offer, had I not been assured it would not be accepted.

Stung by an insinuation so unjust, I rose, with some warmth, and said, Well, Sir, since nothing can prevail with you to revoke the cruel order that deprives your son of liberty, do not suppose I will put the money I detest to my own private use. I will carry it to the Conciergerie, get a list of the debtors, and, since it has thrown one man in prison, it shall make many free.

So saying, I hastily left the room, went to the Conciergerie, did as I had said, and, with the thrée thousand guineas, gave liberty to forty prisoners.

When I renounced play, I necessarily renounced most of the new connexions I had formed within the last three months. I had neglected my wife ; I returned to her with transport, and she received me with tenderness, and an indulgence that made her a thousand times dearer to my heart than ever. During my first effusions of my reconciliation, I acknowledged all my wrongs, all my caprices, nor did I hide the injustice I had been guilty of in suspecting Sinclair.

Julia seemed both astonished and afflicted at this strange confession ; and, dreading lest I should again relapse into the same weakness, begged of me not to bring Sinclair so often to the house as formerly ; for, during the last three or four months, I had seldom seen him, and he had, of his own accord, been much less frequent in his visits.

This was very prudent advice, but I did not follow it ; I supposed myself cured, and would prove I was. I haunted Sinclair, and made him every kind of advance : he loved me, and was easily persuaded I had at length become reasonable ; and, though he had too much penetration not to have perceived my jealousy, yet, he had no certain proof of it, nor could suppose it more than a slight and momentary distemper.

In this renewal of our friendship, however, he thought it prudent to confide a secret to me which, unhappily, produced an effect entirely opposite to what he intended. He owned he had long been in love; the person I love, said he, made me promise not to trust the secret to any one; family reasons, of the utmost importance, occasion this mystery. It is only within these three days, though I have a thousand times, this year past, endeavoured the same thing, that I could obtain merely her permission to inform you of the situation of my heart, and she still obstinately insists that her name shall be concealed.

Had Sinclair told me this with a natural and open air, he, perhaps, would for ever have re-established tranquillity in my soul: but, besides his wish to give me a proof of his confidence, he likewise desired to inspire me with a perfect security respecting himself; and, as he was unwilling I should discover he had ever divined my jealousy, this dissimulation gave him an air of constraint and embarrassment which did not escape my observation; and which, by being attributed to a wrong motive, again produced all my former fears.

Had he openly told me the truth, had he acknowledged he had seen my injurious suspicions, and added that, to prevent their return, he had informed me of this his secret tie, he would have spoken without embarrassment, and I should have
thought

thought he spoke truth. But, from a friendly, though false, delicacy, he wished to spare my shame; he feigned ignorance of my ever being capable of suspecting him; his behaviour was constrained, and his words had neither the manner nor tone of truth; his eyes avoided mine; he seemed to fear I should read his thoughts in his looks; he appeared confused, and I supposed myself deceived. Thus, by an awkward and ill-timed precaution, did he rekindle the jealousy he wished for ever to extinguish.

Criminal or not criminal, artifice is always dangerous, and frequently fatal; dissimulation can hardly, in any case, be innocent, and plain sincerity ever was and ever will be the best policy. It is the natural system of capacious souls, and a certain indication of the superiority of mind and genius in those who adopt it.

I endeavoured, however, to hide what passed in my heart; but this heart was mortally wounded; and I determined strictly to observe in future the motions and conduct of Sinclair. Vexation, and the necessity of deploring my misfortunes made me guilty of a thousand follies; I discovered my jealousy to more than one person, and the world is apt enough to believe that a husband has always his reasons for his suspicions, and that he knows more than he reveals.

Thus did I injuriously wound my wife's reputation, and give scandal a plausible pretext to take away her character. Silly, unreasonable, and unjust, I heaped ridicule on my own head.

As I observed Sinclair with a jaundiced eye, I daily confirmed my own suspicion. Unable to overcome the chagrin that devoured me, and knowing Sinclair's affairs would detain him some time at Paaïs, I took Julia to a country-house I had near Marli. My uncle went with us, and her friend Belinda followed.

So entirely was my mind occupied by passion, and so much was I altered, that I was become almost insensible to things the most interesting. I had been ardently desirous of children, yet, though my wife was five months advanced in her pregnancy, I scarcely felt any joy at the event: though Julia dwelt on it with rapture, and was constantly forming projects for the happiness of her child, whom she intended to suckle, and bring up herself.

When we had been in the country a fortnight, I went, one morning, into Julia's apartment, intending to come to an explanation with her. Unfortunately, she was gone with her friend Belinda into the garden. Determined to wait for her, I went into her bed-chamber, sat down on a couch, and fell into a melancholy reverie. Tired of waiting, in about a quarter of an hour, I got
up

up, hastily, and, as I rose, overturned the pillow, under which lay a pocket-book. I had never seen this pocket book in Julia's possession, and yet it was not new. This was enough to incite my curiosity, and raise a thousand confused suspicions. I seized it, put it in my pocket, and instantly retired, or rather skulked, to my own room.

As soon as I was there, I locked and bolted myself in, and sunk down in an arm-chair to take breath; I was almost suffocated, a heavy oppression lay upon my breast, and the power of respiration was nearly lost. My hands trembled, and, unable to hold the pocket-book, I laid it upon the table, looked earnestly at it, and the tears started in my eyes.

What am I doing! cried I—An act I could not excuse in another!——Is not wafer upon a piece of paper an impenetrable wall to a man of honour or honesty; and shall I break a lock?—Oh heavens! Fraud and violence are not more horrible! What have my passions brought me to!——

The reflection made me shudder: I considered, a moment, whether I should not carry it back to where I found it; but passion was too powerful, I gave way to despair, took up the pocket-book with a kind of frenzy, gave the lock a wrench, and it flew open.

Heavens!

Heavens ! said I, what is this ? A picture ! A portrait !

My blood ran cold, my heart sunk within me, my head became giddy, and a universal trembling came over me. My eyes were fixed on the fatal picture ! It was Sinclair himself !——Wretch ! Woman ! Perfidious woman ! I cried, thou diest !

I am sure she was innocent, interrupted Pulcheria, sobbing with great emotion——I am sure she was——And so, Sir,——if you were——were so wicked as to kill her, I beg you——you——won't tell us any more of your story——

M. de la Palinière wiped a tear from his cheek, and replied——Do not be alarmed, my dear girl ! Heaven protected the innocent, and punished me, for I was guilty.

In the first transport of rage, I quite lost all reason and recollection ; I thought Julia a monster that scarcely belonged to the same species. I burnt with a desire to dishonour, to defame her, and publish to the world her shame and my misfortunes. I began by writing a note to Sinclair : it contained the following words !

“ At length I am convinced you are the falsest
“ and vilest of men, neither suppose you ever
“ deceived me ; 'tis above a year since I learnt
“ your perfidy. Meet me, this evening, behind
“ the Chartreux : charge your pistols. I claim
“ the

“ the choice of weapons, you have that of seconds.”

I signed it and flew from my chamber, at the door of which I met a servant ; astonished at my wild and distracted air, he stopped, I gave him the note I had just written, and ordered him to send a man and horse away with it instantly to Paris ; after which, added I, with the voice of fury, “ Go to your mistress, tell her I am about to depart, that I will never see her more, and that a convent henceforth shall be her eternal residence.”

I then ordered my horses, and ran to my uncle's apartment ; he was alone, and drew back with terror when he saw me. I related my story in few words ; and added that, before this discovery, I had long been well assured of Julia's falsehood.

My uncle was willing still to doubt, begged of me to say nothing of the matter, nor take any step till after mature reflection : he added, all resolutions made in the moment of anger are imprudent, and ever incur repentance and regret ; that, besides, the strongest appearances are often false ; and that the longer we live, and the more experience we have, the less do we take things upon trust. But my uncle talked to the deaf : possessed by despair, and solely occupied by projects of dreadful vengeance, I heard him not.

I was

I was lost in a profound and dreadful reverie, when, all at once, the door opened, and Julia entered!—Audacious woman! cried I, be gone! or dread my fury!—My uncle, terrified, threw himself before me, seized me in his arms, and held me, with little trouble, for passion had deprived me of strength.

Julia advanced, and addressing herself to my uncle—Let him go, said she—I have nothing to fear.

It is impossible to describe the impression these few words made on my heart; the sound of her heavenly voice pierced my very soul, and filled me with doubt and remorse; my fury was gone; I looked at her and trembled; there was a majestic confidence, an undescribable dignity in her form and behaviour that gave additional power to her beauty, while the tranquillity of her countenance enforced the timidity I began to feel. Fixed in astonishment, and distrust, I looked at her, but the power of speech was fled.

This was a moment of fearful silence.—At last, Julia looked round and saw the pocket-book open, and the lock forced, which I had thrown upon the floor. She stooped, and taking it deliberately up, said—I now see the cause of your present situation, and the outrage you have committed.

Ah!

Ah! Julia! cried I——Is it possible you may be innocent! Yet, why do I doubt it, your very looks have justified you!

Why, then, cruel man, have you condemned me unheard?

And yet is not that the portrait of Sinclair?

Yes! But it is not mine.

May I believe it!

Sinclair has been married these six months; the pocket-book is his wife's, and that wife is Belinda.

• * * * * *

A justification so short, so clear, so precise, left me without a doubt; it took from jealousy all possibility of remaining or returning, but it covered me with confusion so durable, and guilt so palpable, I was no longer capable of happiness; I could not taste the joy of finding a wife so lovely, and so virtuous, while I felt myself so very unworthy of her.

While my uncle wept over Julia, and clasped her in his arms, humbled and confounded, I remained immovable. My repentance was without tenderness, for it was without hope of pardon. Julia returned the tenderness of my uncle, wiped the tears from her eyes, and coming to me,
with

with a cold and furious aspect, began to relate Belinda's story.

She informed me that Belinda had loved Sinclair above two years; but having little fortune, and great expectations from her uncle, who had conceived a project of marrying her to a man of his own name, she had determined to keep her inclinations for Sinclair secret; but, being her own mistress, and strongly importuned by Sinclair, she had at last consented to marry him, on condition the marriage should remain private, till such time as she could bring her uncle to her opinion, which, with little patience, she was certain of effecting.

In fact, continued Julia, still addressing herself to me, her uncle has within these two months insensibly been inclining towards the wishes of Belinda; and she was determined in about six weeks to inform him of every thing; that is, as soon as the man who governs her uncle, and who wishes to have Belinda himself, should be gone out of town; but the public breach of to day has entirely broken her measures. She had left her pocket-book in my chamber, not finding it on her return, and hearing the message you sent by the servant, easily guessed the truth. I know my uncle, said she, and am certain that the discovery, just at this moment, will be fatal; but I will not hesitate an instant to sacrifice fortune to the honour and
ease

ease of my friend. Go, justify yourself to your husband; I will seek mine, and inform him of this event.

Julia's last sentence instantly recalled to my mind the note I had written to Sinclair. It was above an hour since I had been so occupied by my passions, and Julia, that I had forgotten the whole universe; at length, recollecting the mortal offence I had given Sinclair, I cried out, in a sudden burst of exclamation, oh heaven, Sinclair has, by this time, received my note!

The thought drove me half distracted; all the injurious expressions of this note came to my mind, and the remembrance heightened my confusion and remorse. I wrote to him, however, instantly; implored his indulgence, his pity, and conjured him to forget the sins which repentance and despair in vain endeavoured to expiate.

I received no answer that night, but the next morning a letter from Sinclair was brought to my bed; I trembled while I opened it, and read as follows:

“ It is true I was your friend, but you never
“ were mine: you! who openly avow you have
“ long suspected me of the basest of all perfidy,
“ you! who have believed me *the vilest of men*,
“ were you ever my friend! O no!—I own
“ I saw your jealousy, but imagined your heart
“ disavowed the mean suspicion, and ultimately
“ trusted

“ trusted me : I thought you supposed it an involuntary passion, and believed I deceived myself
“ in my own feelings ; therefore I concluded your jealousy extravagant, only, and capricious, but
“ that you could not, for a moment, doubt the probity of your friend. Such was the opinion
“ I had of you ; in destroying this belief, you have
“ for ever destroyed the friendship of which it was the basis. Appearances, you alledge, were
“ so strong in this last instance. But have not
“ you accused me in your heart a thousand times
“ previous to this event ? Besides, when the honour of a wife, and a friend, is in question,
“ ought we to judge from appearances ?

“ Being determined never to see you again, it
“ is my duty here to clear up whatever may appear mysterious in the conduct of your wife.
“ Her prudence would never suffer her to hear a secret from a person of my age ; her friend Belinda was sufficiently acquainted with her to be
“ certain of this ; therefore, in confiding her own
“ to Julia, she was assured I should remain a stranger to that confidence, so long as it was necessary you should be so too. On the other hand,
“ Belinda, doubtful of your discretion, and mortally fearing I should open my heart to you,
“ exacted a promise that I absolutely would not ;
“ and, to engage me more readily and firmly,
“ protested she was irrevocably resolved not to
“ confide

“ confide the secret to any one person, no, not
“ even to Julia; neither was it till yesterday that
“ I discovered this artifice.

“ After this explanation, when you shall under-
“ stand the excess of your injustice, it is to be
“ hoped you will feel, at the same time, how ter-
“ rible it is never to see our mistakes till they are
“ past reparation. The reasonings and counsels
“ of friendship have been all ineffectual; experi-
“ ence I hope will bring conviction. Remember,
“ that to distrust, without ceasing, those that are
“ dearest to you, to cherish improbable and dread-
“ ful suspicions against them, is an insupportable
“ self-punishment, and the torment of the wicked
“ and the weak.

“ Farewel! You have lost a faithful friend! I
“ an illusion! But that illusion was too dear to
“ me not to be for ever regretted! What social
“ moments have you forgone; what ties have
“ you dissolved! Unhappy man! I bewail your
“ fate. However, a new source of felicity pre-
“ sents itself, you will soon be a father, may you
“ be a happy one!”

As I ended the letter, my uncle entered hastily
into my chamber—Rise, instantly, said he, Julia
asks for you; she has passed a shocking night;
yesterday’s dreadful business has had an effect
which, in her situation, may be fatal.

An

An effect ! What effect ? Good God ! cried I, send to Paris for help instantly.

I have done that already, said my uncle ; but, in addition to her trouble, she has received news from Paris, which she has scarcely strength to support. Belinda has written her a note, which contains nothing very interesting ; but Julia, hearing this note was brought by the Valet de chambre, insisted on speaking to him, and learnt that Belinda has seen her uncle, declared her marriage, and he has determined never to pardon her. The relation has mortally afflicted Julia, and the more so for that you alone have been the cause.

During this explanation, I dressed myself with a bleeding heart, and flew to my wife. I found her in a fever, and suffering the pangs of labour. The Physician arrived, and foretold the consequences, for the same evening she miscarried. Inconsolable for the loss of her child, she could not dissemble her grief ; see, said she, bitterly weeping, behold what I suffer for you.

This cutting reproach, the first she every made me, completed my distress. I held myself in horror ! supposed myself detested ! and, far from endeavouring to redress the wrongs I had done, aggravated them by a gloomy despair.

As soon as my wife was able, we returned to Paris. In vain did she endeavour to conceal her grief ; she moaned over her late loss, and wept

for her friend ; for Sinclair, inflexible and determined to see me no more, had taken his wife into the farthest part of Poitou ; add to which, Julia had still another subject of affliction, not less severe than the former.

All Paris was acquainted with my jealousy ; and the history of the pocket-book, and my behaviour had been told a thousand different ways. The avowal of Sinclair's marriage had not justified Julia in the eyes of the multitude, who had been deceived too by false recitals ; they concluded, from my fury, and my rupture with Sinclair, it was impossible she should be innocent. Julia immediately saw, by the manner in which she was received in the world, she had lost that consideration and respect which, till then, had ever been paid to her virtues.

With feelings too acute for consolation, and too proud to complain, she cherished in her heart a secret and cruel chagrin. I saw the injustice she suffered, imagined her grief, and felt stronger than ever how much reason she had to hate me, for being the sole author of all her troubles ; concluding myself, therefore, the object of her resentment and aversion, I endeavoured not to console her, and attributed the gentleness with which she treated me to principle only, not love. Such reiterated fancies, by increasing my despondency, soured my impetuous temper to that degree that I be-

came each day more and more fullen, savage, and insupportable.

Several months passed thus; till, at last, perceiving Julia's health daily decline, and that she was ready to sink under her woes, I suddenly took a resolution to part from her, and give her back her liberty. I informed her of my determination, assuring her, at the same time, it was irrevocable. I confess, however, notwithstanding my certitude, at moments, of her hatred, I secretly flattered myself that this declaration would astonish and produce a most lively emotion in Julia; and it is certain, had I discovered the least signs of regret, on her part, I should have cast myself at her feet, and abjured a resolution which pierced my very soul.

I was deceived in supposing myself hated; I was equally wrong in imagining my conduct could inspire even momentary love. Great minds are incapable of hatred; but a continued improper and bad conduct will produce indifference, as it did with Julia. I had lost her heart past recall. She heard me with tranquillity, without surprize, and without emotion. My reputation, said she, is already injured, and this will confirm the unjust suspicions of the public; but, if my presence is an obstacle to your happiness, I am ready to depart; my innocence is still my own, and I shall have sufficient strength to submit to my fate.

Cruel woman, cried I, shedding a torrent of tears, with what ease do you speak of parting.

Is it not your own proposal?

And is it not I who adore you, and you who hate me?

Of what benefit is your love to me; or what injury is what you call my hatred to you?

I have made you unhappy; I am unjust, capricious, mad: and yet, if you *do* hate me, Julia, your revenge is too severe; there is no misery can equal your hatred.

I do not hate you.

The manner in which she pronounced this said so positively *I do not love you*, that I was transported beyond all bounds of patience; I became furious, yet, the next instant, imagining I saw terror in the eyes of Julia, I fell at her feet. A tear, a sigh, at that moment, had changed my future fate, but she still preserved her cold tranquillity. I got hastily up, went to the door, and stopped. *Farewel for ever!* said I, half suffocated with passion. Julia turned pale, and rose as if to come to me; I advanced towards her, and she fell back in her chair, ready almost to faint. I interpreted this violent agitation into terror. What am I become a subject of horror! cried I; well, I will deliver you from this odious object. So saying, I darted from the chamber in an agony of despair.

My

My uncle was absent, I no longer had a friend, no one to advise or counteract the rashness of the moment. Distracted, totally beside myself, I ran to the parents of Julia, declared my intention, and added, Julia herself was desirous of a separation, and that I would give back all her fortune.

They endeavoured to reason with me, but in vain; I informed them I should go directly into the country, where I should stay two days, and when I came back expected to find myself alone in my own house. I next wrote to Julia to inform her of my proceedings, and departed, as I had said I would, the same evening for the country.

My passions were too much agitated to let me perceive the extent of misery to which I condemned myself; and, what seems now inconceivable was that, though I loved my wife dearer than ever, and was inwardly persuaded I yet might regain her affections, I found a kind of satisfaction in making our rupture thus ridiculously public. I never could have determined on a separation from Julia with that coolness and propriety which such things, when absolutely necessary, demand. I wanted to astonish, to agitate, to rouse her from a state of indifference, which, to me, was more dreadful even than her hatred. I flattered myself that, hearing me, she had doubted my sincerity, and supposed me incapable of finally parting from her.

I likewise imagined that event would rekindle in her heart all her former affection, and this hope alone was enough to confirm me in the execution of my project. I took pleasure in supposing her incertitude, astonishment, and distress: my fancy represented her when reading my letter; beheld her, conducted by her relations, pale and trembling, descend the stairs; saw her stop, and sigh as she passed the door of my apartment, and weep as she stepped into the carriage.

I had left a trusty person, at Paris, with orders to observe her as carefully as possible; to watch her, follow her, question her woman, and inform me of all she said or did at this critical moment; but the relation was not long. Julia continued secluded in her chamber, received her friends without a witness, and departed by a private stair-case unseen by any one.

M. de la Palenière had proceeded thus far in his recital when the clock struck ten, and the young auditors retired to rest: the day following he thus continued his tale.

I left off at the dreadful period of my parting with Julia. The same afternoon that she left my house she wrote me a note, which contained nearly these words:

“ I have followed your orders, and departed
“ from a place whither I shall always be ready to
“ return, whenever your heart shall recall me.

“ As

“ As to your proposal of giving back a fortune
“ too considerable for my present situation, I dare
“ expect, as a proof of your esteem, it will not be
“ insisted upon : so to insist would be now the
“ only remaining thing that could add to my un-
“ easiness. Condescend, therefore, to accept the
“ half of an income which can give me no plea-
“ sure, if you do not partake it with me.”

This billet, which I washed with my tears, gave birth to a croud of reflections. The contrast of behaviour between me and Julia forcibly struck me, and consequences taught me how much affection, founded upon duty, is preferable to passion. I adore Julia, said I, and yet am become her tormentor, have determined to proceed even to a separation ; she loved me without passion, and was constantly endeavouring to make me happy ; was ever ready to sacrifice her opinions, wishes, and will, and continually pardoning real offences, while I have been imputing to her imaginary ones : and at last, when my excessive folly and injustice have lost her heart, her forgiveness and generosity have yet survived her tenderness, and she thinks and acts the most noble and affecting duties towards an object she once loved. Oh yes ! I now perceive true affection to be that which reason approves, and virtue strengthens.

Overwhelmed by such like reflections, the most bitter repentance widened every wound of my

bleeding heart. I shuddered, when I remembered the public manner in which I had put away my wife ; and, in this fearful state of mind, I had doubtless gone and cast myself at Julia's feet, acknowledged all my wrongs, and declared I could not live without her, had I not been prevented by scruples, which, for once, were but too well founded.

I had been a Prodigal and a Gamester, and, what was still worse, had a steward, who possessed in a superior degree the art of confusing his accounts, which indubitably proves such a person to want either honesty or capacity. Instead of at first discharging him, I only begged he would not trouble me with his bills and papers ; which order, with him, needed no repetition, for it was not unintentionally that he had been so obscure and diffuse.

About six months, however, before the period I at present speak of, he had several times demanded an audience, to shew me the declining state of my affairs. At the moment, this made little impression upon me ; but, after reading Julia's note, it came into my mind, and, before I would think of obtaining my pardon, I resolved to learn my real situation.

Unhappily for me, my conduct had been such I had no right to depend on my wife's esteem ; and, if ruined, how could I ask her to return and for-

get

get what was passed? Would not she ascribe that to interest which love alone had inspired? The idea was insupportable, and I would rather even never behold Julia more than be liable to be so suspected.

With such fears I returned hastily to Paris. But what were my sensations at entering a house which Julia no longer inhabited, and whence I myself had had the madness and folly to banish her! Attacked by a thousand afflicting thoughts, overwhelmed with grief and regret, I had one only hope, which was that, by œconomy and care, I might again re-establish my affairs, and afterwards obtain forgiveness, and be reconciled to Julia.

I sent for my steward, and began by declaring the first step I should take would be to return my wife's fortune. He seemed astonished at this, and wanted to dissuade me, by saying he did not think it possible I could make this restitution, without absolute ruin being the consequence. I saw, by this, my affairs were even much worse than I had imagined.

This discovery threw me into the most dreadful despair; for to lose my fortune was, according to my principles, to lose Julia eternally!

Before I searched minutely into my affairs, I restored Julia's whole portion. I then paid my debts; and, this business finished, I found myself so

completely ruined that I was obliged to purchase a trifling life-annuity, with what remained of a large fortune. My estates, horses, houses, all were sold, and I hired a small apartment near the Luxembourg, about three months after my separation from my wife. My uncle was not rich, he had little to live on except a pension from government, though he offered me assistance, which I refused.

Julia, in the mean time, had retired to a convent. On the very day I had quitted my house, I received a letter from her in the following terms:

“ Since you have forced me to receive what you
“ call mine, since you treat me like a stranger, I
“ think myself justified in doing the same. When
“ I left your house, the fear of offending you, in
“ appearing to despise your gifts, occasioned me
“ to take with me the diamonds and jewels which
“ you have presented to me: it was your request,
“ your command, that I should do so, and
“ I held obedience my duty. But, since you
“ shew me you will not act with the same delicacy,
“ I have determined to part with these useless
“ ornaments, which never were valuable
“ but as coming from you. I have found a
“ favourable opportunity of selling them advantageously
“ for eighty thousand livres (3334l.)
“ which I have sent to your Attorney, as a sum
“ I was

“ I was indebted to you, and which you cannot oblige me to take back, since it is not mine.

“ I have been in the convent of *** for these two months past, where I intend to remain for some weeks, at least, unless you take me hence. “ *We* have a fine estate in Flanders, they say it is a charming country. Speak but a word, and “ I am ready to go with you, to live with you, to “ die with you.”

How shall I describe my feelings at reading this letter ! Oh Julia ! cried I, lovely, adorable woman ! Is it possible ! Oh God ! Can it be that I have accused you of perfidy ! have done every thing in my power to dishonour you ! have abandoned you ! What ! a heart so delicate, so noble, did I once possess, and have I lost it ! Oh misery ! I might have been the happiest of men, I am the most wretched. And can I, in my present circumstances, accept the generous pardon thou offerest ! Oh no ! Better die than so debase myself ! No, Julia, though thou mayest truly accuse me of extravagance and injustice, thou never shalt have reason to suspect of meanness.

Streams of tears ran down my cheeks, while I reasoned thus. I wrote twenty answers, and tore them all ; at last, I sent the following :

“ I admire the noble manner of your proceeding, the sublimity of your mind ; and yet this

“ excess of generosity is not incomprehensible
“ to me. Yes, I conceive the heart-felt satisfac-
“ tion of saying, *All which the most tender love can*
“ *inspire, virtue alone shall make me perform.*—
“ But I will not take advantage of its empire over
“ you—Live free, be happy, forget me—
“ Adieu, Julia—You have indisputably all the
“ superiority of reason over passion.—And yet I
“ have a heart, perhaps, not unworthy of your’s.”

With this letter I returned the eighty thousand livres, ordering it to be told her that the diamonds, having been given at her marriage, were undoubtedly her’s; and having once received, she had no right to force them back upon me.

I had now made a sacrifice the most painful; Julia had offered to consecrate her life to me, and I had renounced a happiness without which there was neither peace nor pleasure on earth for me. My grief, however, was rather profound than violent; I had offered up felicity at the altar of honour, and that idea, in some measure, supported me. Besides, I did not doubt but my letter would prove to Julia that, notwithstanding all my errors, I yet was worthy her esteem. The hope of exciting her pity, and, especially, regret, at parting from me, again animated my heart: I supposed her relenting, and grieved, and the supposition gave me a little ease.

I had

I had lived about a fortnight retired in my lodging near the Luxembourg, when I received an order to depart immediately, and join my regiment. Peace had been declared near a year, and my regiment was in garrison two hundred leagues from Paris. I was one of the most ignorant colonels in Europe; besides that I still secretly cherished the fond hope Julia was not lost to me for ever; though I perfectly felt I could not recede, nor could she make any further advances; yet still I flattered myself some unforeseen event would again confer a blessing on me which I had never sincerely renounced.

In fact, I could not resolve to quit Paris, and put the intolerable space of two hundred leagues between me and Julia; I wrote therefore to the minister, to obtain leave of absence, which was refused me, and I instantly threw up my commission.

Thus did I quit the service at five-and-twenty, and thus did passion and folly direct my conduct in all the most important events of life.

This last act of extravagance was the cause of great vexation to me; it increased and completed the difference between my uncle and me, who was previously very angry with me for rashly separating from my wife: so that I now found myself absolutely forsaken by every person in the world whom most I loved.

At

At first, indeed, I did not feel all the horror of my situation, being solely occupied by one idea which swallowed up all the rest. I wished to see Julia once more. I imagined, if I could but find any means of appearing suddenly and unexpectedly before her, I should revive some part of the affection she formerly had for me. But I could not ask for her at the convent; for what had I to say? She never went out, and her apartment was in the interior part of the house, how then could I come to the sight of her?

I had a valet who happened to be acquainted with a cousin of one of the Touriere's (*a*), I spoke to this man, and got him to give me a letter for his cousin the Touriere, in which I was announced as one of his friends, and steward to a country lady, who wanted to send her daughter to a convent.

Accordingly, at twilight, I wrapt myself up in a great coat, put on an old slouched hat, and went to the convent. The Touriere was exactly such a person as I wished; that is, she was exceedingly talkative and communicative. At first I put some vague questions to her, and afterwards said, my mistress was not absolutely determined to send her daughter to a convent, whence I took occasion to ask if they had many boarders.

(*a*) A kind of Female Runner, or Turnkey to a convent. T.

Oh yes, replied she, and married women too, I assure you. Here my heart beat violently, and she, with a whisper, a smile, and an air of secrecy, added——You must know, Sir, it is this very convent, that incloses the beautiful Madame de la Palinière of whom you have certainly heard so much.

Yes——Yes——I have——She is a charming woman.

Charming ! Oh beautiful to a degree ! It is a great pity !——But it is to be hoped God will grant her the gift of repentance.

Repent ! of what ?

Sir !——Yes, yes, Sir, it is plain enough you are just come from the country, or you could not ask such a question. So you don't know !

I have heard she had a capricious unjust husband, but——

Oh yes ! That to be sure she had : every body talks of his folly and brutality, but that will not excuse her conduct. I hear every thing, and can assure you she is here much against her inclination ; nay, she would not have come, had she not dreaded an order for imprisonment.

Imprisonment ! Oh heaven !

Not for her good behaviour, as you may suppose. Why she is neither suffered to go out nor see any person whatever, except her nearest relations. Oh ! she leads a very melancholy life !

You

You may well think our Nuns won't have any communication with a wife false to her husband's bed. The very boarders will not look at her: every body avoids her as they would infection. God forgive her! she must do penance yet; but instead of that, she is playing upon the harpsichord all day long; is as fresh as a rose, and looks better every day; she must be stubborn in sin.

And does not she seem sorrowful?

Not at all; her woman says, she never saw her so contented; for my own part, I am charitable; and hope she may yet be reclaimed, for she has not a bad heart; she is generous and benevolent, and yet she has insisted upon having all her fortune restored, and has left her husband in absolute want. You will tell me he is mad and foolish, has ruined himself nobody knows how, and has just suffered the disgrace of being degraded in the army. I own they have taken away his commission; yes, he has lost his regiment; but yet, I say, a husband is a husband. The poor man wrote to her, about a month since, to beg her assistance, but no! she told him plainly no! Its very hard though!—I have all these things from the best authority, I don't talk by hearsay; I have been fifteen years in this house, and, I thank my God, nobody could ever say I was a tattler, or a vender of scandal.

The Touriere continued at her own ease praising herself; I had not the power of interruption left. She was loudly called for, kept talking all the way she went, and, in a few minutes, returned.

It was the relation of a young novice, who takes the veil to-morrow, that wanted me, said she. Ah! now: there! there is a true convert! A call of grace! Gives fifty thousand francs (2083l.) to the convent? You ought to see the ceremony: our boarders will all be there, and you can take a peep through the church window.

At what o'clock will it begin?

Three in the afternoon. The novice is as beautiful as an angel, and is only twenty. Had she not lost her lover and her father in the same year, she would never have attended to the blessed inspirations of the Spirit. How good Providence is to us! Her father died first, and her lover, who was imprisoned at Saumur, about five months after, of a broken heart, as it is thought.

What was his name? cried I, in an agony not to be described!

The Marquis of Clainville, replied the Touriere, and our novice is called Mademoiselle d'Elbéne.

This last sentence went with inexpressible torture to my heart. I rose suddenly, and ran out,
with

with an exclamation that threw the Touriere into astonishment and terror.

Arrived at my lodgings, I threw myself upon the sofa, penetrated, torn, and confounded at all I had heard. The veil was rent away, the illusion past, I knew at length the extent of my misery ; saw to what a point my extravagant conduct had stained my wife's reputation ; felt how impossible it was for this innocent victim of my distraction truly to pardon the injury I had done her, by destroying the most precious thing a woman possesses ; and owned the unjust contempt with which the world treated her ought incessantly to re-animate her resentment against me its author. To her virtue alone could I now attribute her generous manner of acting.

In fact, from the account given by the Touriere, it was evident that Julia, consoled by the testimony of a good conscience, was resigned to her fate, and lived at peace ; which she could not continue to do, but by burying my memory in eternal oblivion.

God of mercies ! cried I, into what frightful abyss have my passions plunged me ! Had I subdued jealousy, had I overcome my natural impetuosity, my idleness, and inclination for play, I should have enjoyed a considerable fortune ; should not have borne the inward and dreadful reproach of effecting the death of a worthy young man.

nor of being the primary cause of the sacrifice which his unhappy mistress will make to-morrow : I should have been the delight of a benefactor, an uncle, who at present justly thinks me ungrateful and incorrigible ; and should not, cowardly, at five-and-twenty, have renounced the duty of serving my king and country. Far from being an object of contempt, and public censure, I should have been universally beloved, and in possession of the gentlest, most charming, and most virtuous of women ; should have had the most faithful and amiable of friends, and, moreover, should have been a father ! Wretch, of what inestimable treasures hast thou deprived thyself ! Now thou mayest wander, for ever lonely and desolate, over the peopled earth ! So saying, I cast my despairing eyes around, terrified as it were at my own comfortless and solitary situation.

Buried in these reflections, my attention was roused by the sound of hasty footsteps upon the stairs. My door suddenly opened, a man appeared, and ran towards me ; I rose instinctively, advanced, and, in an instant, found myself in the arms of Sinclair !

While he pressed me to his bosom, I could not restrain my tears ; his flowed plentifully. A thousand contending emotions were struggling in my heart ; but excessive confusion and shame were most prevalent, and kept me silent.

I was

I was at the farther part of Poitou, my friend, said Sinclair, and knew not till lately how necessary the consolations of friendship were become; besides, I wanted to assure myself of six months liberty, that I might afterwards devote myself to you. I am just come from Fontainebleau, have obtained leave of absence, and you may now dispose of me as you please.

Oh Sinclair! cried I, unworthy of the title of your friend, I no longer deserve, no more can enjoy, the precious consolations which friendship, so pure, thus generously offers; I am past help, past hope.

Not so, said he, again embracing me; I know thy heart, thy native sensibility, and noble mind; had I nothing but compassion to offer, certain I could not comfort, I should have wept for, and assisted thee, in secret: but thou wouldst not have seen me here. No; friendship inspires and brings me hither, with a happy assurance I shall soften thy anguish.

Sinclair's discourse not only awakened the most lively gratitude, but raised me in my own esteem. In giving me back his friendship, he gave me hopes for myself. I immediately opened my whole heart to him, and found a satisfaction of which I had long been deprived, that of speaking without disguise of all my faults, and all my sorrows. The

melancholy

melancholy tale was often interrupted by my tears, and Sinclair, after hearing me with as much attention as tenderness, raised his eyes to heaven, and gave a deep sigh.

Of what use, said he, are wit, sensibility of soul, or virtuous dispositions, without those solid, those invariable principles which education or experience alone can give. He, who has never profited by the lessons of others, can never grow wise but at his own expence, and is only to be taught by his errors and misfortunes.

Sinclair then conjured me to leave Paris, for a time, and travel; adding that he would go with me, and pressed me to depart, without delay, for Italy. I give myself up entirely to your guidance, said I; dispose of a wretch, who, without your aid, must sink beneath his load of misery. Profiting accordingly by the temper in which he found me, he made me give my word to set off in two days.

The evening before my departure, I wished once more to revisit the place where I had first beheld my Julia. It was in the gardens of the Palais-Royal; but, ashamed of appearing in public, I waited till it was dark. There was music there that evening, and a great concourse of people; so, hiding myself in the most obscure part of the great alley, I sat down behind a large tree.

I had

I had not fat long before two men came and placed themselves on the other side of the tree; I instantly knew one of them, by the sound of his voice, to be Dainval, a young coxcomb, without wit, breeding, or principles, joining to a ridiculous affectation of perpetual irony a pretension to think philosophically; laughing at every thing; deciding with self-sufficiency; at once pedantic and superficial; speaking with contempt of the best men, and the most virtuous actions, and believing himself profound by calumniating goodness.

Such was Dainval, a man whom I had believed my friend, till the moment of my ruin, and whose pernicious example and advice I had too often followed. I was going to rise, and remove, when the sound of my own name awakened my curiosity, and I heard the following dialogue begun by Dainval:

“ O yes, it is very certain, he sets off to-morrow morning with Sinclair for Italy.

“ How! Is he reconciled to Sinclair?

“ The best friends on earth! Generosity on one side, repentance on the other! Mutual tendernefs, tears, and tortures; prayers, pardons, and pacifications. The scene was truly pathetic.

“ So there is not a word of truth in all the late town talk!

“ What

“ What their being rivals ! Why should you think so ?

“ Why how is it possible that Sinclair should be so interested about a man he had betrayed ?

“ Ha ! ha !——I do not pique myself much on finding reasons for other men’s actions, tho’ I do a little for the faculty of seeing things as they are. Sinclair, still fond of Julia, would reconcile her to her husband, in order to get her out of a convent again. The thing is evident enough.

“ But wherefore then go to Italy ?

“ To give the town time to forget the history of the picture and the pocket-book.

“ And yet there are many people who pretend the pocket-book was Belinda’s ?

“ A fable invented at leisure ! The fact is, poor La Palinière knew well enough, previous to that discovery, how matters went, and had told what he knew, above a year before, to whomsoever would listen.

“ Is he amiable pray ? What sort of a man is he ?

“ Who ! La Palinière !——A poor creature ! Talents excessively confined ; half stupid ; no imagination ; no resource ; no character. At his first coming into life he threw himself in my way, and I took him under my tuition ; but I soon saw it was labour in vain : could
“ never

“ never make any figure ; a head ill turned ;
“ gothic notions ; trifling views ; scarce com-
“ mon sense ; a prodigal, that gaped with con-
“ fusion at the sight of a creditor ; a gamester,
“ that prided himself on generosity, and greatness
“ of soul, with a dice-box in his hand ; any
“ man’s dupe ; ruining himself without enjoy-
“ ment, and without eclat.

“ Have you seen him since his crash ?

“ No ; but I have burnt all our accounts, he’ll
“ never hear of them more.

“ Did he owe you many play-debts ?

“ Numberless. I have destroyed his notes :
“ not that I brag of such things, nor should I
“ mention this to any body else. ’Tis a thing of
“ course you know with a man of spirit ; though
“ I would not have you speak of it.”

I could contain myself no longer, at this last falsehood. Liar, cried I, behold me ready to pay all I owe you ; retire from this place, and I hope to acquit myself.

Faith, said Dainval, with a forced smile, I did not expect you, just now, I must confess. As to your cut-throat proposal, it is natural enough from you ; you have nothing to lose, but I must take another year to compleat my ruin : therefore, when you return from Italy, or thereabouts, we shall fight on equal terms.

So saying, he ran off, without waiting for a reply, and left me with too much contempt for his cowardice to think of pursuit.

This then is the man, said I to myself, whom I once thought amiable, by whose councils I have been often guided ! What a depth of depravity ! What a vile and corrupted heart ! Oh how hideous is vice when seen without a veil ! It never seduces but when concealed, and, having ever a greater proportion of imprudence than of artifice, it soon or late will break the brittle mask with which its true face is covered.

This last adventure furnished me with more than one subject for reflection ; it taught me how carefully those who prize their reputation ought to avoid making themselves the topic of public conversation, in which the sarcasms of scandal are always most prevalent. The malicious add and invent, and the foolish and the idle hear and repeat ; truth is obscured, and the deceived public condemn without appeal.

In the midst of these thoughts there was one more afflicting than all the rest ; I was arrived at that height of misery, that my greatest misfortune was not that of being for ever separated from Julia ; no, I had another still more insupportable. The most virtuous and innocent of women, the ornament and glory of her sex, groaned beneath the opprobrious burthen of the world's contempt,

and I alone was the cause of this cruel injustice. The remembrance of this distracted me, and made me almost insensible to the consolations of friendship. Yes, said I, to Sinclair, I could suffer singly for my errors, and support my punishment perhaps with fortitude. Time, I know, destroys passion and regret, but it never can enfeeble the remorse of a feeling heart born to the practice of virtue. The day may come when Julia will no longer live in my imagination with all those seductive charms I now continually behold ; but she will ever remain there the innocent sacrifice of folly and distraction, and the remembrance of that will be the torment of my life.

In effect, neither the tender cares of Sinclair, nor the dissipation of a long voyage, could weaken my chagrin. When we returned to Paris, Sinclair was obliged to leave me and rejoin his regiment, and I departed, almost immediately, for Holland ; where, six months after, Sinclair came to me. He suggested an idea of my undertaking some kind of commerce, and lent me money necessary to make a beginning.

Fortune seconded this new project, and I foresaw the possibility of regaining the happiness I had lost : the desire of laying the fruits of my labours at the feet of my Julia gave me as much industry as perseverance ; I vanquished my natural indolence, and the tiresome disgust with which this

new species of employment at first inspired me, and read and reflected, during the time that business did not call my attention.

Study soon ceased to appear painful ; I acquired a passionate love for reading ; my mind was insensibly enlightened, my ideas enlarged, and my heart became calm. Industry, reading, and thinking, recovered me, by degrees, from the soporiferous draught of indolence ; religion likewise gave fortitude to reason, elevated my soul, and released me from the tyrannical empire of passion.

This revolution in my temper and sentiments did not at all change in my projects. 'Tis true, I had no longer that excessive and silly passion for Julia which had made us both so unhappy. I loved with less violence, with less self-interest, but with more certainty. Passion is always blind, selfish, and seeking its own satisfaction : friendship is founded upon esteem, owes all its power to virtue, is more affectionate, and the more affectionate it is, the more it is equitable and generous.

I passed five years in Holland, during which time I was constantly fortunate in the business in which I was engaged ; and, at length, by extreme economy and unwearied assiduity entirely re-established my fortune. I then thought of nothing but of once more visiting my own country. I imagined, with the most tender delight, the

happiness I was going to regain, when falling at the feet of Julia, I might say to her, "I return
"worthy of you, I return to consecrate my life
"to your happiness."

Thus occupied by the most delightful of ideas, I departed from Holland, far, alas! from suspecting the blow I was about to receive.

I had written to Sinclair, desiring him to inform Julia, of my journey, and received an answer, at Brussels; by which I learnt Julia had had a fever, but, at the same time, the letter assured me she had not been dangerously ill, and was almost recovered. The explanations which accompanied that letter prevented all uneasiness, and I continued my route with no other fear than that of seeing Julia more surprized than affected at my resolutions and return.

I drew nearer and nearer to Paris, and, at last, when within twenty leagues, I met Sinclair, who stopt my carriage, and descended from his own. I opened the door, and flew to embrace him; but, as soon as my eyes met his, I shuddered: astonishment and terror rendered me speechless! Sinclair opened his arms to me, but his face was bathed in tears! I durst not ask the reason, and he had not the power to tell me. I expected the worst, and, from that moment, faithless fleeting joys for ever forsook my heart!

Sinclair

Sinclair dragged me towards my carriage, without speaking a single word, and the postillions instantly quitted the road to Paris. "Whither are you taking me?" cried I, distractedly, "tell me, I will know."

Ah, unhappy man!

Go on! continue! strike me to the heart!

Sinclair answered not, but wept, and embraced me. Tell me, continued I, what is my fate. Is it her hatred, or her loss, thou wouldst announce?

Sinclair's lips opened to answer, and my heart sunk within me; I wanted the courage to hear him pronounce my sentence; "Oh, my friend!" added I, "my life this moment is in thy hands."

The supplicating tone with which I spoke these words sufficiently expressed my feelings. Sinclair looked at me with compassion in his eyes. "I can be silent," said he, "but dare not deceive:" he stopt; I asked no more; and the rest of the route we both kept a profound silence, which was only interrupted by my sobs and sighs.

Sinclair conducted me to a country house, where I, at length, received a confirmation of my misery; alas! all was lost; Julia existed no more; her death not only deprived me of all felicity, but took from me the means of repairing my faults;

of expiating my past errors, except by regret, repentance, and grief.

The remainder of my history has nothing interesting ; consoled by time and religion, I consecrated the rest of my career to friendship, study, and the offices of humanity ; I obtained my uncle's pardon, and the care of making him happy became my greatest delight ; and I fulfilled, without effort, and in their whole extent, those sacred duties which nature and gratitude required. Though my uncle was far advanced in life, heaven still permitted him to remain with me ten years, after which I had the misfortune to lose him ; I purchased this estate, and retired hither to end my days. Sinclair promised to come and see me once a year, and though fifteen are now past since that event, we have never been eighteen months without seeing each other.

Sinclair, at present in his fifty-eighth year, has run a career the most brilliant and the most fortunate ; a happy husband, a happy father, a successful warrior, covered with glory, loaded with fortune's favours, he enjoys a felicity and fate the more transcendant in that they only could be procured by virtue united to genius.

As for me, I, in my obscure mediocrity, might yet find happiness, were it not for the mournful, the bitter remembrance of the evils which others have suffered, through the errors of my youth.

So

So saying, M. de la Palinière fetched a deep sigh, and ceased to speak: a short silence followed; after which the Baronness and her daughter returned him thanks for his compliance, rose, and with their children retired to rest.

As soon as Madame de Clémire found herself alone with her children, she demanded what instruction they had reaped from the History of M. de la Palinière? Has it not proved to you, said she, how dangerous a thing passion is?

Oh, yes, said Cæsar; and, as you have often told us, we must never be passionately fond of any thing but fame.

True; that is to say, whatever is virtuous, whatever is great, whatever is heroic.

But what is an heroic action, mamma?

Something useful, something generous, which yet duty does not exact: but, as the duties of a good man are exceedingly extensive, there are few actions which a noble mind can truly consider as heroic: when an action demands some great sacrifice, when we cannot perform it without making ourselves contemptible, then, for example, it becomes heroic. A wealthy person who gives alms, only, does a good, and not an heroic action: he would indeed do ill, were he to spend his money in superfluities. A man, who in battle, discovers nothing more than coolness and courage, is not a

hero ; he dishonours himself if he be not cool and courageous. To judge, therefore, properly, of an action, consider, first, if it wound neither humanity nor justice, for true grandeur is inseparable from equity ; think, next, how far it may affect the mind and fortune, and, lastly, the reputation.

Oh, I understand, mamma. If an action be equitable, if it demand some great sacrifice, and cannot be performed without rendering him who performs it contemptible, it is then certainly heroic.

The definition is exceedingly just ; do not forget it ; especially when you read history, where you will find a multitude of errors on that subject ; many historians, for want of reflecting, misplace both their censure and their praise ; a judicious reader will never judge blindly after them, but will coolly examine the things they approve, and the things they condemn.

Do you often find heroic actions recorded in history, mamma.

Yes ; but they are seldom those which historians praise the most.

Pray, mamma, recount to us an heroic anecdote.

Willingly ; and I will take it from the Turkish History.

The

The Emperor Achmet I. succeeded Mahomet III. and mounted the throne in the year 1602 (a). He was only fifteen years old, and was the first Prince so youthful who had ever reigned in Turkey. He had not enjoyed his dignity many months, before the Grand Vizir died. Achmet chose not a successor to this important place among those by whom he was environed; Murad, Bashaw of Cairo, was an old, a wise, and an experienced man; in the midst of the troubles of the last reign, he had kept all the African States in the most profound peace, and exactly collected all the public taxes, without distressing the people or enriching himself. Having never seen his new master, he was far from expecting this preferment, and did not imagine that, with so young a Monarch, the abilities of a faithful subject would vanquish the intrigues of a court.

He received, however, in distant Egypt, the seals, and a command to come to Constantinople; and the choice of Achmet announced to the empire a Prince desirous of the public good, and a lover of his people.

Some years after, war was declared against Persia, contrary to the advice of Murad, who had the command of the army, and who chose Nasuf for his Lieutenant; an active enterprising man,

(a) 1010 of the Hegira.

in the prime of life, who had acquired great riches in the different Governments he had enjoyed. The Grand Vizir departed, at the head of his troops, but, instead of hastening their march, his operations were all slow and dilatory.

This want of activity suggested to the perfidious Nafuf the idea of supplanting his benefactor and friend; he secretly wrote to the Porte, and offered the Emperor sixty thousand sequins, to defray, in part, the expences of war, if his Highness would make him Grand Vizir instead of Murad.

The Sultan, full of esteem and gratitude for his Minister, and enraged at Nafuf's ingratitude, returned the letter to Murad; giving him, at the same time, an absolute power over his Lieutenant; and leaving it in his option either to preserve, degrade, or strangle the offender.

Murad immediately ordered Nafuf before him, and shewed him the Emperor's mandate, in which he imagined he read an irrevocable sentence of death: willing, however, to undertake his own justification, or rather descending to intercession, Murad interrupted him thus: " You have been
" perfidious, but you have great talents; in fact,
" I think you capable of commanding the army;
" I therefore commit it to your charge, and, with
" it, the Seals of the Empire, now become too
" weighty

“weighty for my age: be faithful to the Emperor, and may your arms be victorious.”

Murad then assembled the troops, and proclaimed him his successor; after which he retired to a private station, and ended his days in tranquillity. But Providence did not long permit Nasuf to enjoy the fruits of his treachery; become Grand Vizir, he married a daughter of the Emperor, but having unworthily misused her favour, he was strangled by the order of Achmet.

How I love this Murad, says Cæsar, mamma; that was surely an heroic action.

Examine it according to the rules I have given you.

First, It wounded neither humanity nor justice.

No; Nasuf deserved to be punished; but he had offended Murad only, who therefore had a power to pardon.

It next must have cost Murad much to have overcome resentment so well founded; he could neither, without rendering himself contemptible, give up his place, nor deprive Nasuf of his employ; knowing, therefore, that Nasuf, from years and abilities, was better adapted to the command of armies, he sacrificed, without hesitation, his own wrongs to the public good, and stript himself to reward ingratitude. Thus, you see, this action was truly heroic.

I am quite delighted, mamma, that you have given me such certain rules to judge of actions; one is flattered to think that, after a moment's reflection, one can determine, oneself, whether an act be heroic or not.

Pray, mamma, said Caroline, permit me to ask you one question, relative to the history of M. de la Palinière, in which there is a thing that gives me great pain. I allow that M. de la Palinière, whose temper was so violent and extravagant, ought to be punished; but, surely, that charming Julia, who was so gentle and so prudent, ought to have been happy.

You think then that virtue and perfect prudence, when united, ought to preserve us from all the distress which she experienced.

Oh yes, mamma, that would only be just.

And so, in fact, it does.

Yet, mamma, Julia is a proof to the contrary.

Not at all; first, you may well suppose she never suffered so much as her husband.

O! certainly: she had no remorse.

Innocence easily inspires resignation, and Julia found, in the purity of her own heart, the consolation she stood so much in need of. This is the tribute of virtue, and this tribute is great riches. She, however, underwent many troubles, of which her want of experience was the sole cause.

And

And yet, mamma, her conduct was irreproachable.

Not entirely ; she had her defects, her imprudencies.

Julia ! Imprudent !

You remember she had received a perfect education under a tender mother, whom she did not lose till she was sixteen ; at seventeen she was married, and the principles she had received were too deeply written in her heart ever to be erased ; she had, besides, the best of tempers, and as far as she knew her duty she always followed it, was always virtuous, but, I repeat it, she wanted experience ; she had lost her guide, was guilty of error, and her misfortunes were almost inevitable.

Dear ! mamma ! you astonish me ! Of what errors was Julia guilty ?

In the first place, being young, and having a violent and jealous husband, she should not have heard any thing which must be kept a secret from such a man ; but that was not her greatest fault, she had two others, still more considerable : as soon as she was convinced that M. de la Palinière had conceived an aversion for Belinda, she should have ceased all intercourse with her till her marriage was publicly declared ; this was not sacrificing her friend, but merely depriving herself of the pleasure of seeing her for a few months : and such a procedure, by penetrating M. de la Palinière
with

with the most lively gratitude, would have for ever destroyed his doubts of not being beloved.

'Tis true, mamma, had Julia done so, the incident of the pocket-book and the picture would never have happened, and Julia would have preserved her reputation and her happiness; but you know, she offered, if M. de la Palinière pleased, never to see Belinda again.

Yes, she offered, but that was not enough, it was only an offering of politeness which she knew would not be accepted; she should have come to a firm and positive resolution, which she should have kept; and the more so, because, such a sacrifice was not a very painful one, it was nothing more than a short absence, and not a rupture.

Very true, mamma, I see that was a fault, and I wonder how Julia could commit it: but what was the other?

Of the same kind, but still more inexcusable; that of not positively breaking off all intercourse with Sinclair, after M. de la Palinière had openly avowed his jealousy. It is true, he pretended he was cured; but did not Julia know his character; his inconsistency, caprice, and suspicion? Besides, how could she suppose a cure so sudden? How could she be ignorant of the wound ~~a~~ wife gives to decency and duty in admitting an intimacy with a man of whom her husband has been jealous, more especially when that jealousy is recent?

Julia.

Julia, without doubt, was induced to receive Sinclair's visits by the certitude she had that all her husband's suspicions would vanish the moment he should be informed of the marriage of his friend. But why did she not wait till then? Had she refused to see Sinclair till his marriage was openly avowed, she had redoubled the esteem and tenderness of her husband; while, by a contrary conduct, every thing was at risk; her husband's repose annihilated; herself exposed to ridiculous and vexatious scenes, and at last every thing was lost.

Yes, its very true, I see she was guilty of great imprudence.

And observe, I beg, what dreadful consequences may follow from imprudence.

I tremble to think of it.

Especially, when you remember, it is almost impossible to find a young person of Julia's age more rational.

But then, mamma, it is impossible that young people should not be guilty of imprudence.

Yes, if they have not an enlightened guide, a friend, whose experience may afford salutary advice, and preserve them from the accidents which are almost always the result of a single false step, and a want of knowledge of the world.

Ah, cried Pulcheria, had poor Julia had her mamma, she would never have been imprudent;
that

that loss was her real misfortune, and brought on all the rest.

You are very right, answered Madame de Clémire; Julia, whose mind was so rational, so superior, would always have asked, and always have followed, her mother's advice; and what advice can be more sage, or have the interest of the object more at heart than that of a good mother.

Oh, mamma, we shall never be imprudent, we shall be always happy! So saying, the three children ran to their mamma, clung about her, and affectionately kissed her; and thus it was that their conversation generally terminated.

Madame de Clémire remained two days longer on her visit to M. de la Palinière, and then returned to Champcerry; the Abbé not having been satisfied with Cæsar, in the morning, would not permit him to be present at the evening's amusement. Cæsar, being greatly vexed at this punishment, became a little sullen, and went to bed without making an apology to the Abbé; he wished him only a good night!

He had been in bed about half an hour, when Madame de Clémire entered his chamber. Are you asleep, my son, said she, in a low voice?

Not yet, mamma, answered Cæsar, in a sorrowful tone.

I should

I should be surprized if you were, replied Madame de Clémire; for if it be true that you have a good heart, of which I cannot doubt, it is impossible you should pass a peaceful night. What, my son! have you laid your head upon your pillow with fullness, and rancour in your bosom, against a man you ought to love? Have you permitted him to leave your chamber, without an endeavour to be reconciled to him, and left him thus for twelve hours? Oh Cæsar!—Listen, my child, to the anecdote I read this morning.

The Duke of Burgundy, father to the late king, was one day angry with one of his valets de chambre; but as soon as he was in bed, he said to the same man, who lay in his room, *Pray forgive what I said to you this evening, that I may go to sleep (a)*. Judge, my son, if he could have been capable of going to bed without being reconciled to his Governor: and yet this young prince was then but seven years old; you are almost ten.

I assure you, mamma, I could not go to sleep thus; permit me to rise and ask M. Frémont's pardon.

Instantly. Come, my son.

So saying, Madame de Clémire gave a robe de chambre to Cæsar, which he hastily slipped on, and,

(a) *Vie de Dauphin, Père de Louis XV. par M. l'Abbé Proyart.* Tom. I.

conducted by his mother, went to M. Frémont's apartment; he knocked gently at the door, and M. Frémont, who had already put on his night-cap, seemed much surprized at the sight of Cæsar; the latter advanced, and, with his eyes swimming in tears, made the most humble and affectionate excuses. When he had finished speaking, the Abbé, instead of answering him turned coolly towards Madame de Clémire, and said, you are very good, Madam, and, since it is your desire, I will endeavour to forgive what is passed, Cæsar seemed astonished that the Abbé had not addressed himself to him; the Abbé added, as to you, Sir, I have no answer to make: it is to your mamma alone I am indebted for this visit, and this apology.

I assure you, dear M. Frémont, mamma did not bid me get up and come here.

But, Sir, had you been present in my chamber, if Madam, your mother, had not made you sensible of the cruelty of your behaviour to me? (Cæsar here cast his eyes upon the ground, and began to weep.) Be certain, Sir, continued the Abbé, if, of your own proper motion, without being either counselled or excited, you had come to me, be certain, I say, I should have received you with friendship; though you would still have been guilty of a very great error, that of permitting me to leave your room without testifying re-

gret

gret for your fault ; I, therefore, repeat, Sir, out of respect to your excellent mamma, I shall willingly pardon you ; that is to say, I shall not inflict any punishment on you, for the fullness you have discovered.

Well, Sir, said Cæsar, then I will inflict one on myself ; I give you my word of honour, to deprive myself, during a fortnight, of attending our evening stories, which is the greatest sacrifice I can make ; but, dear Sir, do not treat me with this severe coldness, and I shall then support my punishment with courage.

As he spoke thus, the Abbé, with an affectionate air, held out his arms, into which Cæsar leapt, weeping for joy that he had obtained his pardon ; and, more especially, that he had performed an action which had reconciled him to himself.

You see, my son, said Madame de Clémire, how much it costs us when we defer to make reparation for our errors ; this is to aggravate them, and nothing but extraordinary actions, and painful sacrifices can then obtain forgiveness. Had you, in going to rest, made a proper apology to M. Frémont, you would have been pardoned, and not, for a fortnight, deprived of your greatest pleasure.

All the three children had mutually made a law to renounce their evening entertainments, whenever any one was excluded, Caroline and Pulcheria, discovered

discovered that Cæsar had imposed too long a penance on himself, read him various lessons upon the inconvenience of refractory tempers, and gave excellent advice upon that head, which he promised to profit by in future.

Spring now approached, the month of March was almost ended, the violet and lily of the valley began to appear ; Augustin, who was perfectly acquainted with all the environs of Champcery, led them every day through the woods and meadows, whence they continually brought herbs and flowers; the trees did not yet afford any shade, and they enjoyed in the forest, as well as in the field, the mild warmth of April, while the want of verdure still recalled the rigour of December ; though the clear sky, and the budding earth, proclaimed the return of spring-time and pleasure.

Cæsar and his sisters possessed, in common, a small garden, which was their delight ; it was in two divisions, the one was the kitchen, and the other the flower-garden ; at the bottom they had a well, that is to say, a barrel sunk in the earth, but yet with balustrades, like a real well, to preserve them from falling in, and a windlass and bucket. The children, with the help of Augustin, drew their water, and cultivated their ground, themselves, and had spades, hoes, and other utensils, adapted to their strength ; the gardener, Mr. Steven, instructed, and furnished them with seeds, roots,

roots, and plants. Ah! Caroline would say, while watering a tulip, I wish it was blown; how glad I should be to pluck it, and carry it to mamma! Yes, Pulcheria would reply, but that will not be before I shall have a nosegay ready for her of pinks and carnations! I shall give her a fallad first, said Cæsar.

The twelfth of April was a fine day; Cæsar's penance was ended, and the children rose, recollecting the Tales of the Castle were to begin again that evening. They ransacked their garden, and found fallading, hyacinths, primroses, snow-drops, and violets, enough to fill a hand-basket; this they ornamented with ribbons, and it was carried in pomp by the whole party, each lending a hand, to Madame de Clémire, and their grand-mamma. The flowers were disposed of with care in beaupots, and the fallad was eat at dinner; and never was fallad so praised.

In the evening the Baronness informed them she had a history ready; and, supper over, she began, after the following manner, her narrative:

N O T E S,

REFERRED TO BY THE FIGURES,

IN VOL. I.

(1) **S**TONES bearing the figures of Plants, are called *Dendrites*; and those in which the form of Animals is seen, *Zoomorphites*.

(2) Butterflies are arranged into genera and classes. The general distinction is that, which divides them into the day and night kinds. We have among the birds some few that fly abroad only by night, but these bear only a small proportion, in number to the day-fliers; on the contrary, the number of Butterflies which we see fluttering about the fields and gardens, are scarcely so many as those which fly abroad only by night. We often meet with these even in our houses, flying about the candles, and the hedges swarm with them: in the day-time we find them hid under the leaves of plants, and often, as it were, in a torpid state. In this condition they remain till evening; but they are so cunning in hiding themselves, at this time, that it is difficult to see one, even in places where there are a great number. The way to discover them is to beat and disturb the bushes, or shake the branches of trees, in places where they are suspected to be, and they will often be driven out in swarms. In this case they never fly far, but settle again upon the first tree or bush they come to; and, in summer, if any one goes out into the fields or gardens, with a candle, in a calm still night, there will numbers of different kinds of them almost immediately gather about it. These are called, by Naturalists, *night-butterflies*, *phalena*, and *moths*.

(3) Those

(3) Those beings are usually called insects, the bodies of which are composed of rings or segments.

One species of the butterfly, Mr. Reaumur has called the *Bundle of Dry Leaves*. This, when it is in a state of rest, has wholly the appearance of a little cluster of the decayed leaves of some herb. The position and colour of its wings greatly favour this resemblance; and they have very large ribs, wholly like those of the leaves of plants, and which are indented in the same manner at their edges, as the leaves of many plants are. This seems to point out the care of nature for the animal, and frequently may preserve it from birds, &c.

The Skull Butterfly is another singular species, so called from its head resembling, in some degree, a death's head, or human skull. This very remarkable appearance is terrible to many people; but it has another yet greater singularity attending it; which is that, when frightened, it has a mournful or harsh voice. This appeared the more surprizing to M. Reaumur as no other known Butterfly had any the least voice at all; and he was not ready of belief that it was a real voice, but suspected the noise, like that of the cicada, to be owing to the attrition of some part of the body: and, in fine, he, by great pains, discovered that the noise was not truly vocal, but was made by a hard and brisk rubbing of the trunk against two hard bodies between which it is placed.

(4) Shells are divided into three classes, the first class is called Univalve, or shells of one piece, such as the Snail; the second Bivalve, such as Oysters; the third Multivalve, or shells of several pieces, such as the Pholas and Balanus.

(5) Botany is the Science of Plants; or that part of physiology which treats of plants, their several kinds, forms, virtues, and uses.

Authors

Authors are divided about the precise object and extent of *Botany*, which some will have to include the whole province of plants, in all their states, uses, and relations; others restrain it to the knowledge of the classes, genera, species, external figures, and description of plants, exclusive of their origin and generation, which belong to *Physiology*; of their culture and propagation, which belong to *Gardening* and *Agriculture*; and of their virtues, which are objects of consideration in *Physic* and *Pharmacy*.

Mineralogy is that previous part of Metallurgy which teaches the ways of finding, judging, and digging of mines.

Mineralogy is an art that requires a considerable compass of knowledge before it can be practised to advantage; for it demands a competent skill in the nature, effluvia, and effects of mineral substances, whether earths, salts, sulphurs, stones, ores, bitumens, gems, or metals; it likewise requires a knowledge of the internal structure of the earth, and its various strata, with a competent skill in subterraneous architecture, mensuration, hydraulics, levelling, and mechanics.

The places abounding with mines are generally healthy, as standing high, and every way exposed to the air; yet some places, where mines are found, prove poisonous, and can upon no account be dug, though ever so rich. The way of examining a suspected place of this kind is to make experiments upon brutes, by exposing them to the effluvia or exhalations, to find the effect.

(6) *Cataracts, couching of.* This operation in Surgery is performed by penetrating the globe of the eye with the couching needle, through the *tunica conjunctiva* and *albuginea*, at a very small distance beyond the circumference of the *tunica cornea*, and, as exactly as possible, in a line with the most external part of the circle of the pupil.

Cataracts, *extraction of*. Mr. Daviel, in 1745, first began this operation for the cure of the cataract; and out of a hundred and fifteen different operations a hundred succeeded. Though it is said that M. St. Yves practised it about sixty years before.

Great skill and care are necessary, in order to avoid wounding the Iris, which would endanger the eye. The whole operation requires about two minutes, and is attended with little or no pain. This operation is in many respects preferable to *couching*: as it may be performed at all times, and in all kinds of *cataracts*; whether they are come to maturity or not, and many accidents are avoided. The principal accident to which this operation is liable, is an excessive evacuation of the vitreous humour, at the time of performing it, which may occasion a sinking down of the globe of the eye, a deformity, and an irrecoverable loss of sight.

Cataract *of water*, a fall, or precipice in the channel or bed of a river; caused by rocks, or other obstacles, stopping the course of its stream: from whence the water falls with impetuosity and noise.

Such are the *Cataracts* of the Nile, the Danube, Rhine, &c.

In that of Niagara, the perpendicular fall of the water is 137 feet: and in that of Pistil Rhaiadr, in North Wales, the fall of water is near 240 feet from the mountain to the lower pool.

Strabo calls that a *Cataract* which we call a *Cascade*; and what we call a *Cataract* the Ancients usually called a *Catadupa*.

(7) It is known that a great Princess, exceedingly distinguished by her virtues and piety, died with a tranquillity admired by all who were present. After she had received the sacraments, and after a long agonizing fit, she suddenly cried, O how delicious is death! And these were her last words.

(8) *Oeconomy of Bees.* Naturalists relate wonders on this subject. The moral virtues have been all, at one time or other, attributed to *Bees*; and they have been particularly celebrated for their prudence, industry, mutual affection, unity, loyalty to their Sovereign, public spirit, sobriety, and cleanliness. The sagacity of *Bees*, in foreseeing rain, has been often mentioned, but it is very questionable. Though some of the accounts that have been given of these insects are fabulous, yet an intimate acquaintance with them, in their domestic operations, has furnished many real facts, that are as surprising as those which are groundless. It must not, however, be omitted, that at certain times, when they think their stores will fall short, they make no scruple to throw out of the hives their own offspring; the nymphs, and young *Bees* of the drone kind, scarce extricated for their covering, have been carried away, and left to perish. Though they are just in their own kingdom, and to those who may properly be called their fellow-subjects, they rob and plunder strangers and foreigners, whenever they have power and opportunity; and they have frequent battles in committing depredations on neighbouring colonies and hives, or in self-defence, which end fatally to many of their number. But it should be observed that this never happens, unless in the Spring or Autumn, when the weather is warm, and honey scarce, and there are no flowers to produce it. In this case, when they have ranged the fields without success, they endeavour to supply themselves, at the hazard of their lives, from the stocks of other *Bees*. However, if the Queen of either hive that happens to be engaged be killed, the contest is finished, and both parties unite under the survivor.

(9) Among others, is that of Madame Lagnans. This Tomb, of which I have seen no description in any work, is equally interesting for beauty of design, and excellent workmanship. Mr. Lagnans, Minister of Berne, who was living in 1775, had a wife who was a perfect beauty, and who died

in child-bed, in the twenty-eighth year of her age; her child only outlived her a few minutes. M. Naal, a celebrated German Sculptor, was engaged to erect a monument to the memory of this mother and her child. He represented Madame Lagnans, at the moment of resurrection. After having sunk a kind of grave, sufficient to contain a statue, he placed therein a large stone, that seemed unequally split or broken, and so contrived, that the young wife appeared rising from her coffin, just awoke from the sleep of death, holding her child with one hand, and pushing away a stone with the other, that apparently impeded her resurrection. The dignity of her figure, her candour, innocence, and that pure celestial joy which shines in the countenance, gave it a most feeling and sublime expression. There is nothing wanting to this Monument, but to have had it cut in marble. The Epitaph is worthy of the Tomb; it is engraved upon the stone, and, notwithstanding the large cleft, may be easily read: it is written in the German language, and Madame Lagnans is supposed to speak. The following is a translation of it:

“ I hear the trumpet ! it penetrates to the depth of Tombs !
 “ Awake child of anguish ! The Saviour of the world calls us ;
 “ the empire of death is ended, and an immortal palm will
 “ crown innocence and virtue. Behold me, Lord, with the
 “ infant thou gavest me !”

The Monument of Le Brun's Mother, in the church of St. Nicholas-du-Chardonneret, at Paris, has nearly the same idea, but the design is less striking. The Artist (Colignon) has here placed a large Urn, of a reddish colour upon a tolerable high Altar, the lid of which is thrown down; an old woman, of a venerable figure, rises out of it, with her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on heaven, and clothed in her winding-sheet, the drapery of which falls over the edge of the urn; the whole bust of the figure is seen, and, as well as the drapery, is of white marble; behind her, against the

niche of the altar, is the angel of judgment, with the last trumpet in his hand.

(10) Medal, *medalia*, a small figure or piece of metal, in the form of a coin, destined to preserve to posterity the portrait of some great man, or the memory of some illustrious action.

The parts of a medal are the two sides; one whereof is called the face, or head, the other the reverse.

On each side is the area, or field, which makes the middle of a medal; the rim, or border, and the *EXERGUM*, which is beneath the ground whereon the figures represented are placed. On the two sides are distinguished the type, and the inscription or legend. The type, or device, is the figure represented; the legend is the writing, especially that around the medal; though, in the Greek medals, the inscription is frequently in the area. What we find in the *EXERGUM* is frequently no more than some initial letters, whose meaning we are usually unacquainted with; though, sometimes, too, they contain epochs, or words, that may be accounted an inscription.

The *exergue* contains, sometimes, the date of the coin, expressing in what consulship of the Emperor it was struck, as *Cos. III.* upon the reverse of an Antoninus. Sometimes it signifies the place where it was struck, and to which the coin properly belonged, as *S. M. A. L.* for *signa Moneta Alexandria*, upon the reverse of a Licinius. Sometimes the name of a province, the reduction of which the medal is designed to celebrate; as *Judæa* in the reverse of a Vespasian. On the face of medals we have, commonly, the portrait of some great and illustrious person; usually, if not always, in profile. The consular medals have, commonly, the heads of some of their gods, or of their ancient kings, or of

Rome,

Rome, which is a manly face wearing a helmet. The heads of the Roman kings are, generally, dressed with a diadem: Julius Cæsar was the first, among the Romans, who struck his own head upon the coin, in which he was followed by all the succeeding Emperors. The proper dress of the imperial head is a crown, commonly of laurel, the right of wearing which was decreed to Julius Cæsar by the senate, and afterwards continued to his successors. Besides, there are several crowns found in medals, as the rostral, mural, radiated, &c. The Emperor Justinian was the first who used an arched crown, surmounted with a cross, such as is worn by Christian kings at this day. Some heads of Emperors are wholly naked, as those of Augustus, Nero, Galba, and some others. Though it is observed that a naked head, struck in the imperial ages, is a sign that it is not the head of an Emperor, but of one of his sons, or the presumptive heir of the empire. The heads of the gods are distinguished by their proper crown; as Ceres, by a crown of ears of corn; Flora, by a crown of flowers, &c. Heads are also distinguished, not only by their dress, but, by certain symbols attending them; as the *LITVUS*, which is the symbol of the Pontifex Maximus. We have, also, on medals, the heads of Queens, and other ladies of high rank, chiefly the wives of the emperors. Some medals are also charged with two heads, either set face to face, as the medal of Severus and the Empress Domna; or back to back, as that of Julius Cæsar and Octavianus, afterwards Augustus, his adopted son and successor: and some few are stamped with three heads, or more, on the face. The titles are also generally found upon the face of the medal. These are titles of honour, as *Imperator*, *Cæsar*, *Augustus*, given to all the Roman emperors after Octavianus; *Dominus*, first assumed by Aurelianus, and used by his successors: other titles are ascribed to particular persons on account of their virtues, as *Pius*, to Antoninus, assumed also by Commodus with the addition of *Felix*; *Pater Patriæ*, first bestowed on Cicero for discovering and

defeating the conspiracy of Cataline, and afterwards assumed by the emperors; Justus, the title of Piscennius; Beatissimus and Felicissimus, of Dioclesian; Optimus and Clemens, decreed to Trajan, by the Senate; Maximus, assumed by Constantine; and Invictus, by Victorinus. Other titles are the names of officers; as Cos. for Consul, with a number annexed to it, signifying how many times the person had been thus elected: Tribunitia potestas, with the year of the tribuneship, commonly expressed after the title, as TRIB. POT. X. or XVI, &c. The office of Pontifex Maximus, expressed by P. M. was assumed by the Emperors, and generally expressed among their titles from Augustus to Constantine, by whom it was refused; it was re-assumed by Julian, and laid aside by Gratian. Julius Cæsar assumed the title Dictator perpetuus; Claudius, that of Censor; and Domitian made himself Censor perpetuus.

Some authors imagine that the ancient medals were used for money. M. Patin had a chapter express to prove that they had all a fixed regular price in payments, not excepting even the medallions. F. Joubert is of the same opinion. Others, on the contrary, maintain that we have no real money of the ancients; and that the medals we now have, never had any course as coins. Between these two extremes there is a medium, which appears, by much, more reasonable than either of them.

Medals are divided into ancient and modern.

Ancient medals are either of the higher or lower antiquity. The former consists of such as were struck before the end of the third century; the latter of such as were struck before the third and ninth centuries.

The ærugo of ancient medals adds greatly to their value. It is sometimes found of a blue, sometimes of a crimson, and

and sometimes of a violet colour. It is said to be inimitable by art; for as to that produced by sal-ammoniac and vinegar, it comes far behind it in beauty. The genuine kind insinuates itself into the finest strokes of the letters, &c. without effacing them, better than any enamel; it is only observed on brass coins; for as to those of silver, the ærugo destroys them, and therefore is to be carefully scoured off with vinegar, or lemon-juice.

Modern medals, are those struck within these few hundred years.

Among the ancient medals some are Greek, others Roman. These may be distinguished into two classes, viz. those of the state, and those of particular cities and colonies: for, besides the money coined by the state, it appears that divers cities and colonies had the privilege of coining; where, it is probable, the chief magistrate was the mint-master.

The Greek medals are the most ancient. That people struck medals in all the three metals with such exquisite art as the Romans could never come up to. The Greek medals have a design, accuracy, force, and delicacy that express even the muscles and veins; and it must be owned, go infinitely beyond any thing of the Romans.

There are also Hebrew medals; and Punic, Gothic, and Arabic medals, which make new classes in the ancient and modern ones.

Medals have been struck in three kinds of metals, which make three several sets or series in the cabinets of the curious. That of gold is the least numerous, as not consisting of above one thousand, or twelve hundred of the imperial; that of silver may contain about three thousand imperial; and that of brass or copper, of the three several sizes, viz. the great, the

the middle, and the small, consists of six or seven thousand, all imperial.

It is not either the metal, or the size which makes a medal valuable; but the scarcity of the head, or of the reverse, or the legend. Some medals are common in gold, which yet are very rare in copper; and others very rare in silver, which in copper and gold are very common. The reverse is sometimes common, where the head is singular; and some heads are common whose reverses are very scarce.

There are also medals very scarce in some sets, and, yet, very common in others: for instance, there is no Antonia in the sets of large copper, and the middle copper is forced to supply its place. The Otho is very rare in all the copper sets, and yet common in the silver ones. Othos of the large copper, are held at an immense price; and those of the middle copper at forty or fifty pistoles. And the Gordians Afric are rated near as high. Singular medals are invaluable.

M. Vaillant has collected all the medals struck by the Roman Colonies; F. Hardouin those of the Greek and Latin cities; F. Noris those of Syria. M. Morel also undertook a universal history of medals, and promised cuts of twenty-five thousand. He ranges them under four classes; the first contains the medals of kings, cities, and people, which have neither the name nor image of the Roman Emperors; the second contains the Consular medals; the third the Imperial medals; and the fourth the Hebrew, Punic, Parthian, French, Spanish, Gothic, and Arabic. He begins with the Imperial, and brings them down as low as Heraclitus: He places the Latin in order above the Greek.

Ad. Occo, a German Physician, and Count Mezzabarba, have endeavoured to range the medals in a chronological order; but that is impracticable; for in many of the Imperial medals

medals there is no mark either of the Consulate, or of the year of the reign; and, since Gallienus, there are few of the Roman Imperial Medals that bear the least footsteps of chronology.

The most noted medalists, or authors on medals, are Antonius Augustinus, Wolf, Lazius, Ful. Urfinus, a learned Antiquary, Æneas Vicus, Huber Goltzius, a famous graver, Oisélius, Seguin, Occo, Trifan, Sirmond, Vaillant, Patin, Noris, Spanheim, Hardouin, Morel, Joubert, Mezzarbarba, Beger, &c.

There is an Introduction to the Knowledge of Medals, by Dr. Jennings, published in 1764, which may be useful to convey a general acquaintance with the subject.

A very easy and elegant way of taking impressions of medals and coins, not generally known, is this: Melt a little isinglass glue, made with brandy, and pour it thinly over the metal, so as to cover its whole surface; let it remain on, for a day or two, till it is thoroughly dry and hardened, and then, taking it off, it will be fine, clear, and hard as a piece of Muscovy glass, and it will have a very elegant impression of the coin.
Cyclopædia.

(11) The most interesting natural curiosities of Franche-Comté, are the Fall of Doux, a natural cascade of great beauty; the Grotto of Quingey, where the water falling, drop by drop, from the arch to the roof of the cavern, congealing, forms itself into various figures of columns, festoons, trophies, and tombs; the famous Grotto of Befançon, or the Glacière, another large cavern, sunk in a mountain, five leagues from Befançon; it is 135 feet wide, and 168 long; many pyramids of ice are there seen, and the variation of the Thermometer, between winter and summer, is very inconsiderable. Thus, says M. de Bomarc, this Grotto presents
a phz-

a phenomenon unique in nature; the ice, which is there formed, during the heats of summer, proves that the cold is regular, and not relative, as in other caverns.

The other celebrated Grottos, are the Grotto of Arcy, in Burgundy, in the Auxerrois, remarkable by its apartments, which run one into another, and in which are observed various sports of nature; the Grotto of Balme, seven leagues from Lyons, where are concretions of various colours and forms; the Grotto of Bauman, in the Duchy of Brunswick; the Grotto of Chien in Italy; the Grottos of the Fairies, two leagues from Ripaille, in Chablais; these are three Grottos, one over the other, into which you can ascend only by a ladder. A basin is seen in each Grotto, in which the water, according to popular opinion, has marvellous virtues. Add to these the Grottos of Anti-Paros, in the Archipelago, which are the most beautiful and extraordinary of them all.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.